



Ex libris
EX LIBRIS
UNIVERSITATIS
ALBERTAENSIS



120-



NEW SERIES.

THE

FIFTH READER:

FOR THE USE OF

PUBLIC AND PRIVATE SCHOOLS

WITH

AN INTRODUCTORY TREATISE ON ELOCUTION. BY
PROF. MARK BAILEY.

By G. S. HILLARD.

NEW YORK:
TAINTOR BRO'S, MERRILL & CO.

BOSTON: WILLIAM WARE & CO.

(Successors to BREWER & TILESTON)

1876.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1863, by
GEORGE S. HILLARD,
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA

P R E F A C E .

THE FIFTH READER is intended for advanced classes in public and private schools. It contains some of the pieces in the Second Class Reader of the former series, which have been most approved by teachers; but the greater part of the contents is new. The aim of the compiler has been to include as wide a range of subjects as was possible, so that the powers of the pupils might be trained by various forms of expression, and different kinds of rhetorical style. While the teaching of the art of reading has been made a paramount object, the compiler has constantly borne in mind the importance of choosing such selections as inculcate sound morals and patriotic sentiment, and aid in the formation of a good literary taste. Brief biographical and explanatory notices have been prefixed to most of the selections; and at the end of each piece the pronunciation and definition of the most difficult words have been given. This latter is a feature which, it is hoped, will be approved by teachers.

The introductory portion, on reading and the training of the vocal organs, is mainly the same as that found in the Sixth Reader, which was prepared for that work by Professor MARK BAILEY of Yale College.



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2015

CONTENTS.

ARTICULATION.

	PAGE
Table of Vowel Sounds,	2
Table of Consonant Sounds,	3
Exercises on the Vowel Sounds,	4
Vowel Sounds in Unaccented Syllables,	5
Exercises on the Consonant Sounds,	7

INTRODUCTORY TREATISE ON ELOCUTION.

PREFACE,	11
PART I.,	13
Method of Analysis,	13
Different Kinds or Classes of Emotion,	15
Vocal Expression,	16
Elements of Vocal Expression,	16
PART II. PRINCIPLES AND ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE ELEMENTS OF VOCAL EXPRESSION,	18
Force,	18
Time,	24
The Slides,	29
Pitch,	40
Volume,	42
Stress,	43
Quality of Voice,	48

READING LESSONS.

PROSE.

LESSON.	
1. The Two Roads,	<i>Richter.</i> 61
2. A Child's Dream of a Star,	<i>Dickens.</i> 62
5. The Forgiven Debt,	<i>L. M. Sargent.</i> 62

6. An Indian Stratagem,	73
9. Memorials of Washington and Franklin,	79
10. Memorials of Washington and Franklin, concluded,	84
14. A Good Investment, <i>Freeman Hunt.</i>	98
15. The Chinese Prisoner, <i>Thomas Percival.</i>	103
18. Loss of the Arctic, <i>Beecher.</i>	108
20. Little Edward, <i>Mrs. Stowe.</i>	114
21. Little Edward, concluded, " "	117
25. Washington, <i>Lee.</i>	125
26. Cousin Deborah's Legacy, <i>Chambers's Journal.</i>	126
29. The Hard-hearted Rich Man, <i>New Monthly Magazine.</i>	135
30. Bobolink, <i>Irving.</i>	137
32. The Progress of Humanity, <i>Sumner.</i>	144
35. A Lion Hunt, <i>Gerard.</i>	151
36. The Whale Fishery, <i>North American Review.</i>	155
38. The American Indian, <i>Charles Sprague.</i>	160
39. Mount Auburn, <i>Story.</i>	162
41. Anecdote of Richard Jackson, <i>London Quarterly Rev.</i>	169
42. The Atmosphere, <i>Quarterly Review.</i>	171
45. Motives to Intellectual Action in America, <i>Hillard.</i>	177
46. The Pine Tree Shillings, <i>Hawthorne.</i>	180
47. Behind Time, <i>Freeman Hunt.</i>	184
51. A Storm at Sea, <i>Hughes.</i>	192
52. Speech on the Reception of the Sauks and Foxes, <i>Everett.</i>	197
53. The Irreparable Past, <i>Robertson.</i>	199
55. Lessons of Spring, <i>Greenwood.</i>	206
56. Birds, <i>Knickerbocker Magazine.</i>	208
57. Birds, concluded, " "	211
58. After Marriage, <i>Sheridan.</i>	214
62. Contrast between Adams and Napoleon, <i>Seward.</i>	223
65. Extract from Emmet's Speech, <i>Emmet.</i>	235
67. Limit to Human Dominion, <i>Swain.</i>	240
68. A Mosquito Hunt, <i>Basil Hall.</i>	244
71. Encounter between an Eagle and a Salmon, <i>Life in the Woods.</i>	251
72. The Mocking Bird, <i>Alexander Wilson.</i>	254
75. The Approach of Day, <i>Everett.</i>	260
78. The Death of the Little Scholar, <i>Dickens.</i>	273
80. The Character of Greene, <i>Headley.</i>	278
82. Peter the Great, <i>Macaulay.</i>	287
83. The Bunker Hill Monument, <i>Webster.</i>	292
85. The White-headed Eagle, <i>Alexander Wilson.</i>	296
86. The Scholar's Mission, <i>Putnam.</i>	298

89. National Monument to Washington,	<i>Winthrop.</i>	307
92. Elevating Influence of a Liberal Education,	<i>Walker.</i>	314
95. A Curtain Lecture of Mrs. Caudle,	<i>Jerrold.</i>	322
98. Duty of American Citizens,	<i>Douglas.</i>	330
99. Liberty and Union,	<i>Webster.</i>	332
101. Speech on the Reform Bill,	<i>Brougham.</i>	338
105. The Duty of American Citizens,	<i>Everett.</i>	348
106. Supposed Speech of Regulus to the Carthaginians, <i>E Kellogg</i>		350
108. Appeal for Ireland,	<i>Clay.</i>	355
109. A Good Daughter,	<i>Palfrey.</i>	357
113. Labor and Genius,	<i>Sydney Smith.</i>	361
115. The Religious Character of President Lincoln, <i>D. P. Gurley.</i>		367
117. Obedience to Law the Duty of Good Men,	<i>J. Holt.</i>	371
118. Our Heroes,	<i>J. A. Andrew.</i>	373
119. The Responsibilities of American Citizens,	<i>Story.</i>	375

POETRY.

3. One by One,	<i>Household Words.</i>	67
4. How sleep the Brave,	<i>Collins.</i>	68
7. The Loss of the Royal George,	<i>Cowper.</i>	76
8. The Sunbeam,	<i>Mrs. Hemans.</i>	78
11. William Tell,	<i>Knowles.</i>	87
12. The Bell of the Atlantic,	<i>Mrs. Sigourney.</i>	93
13. The Knight's Toast,		96
16. The Lake of the Dismal Swamp,	<i>Moore.</i>	105
17. Woodman, spare that Tree,	<i>Morris.</i>	107
19. The Song of the Forge,		111
22. The Coral Grove,	<i>J. G. Percival.</i>	121
23. Song of Rebecca, the Jewess,	<i>Walter Scott.</i>	122
24. The Soldier's Dream,	<i>Campbell.</i>	124
27. The Three Mighty,	<i>New Monthly Magazine.</i>	130
28. Marco Bozzaris,	<i>Halleck.</i>	132
31. The Chameleon,	<i>Merrick.</i>	141
33. The Old Oaken Bucket,	<i>Woodworth.</i>	147
34. Ivan the Czar,	<i>Mrs. Hemans.</i>	148
37. The Solitude of Alexander Selkirk,	<i>Cowper.</i>	158
40. A Battle in the Highlands,	<i>Walter Scott.</i>	165
43. Song of the Union,	<i>Cummings.</i>	173
44. The Burial of Moses,		174
48. Evil Influence of Scepticism,	<i>Campbell.</i>	187
49. The River Saco,	<i>Lyons.</i>	189

50. David's Lament for Absalom,	<i>Willis.</i>	191
54. The Combat,	<i>Walter Scott.</i>	201
59. The Passage,	<i>Uhland.</i>	218
60. Bingen on the Rhine,	<i>Mrs. Norton.</i>	219
61. The Voice of the Waves,	<i>Mrs. Hemans.</i>	221
63. Saladin and Malek Adhel,	<i>New Monthly Magazine.</i>	227
64. City and Country,	<i>Holmes.</i>	233
66. National Hymn,	<i>S. F. Smith.</i>	239
69. New England,	<i>J. G. Percival.</i>	248
70. A Modest Wit,		249
73. The Inquiry,		257
74. Tubal Cain,	<i>Mackay.</i>	258
76. Edinburgh after Flodden,	<i>Aytoun.</i>	263
77. Dialogue between Antony and Ventidius,	<i>Dryden.</i>	268
79. Break, Break, Break,	<i>Tennyson.</i>	277
81. Horatius at the Bridge,	<i>Macaulay.</i>	281
84. The Arsenal at Springfield,	<i>Longfellow.</i>	294
87. The Battle Field,	<i>Bryant.</i>	300
88. The Death Scene in Ion,	<i>Talfourd.</i>	302
90. Arnold Winkelried,	<i>Montgomery.</i>	310
91. Speech of Marullus,	<i>Shakspeare.</i>	313
93. Palestine,	<i>Whittier.</i>	317
94. The Song of the Shirt,	<i>Hood.</i>	319
96. Bernardo del Carpio,	<i>Mrs. Hemans.</i>	325
97. Clarence's Dream,	<i>Shakspeare.</i>	327
100. Soliloquy of the Dying Alchemist,	<i>Willis.</i>	334
102. Ode to the Sea Serpent,		340
103. The Abbot and Robert Bruce,	<i>Walter Scott.</i>	343
104. Lines on a Skeleton,		346
107. The Battle of Naseby,	<i>Macaulay.</i>	353
110. Army Hymn,	<i>Holmes.</i>	359
111. The Minstrel Boy,	<i>Moore.</i>	360
112. The Greeks at Thermopylæ,	<i>Byron.</i>	360
114. Barbara Frietchie	<i>Whittier.</i>	365
116. Claribel's Prayer	<i>L. Palmer.</i>	369

THE FIFTH READER.



ARTICULATION.

Articulation is the utterance of the various vocal sounds represented by letters, and combinations of letters, in syllables.

A *Vowel* is a letter which represents a free and uninterrupted sound of the human voice.

A *Consonant* is a letter which cannot be sounded, or but imperfectly, without the aid of a vowel.

A *Letter* is not itself a sound, but only the sign of a sound. The whole number of English sounds, which, for convenience, may be classed as "*Elementary*," or essentially simple, is *forty-four*. They are those indicated in the following tables of vowels and consonants (in large type); also, that of *A* long before *R*, and *A* intermediate. Some of these, however, are by some authors regarded as compound sounds.

Some of the letters represent several elementary sounds, and an elementary sound is sometimes represented by more than one letter.

An *Equivalent* is a letter, or a combination of letters, used to represent an elementary sound more appropriately represented by another letter or letters.

The equivalents given in the following tables are those of most common occurrence.

TABLE OF VOWEL SOUNDS.

This table is designed for an exercise upon the vowel elements. These should be pronounced alone as well as in combination with the words given as examples. Let the class first pronounce the table in order, thus: A long, Fate, *ā*; A short, Fat, *ă*, &c.; then pronounce the column of elements alone.

Remarks on the sounds of the letters will be found on page 1; also, under the Exercises on the vowel and the consonant sounds.

NAME.	EXAMPLE.	ELEMENT.	NAME.	EXAMPLE.	ELEMENT.
A long	Fāte	<i>ā</i>	O long and close	Môve	<i>ô</i>
A short	Făt	<i>ă</i>	U long	Tūbe	<i>ū</i>
A Italian	Fār	<i>ä</i>	U short	Tŭb	<i>ŭ</i>
A broad	Fāll	<i>â</i>	U middle or obtuse	Fŭll	<i>û</i>
E long	Mēte	<i>ē</i>	U short and obtuse	Fŭr	<i>ü</i>
E short	Mět	<i>ě</i>	OI and OY	Böil	<i>öi</i>
I long	Pīne	<i>ī</i>	OU and OW	Böünd	<i>öû</i>
I short	Pĭn	<i>ĭ</i>			
O long	Nōte	<i>ō</i>			
O short	Nöt	<i>ö</i>			

EQUIVALENTS.

E { short and obtuse, } like <i>ü</i> in Für	Hēr	<i>ë</i>	U like O in Move	Rāle	<i>û</i>
I like E long	Machīne	<i>î</i>	Y like I long	Tŷpe	<i>ÿ</i>
I { short and obtuse, } like <i>ü</i> in Für	Sĭr	<i>ï</i>	Y like I short	Sŷmbol	<i>ÿ</i>
O like A broad	Nör	<i>ö</i>	Y { short and obtuse, } like <i>ü</i> in Für	Mŷrtle	<i>ÿ</i>
O like U short	Sôn	<i>ô</i>	EW like U long	New	<i>eŭ</i>

The following vowel sounds cannot be easily pronounced alone, as distinct elements, so as to be distinguished from some of the other sounds. See remarks on *a* long before *r*, *a* intermediate, and on the obscure sounds, page 5.

NAME.	EXAMPLES.	NAME.	EXAMPLES.
A long before R	Fāre, páir.	I slight or obscure .	Ruĭn, abĭlĭty.
A intermediate	Fāst, brānch.	O slight or obscure .	Actŏr, cŏfess.
A slight or obscure . .	Lĭar, palāce.	U slight or obscure .	Sulphŭr, famoŷa.
E like A long before R	Hēir, thēre.	Y slight or obscure .	Truly, envy.
E slight or obscure . .	Brĭer, fuēl.		

TABLE OF CONSONANT SOUNDS.

This table should be treated by the class in the same manner as the table of vowel sounds. The sound of a consonant may be ascertained by pronouncing a word containing it in a slow and forcible manner.

Vocal Consonants are those uttered with a slight degree of vocality, but less than that of a vowel. They are formed with a vibration of the vocal chords.

Aspirate Consonants are those in which the pure breath alone is heard. They are formed without any vibration of the vocal chords.

VOCAL CONSONANTS.¹

NAME.	EXAMPLE.	ELEMENT.	NAME.	EXAMPLE.	ELEMENT.
B	Babe	b	R (trilled)	Rap	r
D	Did	d	R (untrilled)	Nor	r
G hard	Gag	g	TH soft	Thine	th
J	Joy	j	V	Valve	v
L	Lull	l	W	Wine	w
M	Maim	m	Y	Yes	y
N	Nun	n	Z	Zeal	z
NG	Sing	ng	ZH (or Z)	Azure	zb

ASPIRATE CONSONANTS.

CH	Church	ch	T	Tent	t
F	Fife	f	S	Seal	s
H ²	Hold	h	SH	Shine	sh
K	Kirk	k	TH sharp	Thin	th
P	Pipe	p			

EQUIVALENTS.

C soft, like s	Çease	ç	S soft, like z	Muse	ç
C hard, like k	Çake	ç	S like zh	Vision	s
Ch hard, like k	Çhasm	çh	Q like k	Coquette	q
Ch soft, like sh	Çhaise	çh	X like ks	Tax	x
G soft, like j	Çiant	ç	X like gz	Exalt	ç
Ph like f	Seraph	ph			

Q nas the sound of *k*, and is always followed by *u*, which, in this position, commonly has the sound of *w*, but is sometimes silent.

WH is an aspirated *w*, pronounced as if written *hw*.

¹ Sometimes called Subvocals, or Subtonics.

² H sounded before a vowel, is an expulsion of the breath after the organs are in a position to sound the vowel.

EXERCISES ON THE VOWEL SOUNDS.

In pronouncing the words in the following exercises, special attention should be given to the precise sound of the letters *Italicized*. The sounds of the letters in *Italics* are the same as the sound of the vowel at the head of the paragraph.

- a**, long, as in *fāte*. — Blame, sail, obey, cambric, ancient, vein, weigh, patron, lava, patriot.
- a**, short, as in *fāt*. — Bad, had, can, cannon, fancy, plaid, have, scath, inhabit, companion, national.
- a**, Italian, as in *fār*. — Are, guitar, mart, alarm, farther, heart, hearth, guard, daunt, haunt, gauntlet, jaundice.
- a**, broad, as in *fāl*; and *o*, as in *nör*. — Ball, tall, form, storm, salt, ought, fought, auger, awful, water, author, always, cause, lawyer, balsam, bauble.
- a**,¹ as in *fāre*; and *e*, as in *thère*. — Dare, rare, pair, air, share, bear, snare, where, heir, stare, pare.
- a**,² as in *fäst*. — Blast, chance, trance, branch, grasp, graft, grant, grass, class, mastiff, pasture, plaster, chancellor.
- e**, long, as in *mēte*; and *i*, as in *marīne*. — Theme, scene, ravine, pique, key, fiend, grieve, treaty, Cæsar, critique, belief, receive, receipt, quay, lenient, inherent.
- e**, short, as in *mēt*. — Bed, bread, tepid, said, says, friend, leopard, preface, heroism, heifer, again, realm, many, any, get, yes, chest, beneficent.
- i**, long, as in *pīne*; and *y*, as in *bȳ*. — Vine, child, fly, height, type, isle, buy, satiety, guide, guile, flight, ally, apply, tīny, sinecure.
- i**, short, as in *pīn*; and *y*, as in *mȳth*. — Prince, quince, lyric, servile, agile, busy, business, sieve, cygnet, cynic, cylinder, Italian, tribune.
- o**, long, as in *nōte*. — Dome, glory, more, both, oath, foe, dough, glow, yeoman, beau, coeval, encroach.
- o**,³ short, as in *nōt*. — Rob, sob, dot, got, was, wand, watch, from, prompt, prospect, fossil, docile.

- o**, long and close, as in *môve*; and *u*, as in *rûle*. — Prove, lose, mood, moon, root, remove, smooth, rude, rural, fruitless, truant, prudent, brutal.
- u**, long, as in *tûbe*; and *ew*, as in *new*. — Tune, fuse, duty, few, pew, pursuit, endure, beautiful, revolution.
- u**, short, as in *tûb*; and *o*, as in *son*. — Tun, fun, such, clutch, dove, does, rough, son, ton, tongue, nothing.
- u**, middle, as in *full*. — Bush, push, would, should, wolf, pulpit, cushion, cuckoo, wool, woollen, foot, book.
- u**, short and obtuse, as in *für*; *e*, as in *hër*; *i*, as in *fîr*; and *y*, as in *mÿrrh*. — Burn, murmur, further, herd, fern, person, merge, mercy, sir, bird, virtue, dirk, dirt, mirth, myrrh, myrtle, syrtis.
- oi**, as in *voïce*; and *oy*, as in *böÿ*. — Coil, void, coin, joint, joist, employ, rejoice, embroil, foible, oyster.
- ou**, as in *söünd*; and *ow*, as in *nöw*. — Pound, proud, brown, town, doubt, devout, plough, trout, vowel, around.

¹ The sound of *a* marked thus [á] is that of long *a* qualified by being followed by the letter *r*. Some orthoepists regard it as short *e* prolonged. The common pronunciation of this class of words, in some parts of the United States, is, to give the vowel before *r* the sound of short *a*, prolonged, but this pronunciation is not sanctioned by the dictionaries.

² This sound is an intermediate one between that of *a* in *fat* and *a* in *far*. It is found in a class of words, mostly monosyllables, ending in *aff*, *ast*, *ass*, *ast*, *ask*, *asp*, with a few in *ance* and *ant*. Among different speakers the quality of this sound ranges through every practical shade, from *a* in *fat* to *a* in *far*.

³ There is a class of words ending in *f*, *ft*, *ss*, *st*, and *th*, in which *o* is marked, in most pronouncing dictionaries, with the short sound, though some orthoepists give it the sound of *a* broad in *fall*; as, *off*, *often*, *offer*, *coffee*, *scoff*, *aloft*, *soft*, *cross*, *loss*, *toss*, *cost*, *frost*, *lost*, *broth*, *cloth*, *cough*, *trough*, &c. To these may be added *gone* and *begone*, and also some words ending in *ng*; as, *long*, *along*, *prong*, *song*, *strong*, *thong*, *wrong*. A medium between short *o* and broad *a* is, perhaps, the practice of the best speakers.

VOWEL SOUNDS IN UNACCENTED SYLLABLES.

Vowels marked with a dot underneath, thus (*ä*, *ë*, *î*, *ô*, *ÿ*, *ÿ*), are found so marked only in syllables which are not accented, and which are slightly or hastily articulated.

This mark indicates a *slight* stress of voice in uttering the appropriate sound of the vowel, rather than to note *any particular quality of sound*. In a majority of cases this mark may be regarded as indicating an *indistinct short* sound, as in *mental*, *travel*, *peril*, *idol*, *forum*, *carry*: — *frier*, *speaker*, *nadir*, *action*, *sulphur*.

In many cases, however, it indicates a slight or unaccented *long* sound ; as in *sulphate*, *emerge*, *obey*, *duplicity*, *educate*.

The difference between the long, and obscure long sound, may be readily distinguished. In the word *fate*, the *a* is long ; in the word *fatality*, the first *a* is obscure long. The case is similar with the *o* in the words *note* and *notorious*. In the word *deliberate*, when a verb, as, " I will deliberate," the *a* is long ; when an adjective, as, " A deliberate act," it is obscure long.

The common errors in the pronunciation of words of this class are, either a complete suppression of the vowel sound, or the substitution of a sound of some *other* vowel. This suppression or perversion of sound is much increased by the hurried manner in which many persons are accustomed to speak or read. Thus we hear *reb'l* for *rebel* ; *pashunt* for *patient* ; *p'cede* for *precede* ; *ev'ry* for *every* ; *cuncern* for *concern* ; *momunt* for *moment* ; *edecate* for *educate* ; *advücate* for *advocate* ; *windur* for *window* ; *pop'lar* or *popelar* for *popular* ; *awfse* for *awful*, &c. So general is this fault, that the ear becomes accustomed to the improper sounds from infancy ; hence arises the difficulty in remedying the defect, for the habit of indistinct utterance becomes firmly established.

In pronouncing words containing unaccented syllables, care should be taken to avoid a formal and fastidious prominence of sound. The two extremes which ought to be equally avoided, are, carelessness on the one hand, and extreme precision on the other, as if the sounds of the letters were constantly uppermost in the mind.

a, obscure, as in *mental*. — Musical,¹ comical, critical, numerical, fatal, principal, original, criminal.

Special, beneficial, artificial, commercial, initial, credential, reverential, essential, impartial.

Ascendant,² defendant, defiance, reliance, variance, countenance, performance.

Peaceable,³ agreeable, sociable, amiable, detestable, abominable, respectable, tolerable, valuable.

a, obscure long, as in *sulphate*. — Abandon,⁴ ability, abolish, afloat, again, alarm, amaze, canal, caress, catarrh, cathedral, separate, carbonate, apostasy.

e, obscure, as in *travel*. — Chapel,⁵ gravel, counsel, moment,⁶ confidence, dependent, silence, settlement.

Goodness,⁷ boundless, sameness, plainness, laziness, bashfulness, bitterness, manliness, steadiness.

e, obscure long, as in *emerge*. — Belief,⁸ believe, benevolent, delight, deliver, denounce, prepare, precede.

i, obscure, as in *ruin*. — Invincible,⁹ forcible, audible, illegible, feasible, sentinel, possibly.

o, obscure, as in *idol*. — Collect,¹⁰ commence, commission, compose, comply, concern, convert, convulse.

o, obscure long, as in *obey*. — Domain,¹¹ colossal, corroborate,¹² history, memory, composition,¹³ advocate.

Potato,¹⁴ tobacco, motto, fellow, window, meadow.

u, obscure, as in *sulphur*. — Awful,¹⁵ fearful, playful, dutiful, graceful, fearfully, beautifully.

u, obscure long, as in *educate*. — Articulate,¹⁶ accurate, masculine, regular, particular, emulate.

Pleasure, exposure, nature, pressure, imposture.

y, obscure, as in *truly*. — Lady, safety, envy, marrying.

¹ Not music'l.

² Not ascendunt.

³ Not peasüble, or peas'ble.

⁴ Not übandon, or äbandon.

⁵ Not chap'l.

⁶ Not momünt.

⁷ Not goodn'is.

⁸ Not b'lief.

⁹ Not invinßüble.

¹⁰ Not cüllect.

¹¹ Not dūmain.

¹² Not corröb'rate.

¹³ Not compërsition.

¹⁴ Not potatür.

¹⁵ Not awfle.

¹⁶ Not artic'late.

EXERCISES ON THE CONSONANT SOUNDS.

b, as in *babe*. — Bat, bear, bought, beast, stab, ebb, tube, babble, babbler, bound, bind, binder, begin, beggar.

ch, as in *church*. — Chair, chat, charm, check, churn, chirp.

d, as in *did*. — Deed, debt, mad, modest, would, should, deduce, added, wedded, dated, side, sided, deduced.

f, as in *fife*. — Fame, feud, fanciful, proffer, crafty, enough, rough, cough, laugh, laughter, physic, phantom.

g, as in *gag*. — Game, plague, vague, ghost, guard, gone, jug, egg, guilt, gewgaw, guinea, give.

h, as in *hold*. — Hate, high, huge, hot-house, who, behest, hap-hazard, upholder, offhand, childhood, nuthook, withhold, ink-horn, race-horse, unhappy.

j, as in *joy*. — Jar, jilt, genius, gentle, giant, gibbet, gypsy, edge, ledge, judge, judgment, June, July.

k, as in *kirk*. — Kite, seek, talk, music, coil, vaccinate, flaccid, chasm, choir, chorus, coquette, etiquette, architect.

l, as in *lull*. — Bell, lurk, isle, pale, lark, loll, lively, lovely, hail, tall, sweetly, holy, awfully.

m, as in *maim*. — *Man*, *morn*, *mound*, *mammon*, *moment*, *blame*, *hymn*, *dome*, *memory*, *memento*.

n, as in *nun*. — *Nine*, *linen*, *nay*, *gnat*, *can*, *keen*, *noun*, *condign*, *gnaw*, *kneel*, *banner*, *kitchen*, *hyphen*.

ng, as in *song*. — *King*, *flinging*, *singing*, *anger*, *Congress*, *drink*, *plank*, *lynx*, *tinker*, *distinct*, *monkey*, *conquer*.

p, as in *pipe*. — *Peer*, *pin*, *pool*, *happy*, *pippin*, *puppet*, *rapid*, *tropic*, *pupil*, *piper*, *creep*, *grobe*, *stop*, *steep*.

r, (trilled,) initial, or before a vowel, as in *rap*. — *Rend*, *rebel*, *rot*, *rest*, *room*, *rural*, *around*, *enrich*.

r, (untrilled,) final, or before a consonant, as in *nor*. — *Far*, *our*, *murmur*, *former*, *servant*, *border*, *appear*, *forbear*.

s, as in *seal*. — *Sin*, *sign*, *suit*, *dose*, *sinless*, *science*, *transcend*, *psalm*, *scene*, *schism*, *beside*, *poesy*, *heresy*.

sh, as in *shine*. — *Gash*, *sash*, *associate*, *mansion*, *enunciation*, *ocean*, *station*, *promotion*, *chevalier*.

t, as in *tent*. — *Time*, *tune*, *Thames*, *receipt*, *indict*, *titter*.

th, as in *thin*. — *Thank*, *theory*, *theatre*, *bath*, *month*, *breath*, *ether*, *thankful*, *thinking*, *atheist*, *thorn*.

th, as in *thine*. — *Thus*, *there*, *those*, *beneath*, *tithe*, *brethren*, *farthing*, *breathe*, *blithe*, *heathen*, *therefore*.

v, as in *valve*. — *Vine*, *vivid*, *votive*, *revive*, *twelve*, *revolve*.

w, as in *wine*. — *Wall*, *wonder*, *one*, *once*, *woo*, *weal*, *worth*.

wh, as in *whit*. — *Whale*, *where*, *when*, *what*, *why*, *whether*, *white*, *whiten*, *whipping*, *whisper*, *whist*.

x, like *ks*, as in *tax*. — *Box*, *text*, *sexton*, *ex'ile*, *exhume*.

x, like *gz*, as in *exalt*. — *Exact*, *exempt*, *exert*, *exile*.

y, as in *yes*. — *Young*, *yawn*, *use*, *utility*, *yonder*, *million*, *poniard*, *rebellion*, *spaniel*, *filial*, *useful*.

z, as in *zeal*. — *As*, *was*, *zephyr*, *maze*, *prize*, *flies*, *daisies*, *praises*, *arise*, *breezes*, *xanthine*, *Xerxes*.

z, like *zh*, as in *azure*. — *Glazier*, *seizure*, *leisure*, *collision*, *occasion*, *osier*, *vision*, *explosion*, *roseate*.

AN
INTRODUCTORY TREATISE
ON
ELOCUTION;
WITH
PRINCIPLES AND ILLUSTRATIONS, ARRANGED FOR TEACHING
AND PRACTICE.
BY
PROF. MARK BAILEY,
INSTRUCTOR OF ELOCUTION IN
YALE COLLEGE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1863, by MARK BAILEY, in the
Clerk's Office of the District Court of Connecticut.

P R E F A C E.

GOOD READING includes that mastery of the elements of language and elocution, which teachers and scholars so rarely attain. *Articulation* and *pronunciation* must be not only distinct and accurate, but expressive. This last excellence cannot be attained by merely enunciating meaningless sounds and syllables. Too many such mechanical exercises kill the instinctive use and recognition of expressive tones which the child brings to school, and in the end completely divorce his elocution from the spirit and sense to which it should be inseparably wedded, and which alone can inspire natural expression. The child feels and thinks before he talks. Nature, in her teaching, begins with the idea, and in her repeated efforts to express the idea more perfectly, perfects the elementary parts of language and elocution. Let us enlist Nature into our service by following her teachings. Let even the earliest lesson in reading be enlivened by the aid of some idea familiar and interesting to the child. He knows the thing, the idea, "man," or "sun," he has spoken the word a thousand times, and he is pleased to learn that the mysterious art of reading is only conscious talking, — that he is but analyzing, and sounding, and naming the unknown parts of a familiar whole. But especially with the advanced classes, (which are

expected to use the following work on elocution,) would the author commend this practical method of improving the parts, with the immediate purpose of giving better expression to the whole, — of practising and perfecting the execution of the dead elements of elocution, in the life-giving light of inspiring ideas.

“There is in souls a sympathy with sounds.”

This analogy in Nature between tones and sentiments is the central source from which the author has drawn the simple principles and hints which are given to aid teachers in their laudable efforts to cultivate in the school-room, and thus everywhere, a more natural and expressive elocution.

The art, embracing the expression of the whole range of human thoughts and feelings, from the earliest lisplings of the child to the most impassioned and finished utterance of a Garrick or Siddons, covers too wide a field, and reaches too high a point in human culture, it is evident, to be all compressed into these few introductory pages; nor would the highest refinements of the art be practicable in the school-room if they could be here given. Yet, such initial steps have been taken, and clearly marked out in the right direction toward the highest art, it is hoped, as will tempt many to go on further in this interesting study of nature and art, till they see for themselves to what “rich ends” our “most poor matters point.”

PART I.

ELOCUTION is the VOCAL EXPRESSION of IDEAS with the *speaking* tones, as distinguished from the singing.

GOOD ELOCUTION, in reading or speaking, is the expression of ideas with their *appropriate* or *natural* speaking tones of the voice.

But how can we, intelligently, even *attempt* to give *correct vocal expression* to what is not first CLEARLY UNDERSTOOD and APPRECIATED ?

Hence arises at the very outset, as a prerequisite to any possible excellence in elocution, the necessity of a THOROUGH ANALYSIS and STUDY of the *ideas* or the *thoughts* and *feelings* to be read.

Let, then, each lesson in reading begin with this *preparatory* work of "*Logical Analysis.*"

METHOD OF ANALYSIS.

In any *other* art, if we wish to *conceive* and *express* things *clearly*, we inquire, first, for the GENUS, or the GENERAL KIND ; secondly, for the SPECIES, or the INDIVIDUALS, under that kind.

If, for example, we were asked to *paint* a group of animals or flowers, —

1. We should ascertain *what kind* of animals or flowers is meant, — the horse, or the lion ; the rose, or the lily.

2. We should determine the *peculiarities* of the *individuals*.

3. We should feel obliged to learn something of the *general colors* we are to paint with, their *various shades*, and how to blend these into *expressive* lights and shades. Then only should we feel prepared to take the *first step successfully* in the art of painting.

Let us, in the kindred art of *elocution*, adopt the same *natural* method and order of inquiry.

Let us determine, —

1. The *general spirit* or *kind* of the piece to be read.
2. The *important individual ideas*.
3. The *relative* importance of the ideas.

1. We must determine the *kind* or general spirit, that we may know what general or *standard force*, and *time*, &c., of voice we should read with. There must be some *standard* to guide us, or we cannot tell *how much* emphasis to give to any idea. “Read the emphatic words *louder*,” says the teacher. Louder than what? “Louder than the unemphatic words.” But *how loud* are *they*, the unemphatic words? This question must be answered *first*, or we have no *standard* to go by; and the answer to this question is determined always by the *general spirit* of the piece. If *that* is unemotional, the standard force required is *moderate*; if bold, the standard force is *bold*, or *loud*; if subdued or pathetic, the standard force is *subdued*, or *soft*.

2. We must determine the *important individual ideas*, that we may know *what words* need *extra* force or emphasis.

3. We must determine the *relative* importance of these ideas, that we may know *how much* emphatic force we must give to each respectively, so as to bring out in our reading, clearly, the *exact* and *full meaning* of the author.

But it may be objected that this method of catching the spirit of the author, *first*, is too difficult for the school-room, because there are so many emotions not easily distinguished or remembered. Yet, since this *natural* order of inquiry, if it *can* be made *practicable*, will make all our after progress so much more intelligent and rapid, and since the chief charm of all the best pieces for expressive reading, lies in the *emotional* part, let us see if we cannot sufficiently *simplify* these difficulties, by grouping nearly all the emotions into a *few representative*

classes, which will be *definite* enough for all ordinary purposes in teaching elocution, and which can be *easily* recognized by any one who can distinguish joy from sorrow, or a mere matter-of-fact idea from impassioned sentiment.

As appropriate answers to our *first question* in analysis, let pupils become familiar with some such simple and comprehensive classes as the following: —

DIFFERENT KINDS OR CLASSES OF EMOTIONS.

1. '*Unemotional*,' or *matter-of-fact*, (whether didactic, narrative, or descriptive).

2. '*Bold*,' (including the *very emphatic* passages in the first class, and all declamatory pieces).

3. '*Animated* or *joyous*,' (including all lively, happy, or beautiful ideas).

4. '*Subdued* or *pathetic*,' (including all gentle, tender, or sad ideas).

5. '*Noble*,' (including all ideas that are great, grand, sublime, or heroic).

6. '*Grave*,' (including the deep feelings of solemnity, reverence, &c.).

7. '*Ludicrous* or *sarcastic*,' (including jest, raillery, ridicule, mockery, irony, scorn, or contempt).

8. '*Impassioned*,' (including all *very bold* pieces and such violent passions as anger, defiance, revenge, &c.).

When selections are of a *mixed* character, — some passages '*matter-of-fact*,' some '*bold*,' some '*noble*,' &c., — the *first question* must be asked as often as there is a marked change.

Having *clearly analyzed* any given example, we are ready intelligently to ask and answer the first *elocutionary* question, viz., How can we *read* the same so as to *express* with the voice, the '*general spirit*' and the '*individual ideas*' with the '*relative importance*' of each? This brings us to the subject of, —

VOCAL EXPRESSION.

Before analyzing the elements of vocal expression, let pupils be made to understand, as clearly as possible, this broad, general principle, viz., that *EXPRESSION* in *Nature* or *Art* depends on some kinds of *lights* and *shades*, as of color, or form, or sound.

Let them see that the clean *white wall* or the *blackboard*, has *no expression*, just because it has but *one* shade of *one* color, while the painted *map* on the wall *expresses* something, because it has *different shades* of *various colors*.

They will then the more clearly understand that the true expression of thoughts and feelings in reading depends on using the right *lights* and *shades* of the *voice*. That a monotonous *tone* gives no more expression to the *ear* than the one monotonous color does to the eye.

All our lights and shades of expression in elocution are to be made out of the following: —

ELEMENTS OF VOCAL EXPRESSION.

1. '*Force*,' with all its natural variety, from moderate to louder or softer.

2. '*Time*,' with its changes from moderate to faster or slower movement, also with its longer or shorter *quantity* and *pauses*.

3. '*Slides*,' '*rising*' and '*falling*,' and '*circumflex*,' and all these as moderate, or longer or shorter.

4. '*Pitch*,' with its variety of '*key-note*,' '*compass*,' and '*melody*.'

5. '*Volume*,' with more or less '*fulness*' of tone.

6. '*Stress*,' or the different *kinds* of force, as '*abrupt*,' or '*smooth*,' or as given to different *parts* of a syllable.

7. '*Quality*,' as '*pure*' and resonant, or '*impure*' and aspirated.

Let us now study and practice the principles for the right use of each one of these elements of vocal expression, in Part II.

PART II.

PRINCIPLES AND ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE ELEMENTS OF VOCAL EXPRESSION.

FORCE.

As in our analysis of the *spirit* and *sense* of each passage, we have always two quite different questions to ask, viz., What is the *general spirit*, and what the relative importance of the *individual ideas*? so in our analysis of each one of the *elements* of vocal expression, we have the same *general* and *individual* inquiries to make:

1. What *general* degree of *force* will best express the 'general spirit' of the piece?

2. Taking this general force as our '*standard*' degree of loudness or softness to be given to the *unemphatic* words, how much *additional* force must we give to the *emphatic* words, in order to bring out, in our reading, the relative importance of the different ideas?

PRINCIPLE FOR STANDARD FORCE.

Determine the 'standard force' for the unemphatic words by the 'kind' or 'general spirit' of the piece.

If the kind is 'unemotional,' the standard force is '*moderate*.'

If the kind is 'bold,' the standard force is '*loud*.'

If the kind is 'pathetic or subdued,' the standard force is '*soft*.'

PRINCIPLE FOR RELATIVE OR EMPHATIC FORCE.

Taking the 'standard force' for the *unemphatic* words, give *additional* force to the *emphatic* ideas, according to their *relative importance*.

"Learning is better than wealth;
Culture is better than learning;
Wisdom is better than culture."

ANALYSIS.

The 'general spirit' or 'kind' is '*unemotional*.' The *standard force* is, therefore, '*moderate*.' The words "better" and "wealth" in the first line must have just enough *additional* force to distinguish them from the unemphatic words "is" and "than." "Learning" is *more important* than "wealth," and must have enough more force than "wealth" to express its relative importance. "Culture" is more important than "learning," and must therefore be read with more force. "Wisdom" is still more important than "culture," and must be read with still more force, to distinguish it as the *most important* of all.

Hence, to read this simple paragraph *naturally*, that is, to express distinctly the general spirit and the relative importance of the different ideas, we need *five distinct degrees* of force.

Let us mark the *least* degree of emphatic force by *italics*, the second by *small capitals*, the third by *large capitals*, the fourth by *larger capitals*, and *express* the same in reading.

"LEARNING is *better* than *wealth*;
CULTURE is better than LEARNING;
WISDOM is better than CULTURE."

'*Unemotional*' examples for '*moderate*' standard force.

1. "I am charged with *ambition*. The charge is *true*, and I GLORY in its truth. Who ever achieved anything GREAT in *letters, arts, or arms*, who was NOT *ambitious*? Caesar was

not *more ambitious* than *Cicero*. It was but in *another way*. ALL GREATNESS is born of *ambition*. Let the ambition be a NOBLE one, and who shall *blame* it ? ”

2. “ The *plumage* of the *mocking-bird*, though none of the *homeliest*, has nothing *gaudy* or *brilliant* in it; and had he nothing *else* to recommend him, would scarcely entitle him to notice; but his *figure* is *well-proportioned*, and even HANDSOME. The *ease*, *elegance*, and *rapidity* of his *movements*, the *animation* of his *eye*, and the INTELLIGENCE he displays in *listening*, and *laying up lessons* from almost every species of the feathered creation within his hearing, are really SURPRISING, and mark the *peculiarity* of his genius.”

3. “ Three *poets*, in three *distant* ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England did *adorn* :
 The *first* in MAJESTY of thought *surpassed* ;
 The *next* in GRACEFULNESS ; in BOTH, the *last* !

[UNMARKED EXAMPLES.*]

4. “ Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
 Is our destined end or way ;
 But to act, that each to-morrow
 Find us further than to-day.

“ Let us, then, be up and doing,
 With a heart for any fate ;
 Still achieving, still pursuing,
 Learn to labor and to wait.”

5. “ In every period of life, the acquisition of knowledge is one of the most pleasing employments of the human mind. But in youth, there are circumstances which make it produc-

* Some examples under Force, Time, and Slides are given without elocutionary marks, that teachers and pupils may exercise their own judgment and taste in analyzing and reading them according to the principles.

tive of higher enjoyment. It is then, that everything has the charm of novelty; that curiosity and fancy are awake, and that the heart swells with the anticipations of future eminence and utility."

'Bold' examples for 'loud' standard force.

1. "Sir, we have done *everything* that *could* be done, to *avert* the storm which is now coming on. We have *petitioned*; we have REMONSTRATED; we have *supplicated*; we have *prostrated* ourselves before the *throne*, and have implored *its* interposition to ARREST the *tyrannical* hands of the *ministry* and *parliament*. Our *petitions* have been *slighted*; our *remonstrances* have produced ADDITIONAL *violence* and *insult*; our *supplications* have been *disregarded*; and we have been SPURNED, with *contempt*, from the foot of the throne!"

2. "My friends, our *country* must be FREE! The land
Is never *lost*, that has a *son* to *right* her,
And here are *troops* of sons, and LOYAL ones!
Strong in her *children* should a *mother* be:
Shall *ours* be HELPLESS, that has sons like US?
God SAVE our NATIVE *land*, whoever pays
The ransom that redeems her! Now what wait we?
For *Alfred's* word to *move* upon the *foe*?
UPON him then! *Now think* ye on the things
You *most* do *love*! *Husbands* and *fathers*, on
Their WIVES and CHILDREN; *lovers* on their BELOVED;
And ALL upon their COUNTRY!"

3. "The gentleman, sir, has misconceived the spirit and tendency of Northern institutions. He is ignorant of Northern character. He has forgotten the history of his country. Preach insurrection to the Northern laborers? Who are the Northern laborers? The history of your country is their history. The renown of your country is their renown. The brightness of their doings is emblazoned on its every page.

Where is Concord, and Lexington, and Princeton, and Trenton, and Saratoga, and Bunker Hill, but in the North? And what, sir, has shed an imperishable renown on the names of those hallowed spots, but the blood, and the struggles, the high daring, and patriotism, and sublime courage of Northern laborers? The whole North is an everlasting monument of the freedom, virtue, intelligence, and indomitable independence of Northern laborers? Go, sir, go preach insurrection to men like these!"

4. "Our Fatherland is in danger! Citizens! to arms! to arms! Unless the whole Nation rise up, as one man, to defend itself, all the noble blood already shed is in vain; and, on the ground where the ashes of our ancestors repose, the Russian knout will rule over an enslaved People! We have nothing to rest our hopes upon, but a righteous God, and our own strength. And if we do not put forth that strength, God will also forsake us. Hungary's struggle is no longer our struggle alone. It is the struggle of popular freedom against tyranny. In the wake of our victory, will follow liberty to the Italians, Germans, Poles. With our fall, goes down the star of freedom over all."

Examples of the 'subdued or pathetic' kind for 'soft' standard force.

1. "Little Nell was *dead*. No *sleep* so *beautiful* and *calm*, so *free* from trace of *pain*, so *fair* to look upon. She seemed a creature *FRESH* from the hand of *God*, and *waiting* for the *breath* of *life*; not one who *HAD lived* and *suffered DEATH*. Her *couch* was dressed with here and there some *winter-berries* and *green leaves*, gathered in a spot she had been used to *favor*. 'When I *die*, put *near* me something that has *loved* the *LIGHT*, and had the *SKY above it always*.' Those were her words."

2.

"But *Bozzaris FELL*,
Bleeding at every vein.

“ His few surviving comrades saw
 His *smile*, when *rang* their *proud* HURRAH,
 And the red field was *won* :
 Then saw in *death* his eyelids *close*
Calmly, as to a *night's* repose,
 Like *flowers* at *set* of *sun*.”

3. “ I have known deeper wrongs. I, that speak to *ye*,
 I had a brother once, a gracious boy,
 Full of all gentleness, of calmest hope, —
 Of sweet and quiet joy, — there was the look
 Of Heaven upon his face, which limners give
 To the beloved disciple. How I loved
 That gracious boy ! Younger by fifteen years,
 Brother at once, and son ! He left my side,
 A summer bloom on his fair cheeks, — a smile
 Parting his innocent lips. In one short hour,
 The pretty, harmless boy was slain ! ”

4. “ There is a calm for those who weep,
 A rest for weary pilgrims found ;
 They softly lie and sweetly sleep,
 Low in the ground.

“ The storm that sweeps the wintry sky,
 No more disturbs their deep repose,
 Than summer evening's latest sigh,
 That shuts the rose.”

‘ Soft force ’ is also appropriate for the ‘ grave ’ kind of sentiments, and ‘ loud force ’ for the ‘ joyous ’ and ‘ noble,’ and ‘ very loud force ’ for the ‘ impassioned ;’ but since *other* elements of the voice, such as ‘ *time*,’ ‘ *slides*,’ ‘ *quality*,’ &c., have more *characteristic prominence* than ‘ *force* ’ in the finished expression of these classes, we shall be more likely to secure *naturalness* in the end, if we call attention *first* to the *most characteristic* elements.

TIME.

‘*Time*’ has the same *general* and *relative* use as ‘*Force*.’

PRINCIPLE FOR STANDARD TIME.

Determine the ‘standard time’ by the ‘general spirit’ of the piece.

If the general spirit is ‘unemotional,’ the standard time is naturally ‘*moderate*.’

If the general spirit is ‘animated or joyous,’ the standard time is ‘*fast*.’

If the general spirit is ‘grave,’ ‘subdued or pathetic,’ or ‘noble,’ the standard time is ‘*slow*.’

PRINCIPLE FOR RELATIVE OR EMPHATIC TIME.

Taking the ‘standard time’ for the *unemphatic* words, give *additional* time to the *emphatic* ideas, according to their *relative importance*.

EXPLANATION.

‘*Emphatic time*’ has *two* forms. 1. That of actual sound, or ‘*quantity*.’ 2. That of rest, or ‘*pause*.’

When an emphatic idea is found in a word whose accented syllable is *long*, give *most* of the emphatic time in *long quantity*, with only a short pause after the word. When the syllable to be emphasized is *short*, give to it only so much quantity as *good taste* in *pronunciation* will allow, and the *residue* of the required time in a *pause after* the word; thus holding the attention of the mind on the idea for the *full time* demanded by the principle.

When *extraordinary* emphasis of time is required, *long pauses* must be *added* to *long quantity*.

Thus, far, ‘time’ harmonizes with ‘force’ in principle and practice. But ‘time’ is of additional value to us. It furnishes one of the primary requisites to all intelligible reading, viz :

APPROPRIATE PAUSES.

The first and great use of 'pauses' is to *separate the ideas* from each other, so as to preserve distinctly to the eye on the written page, and to the ear in reading, the *individuality* of each, together with its *relation* to those *before* and *after* it.

Second, pauses are necessary to give the reader frequent opportunities for inhaling.

The grammatical pauses only imperfectly answer these purposes. But the additional *elocutionary* pauses which the *spirit* and *sense* may demand, are anticipated by our "Principle for relative or emphatic time," which makes *pauses* a natural *part* of *expressive emphasis* in reading.

PRINCIPLE FOR STANDARD PAUSES.

Determine the 'standard pause' by the 'general spirit' of the piece.

If the general spirit is 'unemotional,' the standard pause is '*moderate*.'

* If the general spirit is 'animated or joyous,' the standard pause is '*short*.'

If the general spirit is 'grave,' or 'subdued or pathetic,' the standard pause is '*long*.'

PRINCIPLE FOR RELATIVE PAUSES.

Give the 'standard pause' after each distinct, unemphatic idea, and give additional time to the pauses after the *emphatic* and *independent* ideas, according to their *relative* importance and independence.

EXPLANATION.

As the 'standard time' for the *movement* and *pauses* is usually the *same*, let one perpendicular line | be the mark for both. Let any additional number of lines indicate additional time, or *emphatic* '*quantity*' or '*pauses*.' Let the half line ' indicate a time *less* than the standard. This time is needed in reading properly all parenthetical clauses,

which are, from their very nature, *less* important even than the *unemphatic* parts of the principal sentences.

‘*Unemotional*’ examples for ‘*moderate*’ *standard time*.

1. “The young man, | it is often said, | has *genius* || enough, | if he would only *study*. || Now the truth is, | as I shall take the liberty to state it, | that the *genius* || WILL ||| *study*; || it is that | in the mind | which *does* || study: | that is the very *nature* || of it. | I care not to say | that it will always use *books*. || All *study* || is not *reading*, || any more than all *reading* || is *study*. || ATTENTION ||| it is, — | though other qualities belong to this transcendent power,— ATTENTION ||| it is, | that is the very SOUL ||| of *genius*; || not the *fixed eye*, || not the poring over a *book*, || but the *fixed THOUGHT*.” |||

ANALYSIS.

The piece is ‘*unemotional*,’ and should be read, therefore, with ‘*moderate*’ ‘*standard time*’ for ‘*movement*’ and ‘*pauses*.’

“The young man” is unemphatic, and should be marked and read with the ‘*standard time*.’ The clause, “it is often said,” is really parenthetical: it forms no essential part of the sense or construction of the principal sentence. It is for that reason of less importance than the unemphatic words of the principal sentence. It should therefore be read with *less* than ‘*moderate*’ or ‘*standard time*.’ The idea in “*genius*” is emphatic, and should be read with enough more time (as well as force) than “young man” to express its greater relative importance. The accented syllable is *long* in “*genius*.” The emphatic time may be given, therefore, mostly in *quantity*, with a *short pause* after the word. “Enough” needs only the moderate pause after it, to separate it from the conditional idea, “if he would only study.” “Study” is as emphatic as “*genius*,” but the accented syllable is *short*; hence, the emphatic time on this word must be given in *short quantity*, and a *longer pause* after it to fill out the time. “Now the truth is,” requires ‘*moderate*’ time, as it is unemphatic. “As I shall take the liberty to state it,” requires *less* than moderate time and force, as it is of less importance, being parenthetical. “That the *genius*” is emphatic, and demands more than moderate time. “Will” is still more important,

and demands *three* lines to mark its relative time in reading. "Study" is emphatic in the first degree, and needs only *two* lines to mark its time. — Thus analyze all the following ideas and selections; and mark, in reading them, the relative importance or emphasis of each, by the 'time' as well as by the 'force' of the voice. Further on in the piece above, we come to the great positive idea, "attention," which must be doubly emphasized; and as it is repeated for emphasis, it then demands *four* lines to mark its *superlative* importance.

There are few readers or speakers who make as good use of 'time' as of 'force.' Yet 'time' gives as expressive lights and shades as 'force,' and should be varied as much, according to the same principle. In reading 'grave,' 'subdued or pathetic,' and 'noble' sentiments, *time* is far *more prominent* than *force*, and is thus a nobler element of emphasis. Let the example be read many times, to fix in the reader's mind the *principle*, and the *habit* of applying it correctly.

2. "What polish is to the diamond, manner is to the individual. It heightens the value and the charm. The manner is, in some sense, the mirror of the mind. It pictures and represents the thoughts and emotions within. We cannot always be engaged in expressive action. But even when we are silent, even when we are not in action, there is something in our air and manner, which expresses what is elevated, or what is low; what is human and benignant, or what is coarse and harsh.

"The charm of manner consists in its simplicity, its grace, and its sincerity. How important the study of manner!"

This example demands 'slower' standard time than the one above, because the '*general spirit*' is *nobler*. The emphatic *quantity* and *pauses* are proportionately longer.

3. "Such | was *Grace Darling*, || — one of the HEROINES ||| of *humanity*, — || whose name | is destined to *live* || as long as the *sympathies* || and *affections* || of HUMANITY ||| *endure*. || Such calm | HEROISM ||| as *hers*, || — so *generously* || exerted for the good | of *others*, — || is one of the NOBLEST ||| attributes of the *soul* | of man. | It had no alloy of blind | *animal* ||

passion, | like the bravery of the *soldier* || on the field of
battle, || but it was *spiritual*, || CELESTIAL, ||| and we may
 reverently add, | GODLIKE.” |||

*Examples of the ‘animated or joyous’ kind, for ‘fast’
 standard time, and ‘short’ standard pauses.*

[“THE VOICE OF SPRING.”]

1 “I come! || I come! ||| ye have called me | long! ||
 I come | o’er the mountains || with light | and song! ||
 Ye may trace | my step | o’er the wakening | earth, ||
 By the winds || which tell | of the violet’s || birth, |
 By the primrose stars || in the shadowy grass, ||
 By the green leaves || opening || as I pass. ||

“From the streams and founts I have loosed the chain,
 They are sweeping on to the silvery main,
 They are flashing down from the mountain brows,
 They are flinging spray o’er the forest-boughs,
 They are bursting fresh from their sparry caves;
 And the earth resounds with the joy of waves!”

2. “Then fancy || her magical | pinions | spread wide, ||
 And bade the young dreamer | in ecstasy || rise; ||
 Now, far, | far behind him || the green waters || glide, |
 And the cot | of his forefathers || blesses || his eyes. |

“The jessamine || clambers | in flower | o’er the thatch, |
 And the swallow || sings sweet || from her nest | in the
 wall; |
 All trembling | with transport, || he raises the latch, |
 And the voices | of loved ones || reply to his call.” ||

3. “Every one is doubtful what course to take, — every
 one || but Cæsar! || He || causes the banner || to be erected, ||
 the charge || to be sounded, | the soldiers at a distance | to be
 recalled, — || all in a moment. | He runs | from place to

place ; || his whole frame ||| is in action ; || his words, || his looks, || his motions, || his gestures, || exhort his men | to remember | their former valor. || He draws them up, | and causes the signal to be given, — | all in a moment. | He seizes a buckler | from one of the private men, — | puts himself || at the head | of his broken troops, — || darts into the thick || of the battle, — || rescues || his legions, || and overthrows ||| the enemy ! ” ||

‘ Grave ’ examples for ‘ slow ’ standard time.

1. “ But where, || thought I, | is the crew ? || Their struggle | has long been over ; — || they have gone down | amidst the roar of the tempest ; — || their bones lie whitening | in the caverns of the deep. || Silence — ||| oblivion — |||| like the waves, || have closed over them ; || and no one can tell || the story of their end. |||

“ What sighs || have been wafted after that ship ! || What prayers || offered up | at the deserted fireside of home ! || How often | has the mistress, || the wife, || and the mother || pored over the daily news, || to catch some casual intelligence | of this rover of the deep ! || How has expectation || darkened | into anxiety, — || anxiety | into dread, — ||| and dread || into despair ! |||| Alas ! || not one | memento | shall ever return | for love || to cherish. || All that shall ever be known, | is, | that she sailed from her port, || and was never || heard of || more.” ||||

‘ Grave ’ example for very ‘ slow time ’ and very ‘ long pauses.’

2. “ It must || be so. || Plato, || thou reasonest well ! || Else | whence | this pleasing hope, || this fond desire, || This longing ||| after immortality ? |||| Or whence | this secret dread ||| and inward horror ||| Of falling into naught ? |||| Why | shrinks the soul | Back | on herself, || and startles || at destruction ? ||||

'T is the Divinity ||| that stirs | within us : ||
 'Tis Heaven || itself ||| that points out an hereafter, ||
 And intimates | Eternity ||| to man. ||
 Eternity ! — ||| thou pleasing, — || dreadful thought ! " |||

'Pathetic' example for 'slow' standard time.

3. "Alas ! || my noble boy ! ||| that thou | shouldst die ! |||
 Thou, || who wert made | so beautifully fair ! |||
 That death || should settle | in thy glorious eye, |||
 And leave his || stillness ||| in thy clustering hair ! |||
 How could he || mark thee ||| for the silent tomb, |||
 My proud | boy, || Absalom ! " |||

SLIDES.

In perfectly natural speech, the voice rises or falls on each unemphatic syllable through the interval of *one tone only*, but on the accented syllable of an *emphatic* word it *rises* or *falls* MORE THAN ONE TONE.

This last is called the *inflection* or '*slide*' of the voice. The '*slides*' are thus a *part* of *emphasis*, and as they give the *right direction* and *limit* to '*force*' and '*time*,' they are the *crowning* part of perfect emphasis.

When contrasted ideas, of equal importance, are coupled, nothing but the *contrasted slides* can give the proper *distinctive* emphasis. The slides also furnish to elocution its most ample and varied lights and shades of *emotional* expression.

These slides are '*rising*,' marked thus ('); or '*falling*,' marked thus (\); or both of these blended, in the '*rising*' *circumflex* and the '*falling*' *circumflex*, marked respectively thus (^) and thus (^).

The '*rising*' and '*falling*' slides separate the great mass of ideas into *two distinct classes*; the *first* comprising all the subordinate, or incomplete, or as we prefer to name them, the *negative* ideas; the *second* comprising all the principal, or complete, or as we shall call them, the *positive* ideas.

The most *important* parts of what is spoken or written are those which affirm something *positively*, such as the *facts* and *truths asserted*, the *principles*, *sentiments*, and *actions enjoined*,

with the *illustrations*, and *reasons*, and *appeals* which *enforce* them.

All these may properly be grouped into *one class*, because they *all* should have the *same kind* of slide in reading.

This class we call 'POSITIVE ideas.'

So all the other ideas which do *not* affirm or enjoin anything *positively*, which are *circumstantial* and *incomplete*, or in *open contrast* with the positive, all these ideas may be properly grouped into another *single class*, because they *all* should have the *same kind* of slide.

This class we call 'NEGATIVE ideas.'

Grant to the words 'positive' and 'negative' the *comprehensive* meaning here given to them, and let the distinction between the two classes be clearly made in the preparatory analysis, and it will be vastly easier to understand and teach this most complicated and difficult part of elocution, *the right use of the rising and falling slides*.

For, then, the *one simple principle* which follows will take the place, and preclude the use of, all the usual perplexing rules, with their many suicidal exceptions.

PRINCIPLE FOR RISING OR FALLING SLIDES.

POSITIVE ideas should have the '*falling*' slide; NEGATIVE ideas should have the '*rising*' slide.

Examples for the rising and falling slides.

"The war must go on. We must fight it through. And if the war must go on, why put off longer the declaration of independence? That measure will strengthen us. It will give us character abroad.

"The cause will raise up armies; the cause will create navies. The people, the people, if we are true to them, will carry us, and will carry themselves, gloriously through this struggle. Sir, the declaration will inspire the people with increased courage. Instead of a long and bloody war for restoration of privileges, for redress of grievances, for chartered immunities, held under a British king, set before them the glorious object of entire independence, and it will breathe into them anew the breath of life.

“Through the thick glóom of the présent, I see the brightness of the future, as the sùn in heàven. We shall make this a glòrious, an immortal day. When wé are in our gràves, our children will hònor it. They will cèlebrate it with thanksgiving. with festivity, with bònfires, and illuminàtions. On its annual retúrñ, they will shed tèars, còpious, gùshing tears, not of subjéction and slávery, not of ágony and distréss, but of exultation, of gràtitude, and of jòy.”

QUESTIONS.

Questions, like other ideas, are *negative*, or *positive*, or compound, having *one* negative and *one* positive idea.

DIRECT QUESTIONS.

The *direct question* for *information* affirms *nothing*. Hence it is read with the *rising* slide, not because it may be answered by yes or no, but because it is in its nature *negative*.

The *answer* is *positive*, and, for that reason, is read with the *falling* slide.

“Do you see that beautiful stár?” “Yès;”

“Is n’t it splèndid?”

The speaker is *positive*, in the last question, that his friend will agree with him. This, and *all such*, must be read, therefore, with the *falling* slide.

“I said an èlder soldier, not a bétter.

Did I say better?”

“He hath brought many captives home to Rome,

Whose ransoms did the gèneral coffers fill;

Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?”

“You all did seè, that on the Lúpercal,

I thrice presented him a kingly crown;

Which he did thrice refùse. Was this ambition?”

“Tell me, ye who tread the sods of yon sacred height, is Wárren deád? Can you not still see him, not pále and próse

trate, the blood of his gallant heart pouring out of his ghastly wound, but moving resplendent over the field of honor, with the rose of heaven upon his cheek, and the fire of liberty in his eye?

“But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week, or the next year?”

This reading, with the falling slide on “year,” changes the sense, as it makes one idea positive, and the answer must be “next week,” or “next year.” But both ideas are negative in Henry’s speech; both must have the rising slide, then, according to the principle.

“Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house?”

“Is this a time to be gloomy and sad,
When our mother Nature laughs around;
When even the deep blue heavens look glad,
And gladness breathes from the blossoming ground?”

“‘Will you ride, in the carriage, or on horseback?’ ‘I prefer to walk.’”

“‘Will you read to us, a piece of prose, or poetry?’
Allow me to sing instead.’”

“Will you study music, or French?”

All the ideas are negative in the last questions. Change the sense, and make one idea positive in each question, and we have one falling slide in each.

“Will you ride in the carriage, or on horseback?”

“Will you read to us a piece of prose, or poetry?”

“Will you study music, or French?”

INDIRECT QUESTIONS.

“When are you going to Europe?”

The prominent idea in this, is not the real interrogative, the idea of *time* in “when,” but the *positive* idea, “*You are going to Europe.*” Hence this, and *all such* questions must be read with the *falling* slide.

But if the *interrogative* is made the prominent and emphatic idea, (as when, the answer not being heard, the question is repeated,) the *rising* slide must be given.

“When are you going to Europe?”

“Why is the Forum crowded?”

What means this stir in Rome?”

ADDRESS.

The *address* also is positive or negative. It is negative, and read with the *rising* slide or *suspension* of the voice, when it is only *formal* and *unemphatic*, as “Friends, I come not here to talk.”

When *emphatic* it is *positive* and demands the *falling* slide, as in the respectful opening address to any deliberative body or public assembly. “*Mr. President,*” “*Ladies and Gentlemen.*”

POSITIVE ADDRESS AND QUESTIONS.

“Tell me, man of military science, in how many months were the Pilgrims all swept off by the thirty savage tribes enumerated within the early limits of New England? Tell me, politician, how long did this shadow of a colony, on which your conventions and treaties had not smiled, languish on the distant coast? Student of history, compare for me the baffled projects, the abandoned adventures of other times, and find a parallel of this.”

“Was it the winter’s storm beating upon the houseless heads of women and children; was it hard labor and spare meals; — was it disease, — was it the tomahawk, — was it the deep malady of a blighted hope, a ruined enterprise, and a broken

heart, aching in its last moments at the recollection of the loved, and left beyond the sea; was it some or all of these united that hurried this forsaken company to their melancholy fate?"

These questions must be read with the '*falling*' slide, to give the idea positively that each *one* of the enumerated causes was *sufficient* to produce the supposed result. The *surprise* is thus made all the *greater* in the next sentence, which must be read as an *earnest negative* with the *long* '*rising*' slide.

"And is it possible that neither of these causes, that not all combined, were able to blast this bud of hope? Is it possible that from the beginning so feeble, so frail, so worthy not so much of admiration as of pity, there has gone forth a progress so steady, a growth so wonderful, an expansion so ample, a reality so important, a promise yet to be fulfilled, so glorious!"

When *surprise* thus deepens into *astonishment*, as it frequently does in its climax, the *interrogative* form should be changed to the *exclamatory*, which demands the *falling* slide.

"Partakers in every peril, in the glory shall we not be permitted to participate? And shall we be told as a requital that we are estranged from the noble country for whose salvation our life-blood was poured out!"

CONTRASTED SLIDES.

When ideas are contrasted in couples, the rising and falling slides must be contrasted in reading them. Contrasted slides may also sometimes be used for greater *variety* or *melody*.

EXAMPLE.

1. "Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and heart to this vote."

"But, whatever may be our fate, be assured, be assured that this declaration will stand. It may cost treasure, and it may cost blood; but it will stand, and it will richly compensate for both."

"Suppose that you see, at once, all the hours of the day

and all the seasons of the year, a morning of spring, and a morning of autumn, a night brilliant with stars, and a night obscure with clouds; — you will then have a more just notion of the spectacle of the universe. Is it not wondrous, that while you are admiring the sun plunging beneath the vault of the west, another observer is beholding him as he quits the region of the east, — in the same instant reposing, weary, from the dust of the evening, and awaking fresh and youthful, in the dews of morn ! ”

CIRCUMFLEX SLIDES.

Straight means *right*, crooked means *wrong*: hence *right* ideas demand the *right* or *straight* slides, while *wrong* or *crooked* ideas demand the *crooked* or ‘*circumflex slides*.’

PRINCIPLE.

All *sincere* and *earnest*, or, in other words, all *upright* and *downright* ideas demand the *straight*, or upright and downright slides.

All ideas which are *not* sincere or earnest, but are used in jest, or irony, in ridicule, sarcasm, or mockery, in insinuation or double-meaning, demand the *crooked* or ‘*circumflex slides*.’

The *last* part of the circumflex is usually the *longer*, and always the more *characteristic* part. Hence when the *last* part of this double slide *rises* it is called the ‘*rising circumflex* ;’ when the *last* part *falls*, it is called the ‘*falling circumflex*.’

The ‘*rising circumflex*’ should be given to the *negative*, the ‘*falling circumflex*’ to the *positive* ideas of jest, irony, &c. When these ideas are *coupled in contrast*, the circumflex *slides* must be in contrast also to express them.

Example of jest.

MARULLUS. You, sir; what trade are you?

2D CITIZEN. Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, I am but, as you would say, a cobbler.

MAR. But what tràde art thou? Answer me dirèctly.

2D CIT. A trade, sir, that, I hope, I may use with a safe cònscience; which is, indeed, sir, a mēnder of bad sòles.

MAR. What tràde, thou knàve? thou naughty knave, what tràde?

2D CIT. Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not òut with me: yet, if you bē out, sir, I can mēnd you.

MAR. What mean'st thou by thàt? Ménd me, thou saucy fellow?

2D CIT. Why, sir, còbble you.

FLAVIUS. Thou art a còbbler, árt thou?

2D CIT. Truly sir, áll that I live by is with the àwl.

FLAV. But wherefore art not in thy shòp to-day? Why dost thou lead these men about the strèets?

2D CIT. Truly, sir, to wear òut their shòes, to get myself into more wòrk. But, indeed, sir, we make holiday, to see *Cæ'sar*, and to rejoice in his triùmph."

In the *last sentence*, the citizen drops his *jesting*, and speaks in *earnest*: and therefore with the *straight* slides.

Examples of sarcasm and irony.

2. "Now, sir, what was the conduct of your own allies to Poland? Is there a single atrocity of the French in Italy, in Switzerland, in Egypt if you please, more unprincipled and inhuman than that of Russia, Austria, and Prussia, in Poland?

"Ö, but you 'regrètted the partition of Poland!' Yès, regrètted!—you regrètted the violence, and that is àll you did."

3. They bôast they come but to impròve our state, enlárge our thoughts and frêe us from the yoke of èrror! Yès, thèy will give enlightened frêedom to òur minds, who are themsèlves the slàves of passion, avarice, and pride! They offer us protection! yès, sùch protection as vùltures give to lambs—covering and devouring them! Tell your invaders we seek nò change—and least of all sùch change as thèy would bring us!"

4. " Good Lord ! when one man dies who wears a Crown,
 How the earth trembles, — how the nations gape,
 Amazed and awed ! — but when that one man's victims,
 Poor worms, unclothed in purple, daily die
 In the grim cell, or on the groaning gibbet,
 Or on the civil field, ye pitying souls
 Drop not one tear from your indifferent eyes ! "

5. CASSIUS. Urge me no more ! I shall forget myself ;
 Have mind upon your health ; tempt me no further.

BRUTUS. Away, slight man !

CAS. Is 't possible ?

BRU. Hear me, for I will speak.

Must I give way and room to your rash choler ?

Shall I be frightened when a madman stares ?

CAS. O ye gods ! ye gods ! Must I endure all this ?

BRU. All this ? Ay, more. Fret till your proud heart
 break ;

Go show your slaves how choleric you are,

And make your bondmen tremble ! Must I budge ?

Must I observe you ? Must I stand and crouch

Under your testy humor ?

You shall digest the venom of your spleen,

Though it do split you ; for, from this day forth,

I'll use you for my mirth, — yea, for my laughter,

When you are waspish !

CAS. Is it come to this !

BRU. You say you are a better soldier :

Let it appear so ; make your vaunting true,

And it shall please me well. For mine own part,

I shall be glad to learn of nobler men.

LENGTH OF SLIDES.

The *length of the slides* depends on the ' general spirit ' or
 ' kind ' of what is read.

PRINCIPLE.

If the general spirit is ‘unemotional,’ the slides are ‘*moderate*.’

If the general spirit is ‘bold,’ ‘joyous,’ or ‘noble,’ the slides are ‘*long*.’

If the general spirit is ‘subdued or pathetic’ or ‘grave,’ the slides are ‘*short*.’

Examples for the ‘moderate’ slide, or in the definite language of music, the “Third.”

“Can I speak with you a móment?” “Cèrtainly.”

“The ancient Spàrtans were not less remarkable for their bràvery in the field of báttle, than for brevity and wít in their ànswers. We have a memorable instance of their national spírit, in the reply of the old wàrrior, who was told that the arrows of the Persian host flew so thick as to darken the sùn. ‘So much the bètter,’ was his answer; ‘we shall enjoy the advantage of fighting in the shàde.’”

Examples for the ‘long,’ slide or the “Fifth.”

“What but liberty
Through the famed course of thirteen hundred yèars,
Alòof hath held invàsion from your hills,
And sàntified their nàme? And will ye, will ye
Shrink from the hopes of the expecting wórld,
Bid your high hónors stóop to foreign ínsult,
And in one hóur give up to ínfamy
The harvest of a thousand yéars of glóry?
Die — àll first! Yès, die by piècemeal!
Leave not a limb o’er which a Dàne can triumph!

“True courage but from opposition gròws;
And what are fifty what a thòusand slàves,
Matched to the virtue of a síngle arm
That strikes for liberty? that strikes to save

His fields from fire, his infants from the sword,
And his large honors from eternal infamy?"

"Ye men of Sweden, wherefore are ye come?
See ye not yonder, how the locusts swarm,
To drink the fountains of your honor up,
And leave your hills a desert? Wretched men!
Why came ye forth? Is this a time for sport?
Or are ye met with song and jovial feast,
To welcome your new guests, your Danish visitants?
To stretch your supple necks beneath their feet
And fawning lick the dust? Go, go, my countrymen,
Each to your several mansions, trim them out,
Cull all the tedious earnings of your toil,
To purchase bondage. — O, Swedes! Swedes!
Heavens! are ye men and will ye suffer this? —
There was a time, my friends, a glorious time!
When, had a single man of your forefathers
Upon the frontier met a host in arms,
His courage scarce had turned; himself had stood,
Alone had stood, the bulwark of his country."

Example for the 'short' slide, or the "Minor Third"

"Dear, gentle, patient, noble Nell was dead. Her little bird, — a poor, slight thing the pressure of a finger would have crushed, — was stirring nimbly in its cage, and the strong heart of its child-mistress was mute and motionless forever!

"Sorrow was dead, indeed, in her; but peace and perfect happiness were born, — imaged — in her tranquil beauty and profound repose.

"Waking, she never wandered in her mind but once, and that was at beautiful music, which, she said, was in the air! God knows. It may have been.

"Opening her eyes at last from a very quiet sleep, she begged that they would kiss her once again. That done, she turned to the old man, with a lovely smile upon her face, — such, they said, as they had never seen, and never could for-

gét—and clung, with both her arms, about his nèck. She had never murmured or complained; but with a quiet mind, and manner quite unaltered,—save that she every day became more earnest and more grateful to them,—faded like the light upon the summer's evèning.”

PITCH.

1. The ‘*standard pitch*’ or ‘*key-note*.’ 2. The ‘*relative pitch*’ or ‘*melody*.’

The *middle pitch* is the *natural key-note* for ‘unemotional,’ ‘bold,’ and ‘noble’ pieces. A *higher pitch* is the *natural key-note* for ‘animated and joyous,’ ‘subdued or pathetic,’ and ‘impassioned’ pieces. A *lower pitch* is required for ‘grave’ pieces.

The middle or conversational pitch must be used for *all* ‘kinds’ when pupils have not the requisite compass or cultivation of voice to read *naturally* on a *higher* or *lower* ‘key.’

But appropriate variety of pitch on the successive words and syllables, is one of the most essential and beautiful parts of good reading. In perfect elocution, it adds to the eloquence of *expressive emphasis*, the *musical charm* of ‘*natural melody*.’

NATURAL MELODY

Is produced in part by that agreeable modulation of *all* the elements of expression, which the varied sense and feeling demand, yet it chiefly depends on a pleasing *variation* of the *radical* or *opening pitch*, on successive syllables.

PRINCIPLE.

1. Not more than *two* or *three consecutive syllables* should be given on the *same tone* of the “musical scale.”

2. Natural melody demands that this frequent change of pitch on the unemphatic syllables shall be only *one tone* at a time.

The unemphatic syllables form a kind of *flexible ladder* connecting the emphatic ideas, up and down which we must glide *tone by tone*, so as to be in the *right place* to give the *longer slides* on the emphatic words without an unmelodious break in the natural current of the voice, which should flow on smoothly through all changes, (unless there is an *abrupt break*

in the *ideas*,) just as a *good road* runs on over ever-varying hills and vales without once losing its *smooth continuity*.

Melody demands that the pitch on *consecutive emphatic words* also be agreeably varied. Our limited space will not allow us to mark the many possible permutations of *pitch*, which may constitute natural melody. We will only repeat the important general directions. *Avoid monotony*, by giving at most only *two* or *three consecutive syllables*, on the *same tone*.

Avoid making *unnatural* changes of pitch, of *more than one* tone at a time.

Turn up the melody on the *negative* ideas, so that you will have *room above* the *key-note*, to *slide down easily* on the *positive* ideas.

COMPASS.

The *compass* of voice which should be used also depends on the 'spirit' of the piece.

The most 'joyous' and most 'impassioned' demands the widest range of pitch, and the greatest natural variety.

The 'unemotional' demands only moderate compass. The 'grave' demands still *less* variety and compass. And when the 'grave' deepens into *supernatural awe* or *horror*, by the same analogy, we may infer that *natural variety* or melody gives place to an *unnatural sameness* of utterance, with just that *little* variety of *all* the vocal elements which is necessary to express the sense at all.

Example for 'middle pitch' and 'moderate compass.'

"It is these which I love and venerate in England. I should feel ashamed of an enthusiasm for Italy and Greece, did I not also feel it for a land like this. In an American, it would seem to me degenerate and ungrateful, to hang with passion upon the traces of Homer and Virgil, and follow without emotion, the nearer and plainer footsteps of Shakspeare and Milton."

'Joyous' example for 'higher pitch' and 'wider compass.'

"There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gathered then

Her beauty and her chivalry; and bright
 The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men.
 A thousand hearts beat happily, and when
 Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
 Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
 And all went merry as a marriage-bell."

Grave' example for 'lower pitch' and less than 'moderate compass.'

"And, — when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
 And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
 Of me more must be heard of, — say I taught thee;
 Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,
 And sounded all the depths and shoals of honor,
 Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in,
 A sure and safe one, though thy master missed it.
 Mark but my fall, and *that* that ruined me.
 Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition:
 By that sin fell the angels; how can man then,
 The image of his Maker, hope to win by 't?
 Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
 Thy God's, and truth's: then, if thou fall'st, O Cromwell!
 Thou fall'st a blessed martyr!"

VOLUME.

'*Full volume*' is the most essential element in the truthful expression of '*noble*' sentiment.

1. "MIND is the NOBLEST part of man; and of *mínd*, VIRTUE is the NOBLEST *distinction*. HONEST MAN, in the ear of *Wísdom*, is a *grànder* name, is a more *high-sounding* title, than *peer* of the *réalm*, or *prince* of the *blóod*. According to the eternal rules of *celéstial* precedency, in the *immortal* heraldry of *Nátüre* and of *Héaven*, VIRTUE takes place of *all* things. It is the *nobility* of ANGELS! It is the MAJESTY of GOD!"

In addition to 'full volume,' 'noble' pieces demand slow time, or long quantity and pauses, long slides, and loud but smooth-swelling force on the emphatic words. *Full volume* distinguishes *manly* sentiments from the *thin* or *fine* tone of *childlike* emotions.

2. "But strew his ashes to the wind,
Whose sword or voice has served mankind.
And is he dead whose glorious mind
Lifts thine on high?
To live in hearts we leave behind,
Is not to die.

"Is 't death to fall for Freedom's right?
He 's dead alone that lacks her light!
And murder sullies in Heaven's sight
The sword he draws:—
What can alone ennoble fight?
A noble cause!"

STRESS.

Stress is not the *degree* but the *kind* of emphatic force we use. The *same degree* of loudness may be given to a syllable *abruptly* and *suddenly*, as in sharp command, or *smoothly* and *gradually*, as in the noble examples given above. This *sudden* and *harsh* kind of force we will call '*abrupt stress*;' the other '*smooth stress*.'

PRINCIPLE.

'*Abrupt stress*' should be given to all *abrupt* or *harsh* ideas, and pleasant or '*smooth stress*' to all *good* or *pleasant* ideas.

Mere command is abrupt; indignation, anger, defiance, revenge, &c., are all *abrupt* in their very nature: and, therefore, must be read with the '*abrupt stress*.'

ABRUPT STRESS.

1. *Impatient command.*

“*Hènce! hòme* you *ìlle* creatures, get you *hòme*.

You *blòcks*, you *stònes*, you *WÒRSE* than *sènsèless* things
Be *gòne*!

Run to your *hòuses*, fall upon your *knèes*,

Prày to the *gòds* to *intèrmìt* the *PLÀGUE*

That *needs mùst light* on this *ingràtitude*.”

The force must be thrown with an abrupt *jerk* on the emphatic syllables.

2. *Anger. (Loud as well as ‘abrupt’ force and ‘long slides.’)*

“*CASSIUS*. That you have wronged me doth appear in this ;
You have condemned and noted Lucius Pella,
For taking bribes here of the Sardians ;
Wherein, my letter, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, was slighted off.

BRUTUS. You wronged yourself to write in such a case.

CAS. In such a time as this is it not meet
That every nice offence should bear its comment ?

BRU. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemned to have an itching palm ;
To sell and mart your offices for gold
To undeservers.

CAS. I an itching palm ?
You know that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

BRU. The name of Cassius honors this corruption,
And chastisement does therefore hide his head.

CAS. Chastisement ?

BRU. Remember March, the ides of March remember.
Did not great Julius bleed for justice’s sake ?
What villain touched his body, that did stab,
And not for justice ? What ! shall one of us,

That struck the foremost man of all this world,
 But for supporting robbers,—shall we now
 Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
 And sell the mighty space of our large honors,
 For so much trash as may be grasped thus?
 I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
 Than such a Roman.”

3. *Defiance.* (Very ‘*abrupt*’ and ‘*loud*,’ with ‘*long slides*.’)

“I have returned, *nót* as the right honorable member has said, to raise another *stórm*,—I have returned to *protect* that *constitution*, of which I was the párent and the founder, from the *assassinàtion* of *such* men as the honorable *gèntleman* and his unworthy *assòciates*. They are *corrùpt*—they are *SEDÌTIOUS*—and they, at this very *mòment*, are in a *COUSPÌRACY* against their *còuntry*! Here I stand for *impeachment* or *trial*! I *dàre* accusation! I *DEFY* the honorable *gèntleman*! I *defy* the *GÒVERNMENT*! I *defy* their whole *PHÀ-LANX*! Let them come *fòrth*! I tell the ministers I will neither give *thém* quarter, nor *tàke* it!”

4. *Indignation.*

“Who is the man, that, in addition to the disgraces and mischiefs of the war, has dared to authorize and associate to our arms the tomahawk and scalping-knife of the savage?—to call into civilized alliance the wild and inhuman inhabitant of the woods?—to delegate to the merciless Indian the defence of disputed rights, and to wage the horrors of his barbarous war against our brethren? My lords, we are called upon as members of this house, as men, as Christian men, to protest against such horrible barbarity.”

SMOOTH STRESS.

All pleasant and good ideas demand ‘*smooth stress*’ OF force, *free* from all *abruptness*.

In 'joyous' pieces, when the *time* is *fast*, the stress must be given with a *lively*, SPRINGING *swell* of the voice, which throws the *force* smoothly on the middle of the sound. Hence it is called the '*median*' stress.

'*Animated and joyous*' examples for *smooth stress*.

1. ——— "His cares flew away,
And visions of happiness danced o'er his mind.

"He dreamed of his home, of his dear native bowers,
And pleasures that waited on life's merry morn;
While memory each scene gayly covered with flowers,
And restored every rose, but secreted its thorn."

In the following example of 'noble,' *manly* joy, the happy median stress swells with the same smooth, springing force as above, but with more fulness and longer *quantity* and *pauses*.

2. "Fellow Citizens, — I congratulate you, — I give you joy, on the return of this anniversary. I see, before and around me, a mass of faces, glowing with cheerfulness and patriotic pride. This anniversary animates and gladdens and unites all American hearts. Every man's heart swells within him, — every man's port and bearing becomes somewhat more proud and lofty, as he remembers that seventy-five years have rolled away, and that the great inheritance of liberty is still his; his, undiminished and unimpaired; his, in all its original glory; his to enjoy, his to protect, and his to transmit to future generations."

'*Subdued*' example for *gentle but happy median or smooth stress*.

"At last, Malibran came; and the child sat with his glance riveted upon her glorious face. Could he believe that the grand lady, all blazing with jewels, and whom everybody seemed to worship, would really sing his little song? Breath-

less he waited;—the band, the whole band, struck up a little plaintive melody. He knew it, and clapped his hands for joy.

“And oh! how she sung it! It was so simple, so mournful, so soul-subduing;—many a bright eye dimmed with tears; and naught could be heard but the touching words of that little song, — oh! so touching!

“Little Pierre walked home as if he were moving on the air. What cared he for money now? The greatest singer in all Europe had sung his little song, and thousands had wept at his grief.

“Thus she, who was the idol of England’s nobility, went about doing good. And in her early, happy death, when the grave-damps gathered over her brow, and her eyes grew dim, he who stood by her bed, his bright face clothed in the mourning of sighs and tears, and smoothed her pillow, and lightened her last moments by his undying affection, was the little Pierre of former days,—now rich, accomplished, and the most talented composer of his day.”

‘ Noble ’ example for prolonged, full-swelling median or smooth stress.

“ We must forget all feelings save the one ;
 We must behold no object save our country ; —
 And only look on death as beautiful,
 So that the sacrifice ascend to Heaven,
 And draw down freedom on her evermore.
 • ‘ But if we fail ? ’ They never fail, who die
 In a great cause ! The block may soak their gore ;
 Their heads may sodden in the sun ; their limbs
 Be strung to city gates and castle walls ; —
 But still their spirit walks abroad. Though years
 Elapse, and others share as dark a doom,
 They but augment the deep and sweeping thoughts
 Which overpower all others, and conduct
 The world, at last, to freedom ! ”

Examples for the longest ‘quantity’ and fullest ‘swell’ of the median or smooth stress.

“O liberty! O sound once delightful to every Roman ear!
O sacred privilege of Roman citizenship! once sacred, — now
trampled on!”

“Ye crags and peaks, I’m with you once again!
O sacred forms, how proud you look!
How high you lift your heads into the sky!
How huge you are! how mighty and how free!

“Ye guards of liberty,
I’m with you once again.”

“The land that bore you — O!
Do honor to her! Let her glory in
Your breeding.”

“These are Thy glorious works, Parent of Good.
Almighty! Thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair! Thyself how wondrous, then!”

Example for ‘noble’ but happy ‘median stress.’

“The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.
“He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: He leadeth
me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul.”

QUALITY OF VOICE.

Quality of voice is ‘*pure*’ or ‘*impure*.’

It is ‘*pure*’ when *all* the breath used is *vocalized*.

It is ‘*impure*’ or *aspirated* when only a *part* of the breath
is vocalized.

PRINCIPLE.

‘*Pure quality*’ should be used to express all *pure*
ideas; that is, all *good* and *agreeable* ideas.

‘*Impure quality*,’ or *aspirated*, should be used to express all *impure ideas*; that is, all *bad* or *disagreeable ideas*.

Examples of ‘impure quality.’

Painful earnestness or *anxiety* demands this ‘*aspirated quality*’ with ‘*abrupt stress*.’

1. “Take care! your very life is endangered!”
2. “Oh! ’t was a fearsome sight! Ah me!
A deed to shudder at, — not to see.”
3. “While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering with white lips, “The foe! they come,
they come!”
4. “He springs from his hammock, he flies to the deck, —
Amazement confronts him with images dire, —
Wild winds and mad waves drive the vessel a wreck:
The masts fly in splinters, the shrouds are on fire!
- “Like mountains the billows tremendously swell:
In vain the lost wretch calls on mercy to save;
Unseen hands of spirits are ringing his knell,
And the death-angel flaps his broad wings o’er the
wave.”

Extreme aspiration should mark the *fear* and *horror* in the following words of Macbeth.

5. “I’ll go no more:
I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on’t again I dare not.”

Strong aspiration and ‘*abrupt stress*.’

6. “I am astonished, shocked, to hear such principles
confessed, — to hear them avowed in this house, or in this
country; — principles equally unconstitutional, inhuman, and
unchristian!”

‘*Bold*’ and ‘*impassioned*’ examples for very ‘*abrupt stress* and ‘*aspirated quality*’ on the emphatic words.

7. “It was the act of a coward, who raises his arm to strike, but has not the courage to give the blow ! I will not call him villian, because it would be unparliamentary, and he is a privy councillor. I will not call him fool, because he happens to be chancellor of the exchequer. But I say he is one who has abused the privilege of parliament and freedom of debate, to the uttering of language which, if spoken out of the house, I should answer only with a blow ! I care not how high his situation, how low his character, or how contemptible his speech ; whether a privy councillor or a parasite, my answer would be a blow !”

8. “The wretch, who, after having seen the consequences of a thousand errors, continues still to blunder, and whose age has only added obstinacy to stupidity, is surely the object of either abhorrence or contempt, and deserves not that his gray hairs should secure him from insult.”

9. “If ye are beasts, then stand here like fat oxen waiting for the butcher’s knife.”

This quality of voice demands that the *aspirates* and the *less resonant consonants* be made very *prominent* in the enunciation, while the purer vowels and the liquid, pleasant consonants reserve their prominence till *pure* tone is required.

All examples of ‘*aspirated quality*’ require abrupt stress.

‘*Contemptuous and ironical*’ example.

10. “But base ignoble slaves, — slaves to a horde
Of petty tyrants, feudal despots, lords
Rich in some dozen paltry villages, —
Strong in some hundred spearmen, — only great
In that strange spell — a name.”

Examples of ‘pure quality.’

1. “That which befits us, imbosomed in beauty and wonder as we are, is cheerfulness and courage, and the endeavor to realize our aspirations.”

Example of 'pure tone,' with lively, median stress

2. "It is now sixteen or seventeen years since I saw the Queen of France, then the Dauphiness, at Versailles, and surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch. a more delightful vision.

"I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just began to move in, glittering like the morning-star, full of life, and splendor, and joy."

'Lower pitch' and 'slower time.' 'Long quantity,' and prolonged median stress.

3. "O! what a revolution! and what a heart must I have to contemplate without emotion, that elevation and that fall! Little did I dream that I should have lived to see such disasters fallen upon her, in a Nation of gallant men, in a Nation of men of honor, and of cavaliers! I thought ten thousand swords must have leaped from their scabbards, to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult.

"But the age of chivalry is gone, and the glory of Europe is extinguished forever."

The following selection from Shelley's "To a Skylark," is full of rapturous beauty, and requires the '*purest* tone and the smoothest and happiest '*median stress*,' prolonged with swelling fulness on the emphatic words:—

4. "Hail to thee, blithe spirit, —
Bird thou never wert, —
That from heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

"Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest;
Like a cloud of fire,

The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

“ In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are brightening,
Thou dost float and run,
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

“ All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflowed

“ What thou art, we know not ;
What is most like thee ?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see,
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

“ Better than all measures
Of delightful sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground !

“ Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
The world should listen then, as I am listening now.”

*‘ Noble ’ example for ‘ pure tone,’ to be given also with full
‘ median stress.’*

“ We wish that this column, rising towards heaven among
the pointed spires of so many temples dedicated to God, may

contribute also to produce, in all minds, a pious feeling of dependence and gratitude. We wish, finally, that the last object on the sight of him who leaves his native shore, and the first to gladden him who revisits it, may be something which shall remind him of the liberty and glory of his country. Let it rise till it meet the sun in his coming; let the earliest light of morning gild it, and parting day linger and play upon its summit."

'Subdued examples' for very soft force, 'short slides,' and gentle, 'median stress,' and the 'purest quality.'

"I thought to pass away before, and yet alive I am;
And in the fields all round I hear the bleating of the lamb.
How sadly, I remember, rose the morning of the year!
To die before the snow-drop came, and now the violet's here.
O sweet is the new violet, that comes beneath the skies,
And sweeter is the young lamb's voice to me that cannot rise,
And sweet is all the land about, and all the flowers that blow,
And sweeter far is death than life to me that long to go.

"O look! the sun begins to rise, the heavens are in a glow;
He shines upon a hundred fields, and all of them I know.
O sweet and strange it seems to me, that ere this day is done,
The voice that now is speaking may be beyond the sun—
Forever and forever; all in a blessed home—
And there to wait a little while till you and Effie come—
To lie within the light of God, as I lie upon your breast—
And the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

'Joyous' example for 'pure quality' and happy 'median stress.'

"And what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays:
Whether we look, or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;

Every clod feels a stir of might,
 An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
 And, groping blindly above it for light,
 Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;
 The little bird sits at his door in the sun,
 Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,
 And lets his illumined being o'errun
 With the deluge of summer it receives."

A striking example of *both qualities* may be taken from the dialogue between "Old Shylock" and "Portia." The tones of Shylock's voice, to express his *spite* and *revenge*, must be marked by the most *abrupt* 'stress' and '*aspirated or impure quality*;' while the beautiful sentiments of Portia demand the '*smoothest stress*' and '*purest quality*.'

"PORTIA. Do you confess the bond?

ANTONIO. I do.

POR. Then must the Jew be merciful.

SHYLOCK. On what compulsion must I? Tell me that.

POR. The quality of mercy is not strained;

It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven

Upon the place beneath: it is twice bless'd;

It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:

'Tis mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes

The throned monarch better than his crown:

It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,

It is an attribute to God himself,

And earthly power doth then shew likest God's,

When mercy seasons justice."

Having thus treated of, and illustrated with various kinds of pieces, *each one* of the elements of elocution, *separately*, let us now finish our work by learning how *all* these separate elements *unite together* and *blend* in the natural expression of *each* '*kind*' of sentiment.

‘Unemotional’ pieces should have ‘moderate’ ‘standard force’ and ‘time’ and ‘slides’ and ‘volume,’ ‘middle pitch,’ ‘smooth stress,’ and ‘pure quality’ of voice.

Unemotional Example.

“There is something nobly simple and pure in a taste for the cultivation of forest trees. It argues, I think, a sweet and generous nature, to have a strong relish for the beauties of vegetation, and a friendship for the hardy and glorious sons of the forest. He, who plants an oak, looks forward to future ages, and plants for posterity. Nothing can be less selfish than this. He cannot expect to sit in its shade and enjoy its shelter; but he exults in the idea that the acorn which he has buried in the earth shall grow up into a lofty pile, and shall keep on flourishing and increasing and benefiting mankind, long after he shall have ceased to tread his paternal fields.”

‘Bold’ pieces should have ‘loud’ ‘standard force,’ ‘long slides,’ ‘moderate time,’ with long quantity on the emphatic syllables, ‘middle pitch,’ ‘abrupt stress,’ and slightly ‘aspirated quality.’

Bold Example.

“Who, then, caused the strife
That crimsoned Naseby’s field, and Marston’s Moor?
It was the Stuart; — so the Stuart fell!
A victim, in the pit himself had digged!
He died not, sirs, as hated kings have died,
In secret and in shade, — no eye to trace
The one step from their prison to their pall:
He died in the eyes of Europe, — in the face
Of the broad Heaven; amidst the sons of England,
Whom he had outraged; by a solemn sentence,
Passed by a solemn Court. Does this seem guilt?
You pity Charles! ’tis well; but pity more
The tens of thousand honest humble men,
Who, by the tyranny of Charles compelled
To draw the sword, fell, butchered in the field!”

‘Animated or joyous’ pieces should have ‘fast time,’ lively, springing ‘median stress,’ ‘pure quality,’ ‘long slides,’ ‘high pitch,’ and ‘loud force.’

Joyous Example.

“You must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear,
To-morrow’ll be the happiest time of all the glad New-Year;
Of all the glad New-Year, mother, the maddest, merriest day;
For I’m to be Queen o’ the May, mother, I’m to be Queen o’
the May.

“I sleep so sound all night, mother, that I shall never wake,
If you do not call me loud when the day begins to break:
But I must gather knots of flowers, and buds and garlands gay,
For I’m to be Queen o’ the May, mother, I’m to be Queen o’
the May.”

‘Subdued or pathetic’ pieces should have ‘soft force,’ ‘short (or minor) slides,’ ‘slow time,’ gentle ‘median stress,’ ‘pure quality,’ ‘high pitch,’ and less than ‘moderate volume.’

Subdued or Pathetic Example.

“If you’re waking call me early, call me early, mother dear,
For I would see the sun rise upon the glad New-Year.
It is the last New-Year that I shall ever see,
Then you may lay me low i’ the mould and think no more of me.

“To-night I saw the sun set! he set and left behind
The good old year, the dear old time, and all my peace of mind,
And the New-Year’s coming up, mother, but I shall never see
The blossom on the blackthorn, the leaf upon the tree.”

‘Grave’ pieces should have ‘low pitch,’ ‘slow time,’ with ‘long quantity and pauses,’ ‘full volume’ ‘soft force’ and ‘short slides’ — also ‘smooth stress’ and ‘pure quality’ when the ideas are *reverential* or *solemn merely* — but more or less ‘abrupt stress’ and ‘aspirated quality’ when characterized by *fear* or *aversion*, as in ‘dread,’ ‘awe,’ and ‘horror.’

Grave Example.

“Come to the bridal chamber, — Death !
 Come to the mother, when she feels
 For the first time her first-born’s breath ;
 Come when the blessed seals
 That close the pestilence are broke,
 And crowded cities wail its stroke ;
 Come in Consumption’s ghastly form,
 The earthquake shock, the ocean storm ;
 Come when the heart beats high and warm
 With banquet-song and dance and wine, —
 And thou art terrible ! the tear, —
 The groan, — the knell, — the pall, — the bier,
 And all we know, or dream, or fear,
 Of agony are thine.”

‘Noble’ pieces should have ‘full-swelling volume’ and ‘median stress,’ with ‘long quantity’ and ‘long slides,’ ‘loud force,’ ‘pure quality,’ and ‘middle pitch.’

Noble Example.

“But to the hero, when his sword
 Has won the battle for the free,
 Thy voice sounds like a prophet’s word,
 And in its hollow tones are heard
 The thanks of millions yet to be.
 Bozzaris ! with the storied Brave
 Greece nurtured in her glory’s time,
 Rest thee ! there is no prouder grave,
 Even in her own proud clime.
 We tell thy doom without a sigh ;
 For thou art Freedom’s now and Fame’s, —
 One of the few, the immortal names,
 That were not born to die !”

Both ‘*ludicrous*’ and ‘*sarcastic*’ pieces should have long ‘circumflex slides’ and ‘compound’ ‘abrupt stress,’ ‘long

quantity and pauses' on the emphatic words; but *punning* and *raillery*, when good-natured, should have a 'higher pitch,' 'faster time,' and 'purer quality' than belongs to sarcasm, which should have the 'middle pitch,' 'aspirated quality,' and rather 'slow time.' With both kinds the 'force' changes from 'moderate' to louder with the boldness of the spirit.

In the following example the part of Sir Peter Teazle should be read with 'strongly aspirated quality' and 'abrupt stress,' while the half-laughing raillery of Lady T. should have the 'pure quality' and 'tremulous stress' mingled with the 'compound,' and 'higher pitch' and 'less volume.'

Ludicrous or sarcastic example.

"SIR PETER. Very well, ma'am, very well — so a husband is to have no influence, no authority?

LADY T. Authority! No, to be sure: — if you wanted authority over me, you should have adopted me, and not married me; I am sure you were old enough.

SIR P. Old enough! — ay, there it is. Well, well. Lady Teazle, though my life may be made unhappy by your temper I'll not be ruined by your extravagance.

LADY T. My extravagance! Sir Peter, am I to blame because flowers are dear in cold weather? You should find fault with the climate, and not with me. For my part, I'm sure, I wish it was spring all the year round, and that roses grew under our feet!

SIR P. Zounds! madam — if you had been born to this, I should n't wonder at your talking thus; but you forget what your situation was when I married you.

LADY T. No, no, I don't; 't was a very disagreeable one, or I should never have married you. Sir Peter! would you have me be out of the fashion?

SIR P. The fashion, indeed! What had you to do with the fashion before you married me?

LADY T. For my part, I should think you would like to have your wife thought a woman of taste.

SIR P. Ay, there again — taste. Zounds! madam, you had no taste when you married me!

LADY T. That's very true, indeed, Sir Peter; and after having married you I should never pretend to taste again, I allow. But now, Sir Peter, since we have finished our daily jangle, I presume I may go to my engagement at Lady Sneerwell's.

SIR P. Ay, there's another precious circumstance — a charming set of acquaintance you have made there."

Example of bitter irony and sarcasm closing with the impassioned kind.

"I speak not to you, Mr. Renwick, of your own outcast condition; — perhaps you delight in the perils of martyrdom: I speak not to those around us, who, in their persons, their substance, and their families, have endured the torture, poverty, and irremediable dishonor. They may be meek and hallowed men, willing to endure; and as for my wife — what was she to you? Ye cannot be greatly disturbed that she is in her grave. No, ye are quiet, calm, prudent persons; it would be a most indiscreet thing of you, you who have suffered no wrongs yourselves, to stir on her account.

"In truth, friends, Mr. Renwick is quite right. This feeling of indignation against our oppressors is a most imprudent thing. If we desire to enjoy our own contempt, to deserve the derision of men, and to merit the abhorrence of Heaven, let us yield ourselves to all that Charles Stuart and his sect require. We can do nothing better, nothing so meritorious, — nothing by which we can so reasonably hope for punishment here and condemnation hereafter. But if there is one man at this meeting, — I am speaking not of shapes and forms, but of feelings, — if there is one here that feels as men were wont to feel, he will draw his sword, and say with me, Woe to the house of Stuart! woe to the oppressors!"

'Impassioned' pieces, such as the last of the example above and the following, should have 'very loud force,' 'very long slides,' 'very abrupt stress.' Time accelerating as the pas-

sion cumulates, from 'moderate' to 'faster,' with 'very long quantity' on the emphatic words, 'middle and higher pitch' and 'quality,' (where the passion is not malignant,) only slightly 'aspirated.'

Impassioned example.

“ ‘My castles are my king’s alone,
From turret to foundation stone;
The hand of Douglas is his own,
And never shall in friendly grasp
The hand of such as Marmion clasp!’
Burned Marmion’s swarthy cheek like fire,
And shook his very frame for ire,
And ‘This to me!’ he said;
‘An ’twere not for thy hoary beard,
Such hand as Marmion’s had not spared
To cleave the Douglas’s head!
And, Douglas, more I tell thee here
E’en in thy pitch of pride,
Here, in thy hold, thy vassals near,
I tell thee, thou’rt defied!
And if thou saidst I am not peer
To any lord in Scotland here,
Lowland or highland, far or near,
Lord Angus, thou hast lied!’
On the earl’s cheek the flush of rage
O’ercame the ashen hue of age;
Fierce he broke forth: ‘And dar’st thou, then,
To beard the lion in his den,
The Douglas in his hall?
And hop’st thou hence unscathed to go?
No! by Saint Bride of Bothwell, no!
Up drawbridge, groom! What, warder, ho!
Let the portcullis fall!’ ”

PART II.

READING LESSONS.

I.—THE TWO ROADS.

RICHTER:

[Jean Paul Frederic Richter was born in Wunsiedel, in Germany, March 21, 1763, and died November 14, 1825. He wrote a number of works, mostly in the form of novels, which are remarkable for a peculiar combination of imagination, tenderness, quaint humor, philosophic spirit, and curious learning. He is an extremely popular writer among his own countrymen, but much of the flavor of his writings evaporates in a translation. His personal character was generous and amiable. He is frequently called by his first two names, *Jean Paul*.]

1. It was New-Year's night. An aged man was standing at a window. He raised his mournful eyes towards the deep-blue sky, where the stars were floating, like white lilies, on the surface of a clear, calm lake. Then he cast them on the earth, where few more hopeless beings than himself now moved towards their certain goal¹—the tomb.

2. Already he had passed sixty of the stages² which lead to it, and he had brought from his journey nothing but errors and remorse. His health was destroyed, his mind vacant, his heart sorrowful, and his old age devoid of comfort.

3. The days of his youth rose up in a vision³ before him, and he recalled the solemn moment when his father had placed him at the entrance of two roads, — *one* leading into a peaceful, sunny land, covered with a fertile harvest, and resounding with soft, sweet songs; the *other* leading

the wanderer into a deep, dark cave, whence there was no issue⁴, where poison flowed instead of water, and where serpents hissed and crawled.

4. He looked towards the sky, and cried out in his agony, "O youth, return! O my father, place me once more at the entrance to life, that I may choose the better way!" But his father and the days of his youth had both passed away.

5. He saw wandering lights floating away over dark marshes, and then disappear. *These* were the days of his wasted life. He saw a star fall from heaven, and vanish in darkness. This was an emblem⁵ of himself; and the sharp arrows of unavailing remorse⁶ struck home to his heart. Then he remembered his early companions, who entered on life with him, but who, having trod the paths of virtue and of labor, were now honored and happy on this New-Year's night.

6. The clock, in the high church tower, struck, and the sound, falling on his ear, recalled his parents' early love for him, their erring son; the lessons they had taught him; the prayers they had offered up in his behalf. Overwhelmed with shame and grief, he dared no longer look towards that heaven where his father dwelt; his darkened eyes dropped tears, and with one despairing effort, he cried aloud, "Come back, my early days! come back!"

7. And his youth *did* return; for all this was but a dream which visited his slumbers on New-Year's night. He was still young; his faults alone were real. He thanked God fervently that time was still his own; that he had not yet entered the deep, dark cavern, but that he was free to tread the road leading to the peaceful land where sunny harvests wave.

8. Ye who still linger on the threshold⁷ of life, doubting which path to choose, remember that, when years are passed, and your feet stumble on the dark mountain, you

will cry bitterly⁸, but cry in vain, "O youth, return! O, give me back my early days!"

¹ GŌAL. A post or mark set to bound a race; end.

² STĀQ'ĒŞ. Steps or degrees of advance or progress.

³ VI''ŞIŌN. An imaginary appearance, as seen in a dream or in sleep.

⁴ 'IS'SVE (ish'shū). Egress; passage out.

⁵ ĒM'BLEM. A picture or object representing one thing to the eye and another to the understanding.

⁶ RĒ-MŌRSE'. Reproach of conscience.

⁷ THRĒSH'OLD. A door-sill; beginning; entrance.

⁸ BĪT'TĒR-LŶ. Sorrowfully.

II. — A CHILD'S DREAM OF A STAR.

DICKENS.

[Charles Dickens is a living English novelist, of great original genius and world-wide popularity. His most striking characteristic is a peculiar and original vein of humor. He also excels in scenes which paint sickness and death, especially of the lovely and young.]

1. THERE was once a child, and he strolled¹ about a good deal, and thought of a number of things. He had a sister, who was a child too, and his constant companion. These two used to wonder all day long. They wondered at the beauty of the flowers; they wondered at the height and blueness of the sky; they wondered at the depth of the bright water; they wondered at the goodness and the power of God, who made the lovely world.

2. They used to say to one another, sometimes, "Supposing all the children upon earth were to die, would the flowers, and the water, and the sky, be sorry?" They believed they would be sorry. For, said they, the buds are the children of the flowers, and the little playful streams, that gambol down the hill-sides, are the children of the water; and the smallest bright specks, playing at hide-and-seek in the sky all night, must surely be the children of the stars; and they would all be grieved to see their playmates, the children of men, no more.

3. There was one clear, shining star, that used to come out in the sky before the rest, near the church spire², above the graves. It was larger and more beautiful, they thought, than all the others, and every night they watched for it, standing hand in hand at a window. Whoever saw it first, cried out, "I see the star!" And often they cried out both together, knowing so well when it would rise, and where. So they grew to be such friends with it, that, before lying down in their beds, they always looked out once again, to bid it good night; and when they were turning round to sleep, they used to say, "God bless the star!"

4. But while she was still very young, — O, very, very young, — the sister drooped, and came to be so weak that she could no longer stand in the window at night; and then the child looked sadly out by himself, and, when he saw the star, turned round and said to the patient, pale race on the bed, "I see the star!" and then a smile would come upon the face, and a little, weak voice used to say, "God bless my brother and the star!"

5. And so the time came, — all too soon, — when the child looked out alone, and when there was no face on the bed; and when there was a little grave among the graves, not there before; and when the star made long rays down towards him, as he saw it through his tears.

6. Now, these rays were so bright, and they seemed to make such a shining way from earth to heaven, that when the child went to his solitary bed, he dreamed about the star; and he dreamed that, lying where he was, he saw a train³ of people taken up that sparkling⁴ road by angels.⁵ And the star, opening, showed him a great world of light, where many more such angels waited to receive them.

7. All these angels, who were waiting, turned their beaming⁶ eyes upon the people who were carried up into

the star; and some came out from the long rows in which they stood, and fell upon the people's necks, and kissed them tenderly, and went away with them down avenues of light, and were so happy in their company, that, lying in his bed, he wept for joy.

8. But there were many angels who did not go with them, and among them one he knew. The patient face that once had lain upon the bed was glorified⁷ and radiant⁸; but his heart found out his sister among all the host.

9. His sister's angel lingered near the entrance of the star, and said to the leader among those who had brought the people thither, "Is my brother come?"

10. And he said, "No."

11. She was turning hopefully away, when the child stretched out his arms, and cried, "O sister, I am here! Take me!" And then she turned her beaming eyes upon him, and it was night; and the star was shining into the room, making long rays down towards him as he saw it through his tears.

12. From that hour forth, the child looked out upon the star as on the home he was to go to, when his time should come; and he thought that he did not belong to the earth alone, but to the star too, because of his sister's angel gone before.

13. There was a baby born to be a brother to the child; and while he was so little that he never yet had spoken a word, he stretched his tiny form out on his bed, and died.

14. Again the child dreamed of the opened star, and of the company of angels, and the train of people, and the rows of angels, with their beaming eyes all turned upon those people's faces.

15. Said his sister's angel to the leader, "Is my brother come?"

16. And he said, "Not that one, but another."

17. As the child beheld his brother's angel in her arms, he cried, "O sister, I am here! Take me!" And she turned and smiled upon him, and the star was shining.

18. He grew to be a young man, and was busy at his books, when an old servant came to him, and said, "Thy mother is no more. I bring her blessing⁹ on her darling son."

19. Again at night he saw the star, and all that former company. Said his sister's angel to the leader, "Is my brother come?"

20. And he said, "Thy mother!"

21. A mighty cry of joy went forth through all the star, because the mother was reunited to her two children. And he stretched out his arms, and cried, "O mother, sister, and brother, I am here! Take me!" And they answered him, "Not yet." And the star was shining.

22. He grew to be a man whose hair was turning gray, and he was sitting in his chair by the fireside, heavy with grief, and with his face bedewed¹⁰ with tears, when the star opened once again.

23. Said his sister's angel to the leader, "Is my brother come?"

24. And he said, "Nay, but his maiden daughter."

25. And the man who had been the child saw his daughter, newly lost to him, a celestial¹¹ creature among those three, and he said, "My daughter's head is on my sister's bosom, and her arm is round my mother's neck, and at her feet there is the baby of old time, and I can bear the parting from her, God be praised!" And the star was shining.

26. Thus the child came to be an old man, and his once smooth face was wrinkled, and his steps were slow and feeble, and his back was bent. And one night, as he lay upon his bed, his children standing round, he cried, as he had cried so long ago, "I see the star!"

27. They whispered one another, "He is dying."

28. And he said, "I am. My age is falling from me like a garment, and I move towards the star as a child. And O, my Father, now I thank thee that it has so often opened to receive those dear ones who await me!"

29. And the star was shining; and it shines upon his grave.

1 STRÖLLED. Wandered; strayed.

2 SPĪRE. A structure which tapers to a point at the top; a steeple.

3 TRĀIN. A number of objects in a line; a number of persons in a line; a procession.

4 SPĀRK'LING. Glittering; bright, as if emitting sparks.

5 ĀN'QĒL. An inhabitant of heaven; a good spirit.

6 BĒAM'ING. Shining; emitting rays or beams of light.

7 GLŌ'RĪ-FĪED. Made glorious.

8 RĀ'DĪ-ĀNT. Shining; effulgent.

9 BLĒSS'ING. Prayer imploring happiness for another.

10 BĒ-DEWED' (bē-dūd'). Wet with dew or as with dew; moistened.

11 CĒ-LĒST'IAL (-yāl). Of heaven; heavenly.

III.—ONE BY ONE.

MISS PROCTER.

1. ONE by one the sands are flowing,
One by one the moments fall;
Some are coming, some are going;
Do not strive to catch them all.
2. One by one thy duties wait thee;
Let thy whole strength go to each;
Let no future dreams elate¹ thee;
Learn thou first what these can teach.
3. One by one (bright gifts from heaven)
Joys are sent thee here below;
Take them readily when given,—
Ready, too, to let them go.

4. One by one thy griefs shall meet thee ;
Do not fear an arméd band ;
One will fade as others greet thee, —
Shadows passing through the land.
5. Do not look at life's long sorrow ;
See how small each moment's pain :
God will help thee for to-morrow ;
Every day begin again.
6. Every hour, that fleets² so slowly,
Has its task to do or bear ;
Luminous³ the crown⁴, and holy,
If thou set each gem with care.
7. Hours are golden links — God's token
Reaching heaven ; but one by one,
Take them, lest the chain be broken
Ere thy pilgrimage⁵ be done.

E-LĀTE'. Elevate as with success ; | ⁴ CRŌWN. Reward ; recompense.
puff up.

² FLĒETS. Passes away.

³ LŪMĪ-NOŪS. Emitting light ; bright.

⁵ PIL'GRIM-AGE. A long journey, particularly, a journey to a place deemed sacred ; journey of life.

IV.—HOW SLEEP THE BRAVE.

COLLINS.

[William Collins was an English poet, born in 1720, and died in 1756. These lines were written in honor of the men who fell at the battle of Culloden, April 16, 1746, in which the Scottish rebels, under Prince Charles, were defeated by the English, under the Duke of Cumberland.]

1. How sleep the Brave, who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest !
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed¹ mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

2. By fairy² hands their knell is rung;
 By forms unseen their dirge³ is sung:
 There Honor comes, a pilgrim⁴ gray,
 To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
 And Freedom shall a while repair,
 To dwell, a weeping hermit⁵, there!

HÁL LŌWED. Holy; sacred.

FAIR'Y. A fabled small being in human form.

DYRGE. A funeral song.

⁴ PIL'GRIM. One who leaves his home or country on account of religion.

⁵ HÉR'MIT. One who retires from society and lives in solitude.

V.—THE FORGIVEN DEBT.

L. M. SARGENT.

[Lucius Manlius Sargent was born June 25, 1786, and died June 2, 1867. He was a frequent contributor to the newspaper press of Boston, and was the author of a well-known series of temperance tales, which are of marked merit, and have been widely read.]

1. ABOUT the beginning of the present century¹, a Boston merchant, who had been extensively engaged in commerce², died at a good old age, without leaving any will. He had been for many years largely interested in the fishing business, and his name was familiar to all the hardy fishermen of Cape Cod. His eldest son administered³ upon the estate.

2. Among his papers, a package of considerable size was found, after his death, carefully tied up, and labelled as follows: "Notes, due bills, and accounts against sundry persons down along-shore⁴. Some of these may be got by a suit or severe dunning. But the people are poor; most of them have had fisherman's luck. My children will do as they think best. Perhaps they will think, with me, that it is best to burn this package entire."

3. "About a month," said my informant, "after our father died, the sons met together, and, after some general

remarks, our eldest brother, the administrator, produced this package, of whose existence we were already apprised, read the superscription⁵, and asked what course should be taken in regard to it. Another brother, a few years younger than the eldest, a man of strong, impulsive temperament, unable at the moment to express his feeling by words, while he brushed the tears from his eyes with one hand, by a spasmodic⁶ jerk of the other towards the fireplace, indicated his desire to have the paper put into the flames.

4. "It was suggested by another of our number, that it might be well first to make a list of the debtors' names, and of the dates and accounts, that we might be enabled, as the intended discharge was for all, to inform such as might offer payment, that their debts were forgiven. On the following day we again assembled; the list had been prepared, and all the notes, due bills, and accounts, whose amount, including interest, exceeded thirty-two thousand dollars, were committed to the flames.

5. "It was in the month of June, about four months after our father's death, that, as I was sitting in my eldest brother's counting-room, waiting for an opportunity to speak to him, there came in a hard-favored⁷, little old man, who looked as if time and rough weather had been to the windward of him for seventy years. He asked if my brother was not the executor⁸. He replied that he was administrator, as our father died intestate⁹. 'Well,' said the stranger, 'I have come up from the Cape to pay a debt I owed the old gentleman.' My brother," continued my informant, "requested him to be seated, being at the moment engaged.

6. "The old man sat down, and, putting on his glasses, drew out a very ancient leather wallet. When he had done this and sat, with quite a parcel of notes, waiting his turn, slowly twirling his thumbs, with his old, gray, medi-

tative eyes upon the floor, he sighed; and I well knew the money, as the phrase runs, came hard, and I secretly wished the old man's name might be found upon the forgiven list. My brother was soon at leisure, and asked him his name, and other common questions. The original debt was four hundred and forty dollars: it had stood a long time, and with the interest amounted to a sum between seven and eight hundred dollars.

7. "My brother went to his table, and, after examining the forgiven list attentively, a sudden smile lighted up his countenance, and told me the truth at a glance — the old man's name was there. My brother quietly took a chair by his side, and a conversation ensued between them, which I shall never forget. 'Your note is outlawed¹⁰,' said my brother; 'it was dated twelve years ago, payable in two years; there is no witness, and no interest has ever been paid; you are not bound to pay this note: we cannot recover the amount.'

8. "'Sir,' said the old man, 'I wish to pay it. It is the only heavy debt I have in the world. I should like to pay it;'" and he laid the bank notes before my brother, and requested him to count them over. "I cannot take this money," said my brother.

9. "The old man became alarmed. 'I have cast simple interest¹¹ for twelve years and a little over,' said the old man. 'I will pay you compound interest¹² if you say so. That debt ought to have been paid long ago; but your father, sir, was very indulgent: he knew I had been unfortunate, and told me not to worry about it.'

10. "My brother then set the whole matter plainly before him, and, taking the bills, returned them to the old man, telling him, that although our father left no formal will, he had recommended to his children to destroy certain notes, due bills, and other evidences of debt, and release those who might be legally bound to pay them. For a moment

the worthy old man seemed to be stupefied. After he had collected himself¹², and wiped a few tears from his eyes, he stated, that from the time he had heard of our father's death, he had raked and scraped, and pinched and spared, to get the money together for the payment of this debt.

11. " 'About ten days ago,' said he, 'I had made up the sum within twenty dollars. My wife knew how much the payment of this debt lay upon my spirits, and advised me to sell a cow, and make up the difference, and get the heavy burden off my spirits. I did so — and now what will my wife say? I must get home to the Cape, and tell her this good news. She'll probably say over the very words she said when she put her hands on my shoulder as we parted — "I have never seen the righteous man forsaken, nor his seed begging bread." ' After a hearty shake of the hand, and a blessing upon our father's memory, he went upon his way rejoicing.

12. "After a short silence, seizing his pencil and making a computation, — 'There,' exclaimed my brother, 'your part of the amount would be so much: contrive a plan to convey to me your share of the pleasure derived from this operation, and the money is at your service.'"

¹ CĒNT'Ū-RŪ. A period of one hundred years.

² CŌM'MĒRCE. Traffic, or the interchange of property on a large scale.

³ ĀD-MĪN'IS-TĒRĒD. To administer upon an estate is to manage the property of one who has made no will.

⁴ A-LŌNG'-SHŌRE. A colloquial term applied to places along the coast or shore; *here*, applied to the shore in the south-eastern part of Massachusetts.

⁵ SŪ-PĒR-SCRĪP'TĪON. What is written on the top or outside.

⁶ SPĀŠ-MŌD'IC. Convulsive.

⁷ HĀRD-FĀ'VŌRED. Having coarse or harsh features.

⁸ EĀ-ĒC'Ū-TŌR. One appointed by a person, in his last will, to see that his will is carried into effect.

⁹ ĪN-TĒS'TĀTE. Dying without having made a will.

¹⁰ ŌŪT'LĀWĒD. Ceased to have a legal value. Notes become outlawed in six years from the time when their payment is due.

¹¹ ĪN'TĒR-ĒST. Money paid for the use of money. Simple interest is interest upon the principal only. Compound interest is interest upon both the principal, and the interest that has become due.

¹² CŌL-LĒCT'ĒD HĪM-SĒLF. Became calm or composed.

VI.—AN INDIAN STRATAGEM.

ANON.

1. DURING the war of the American revolution, a regiment¹ of foot soldiers was stationed upon the confines² of an extensive savanna³ in the southern part of the Union. Its particular office was to guard every avenue of approach to the main army. The sentinels⁴, whose posts⁵ penetrated into the woods, were supplied from the ranks; but they were perpetually surprised upon their posts by the Indians, and borne off their stations, without communicating any alarm, or being heard of afterwards.

2. One morning, the sentinels having been stationed as usual over night, the guard went at sunrise to relieve a post which extended a considerable distance into the wood. The sentinel was gone. The surprise was great; but the circumstance had occurred before. They left another man, and departed, wishing him better luck. "You need not be afraid," said the man, with warmth; "I shall not desert."

3. The sentinels were replaced every four hours, and, at the appointed time, the guard again marched to relieve the post. To their inexpressible astonishment, the man was gone. They searched round the spot, but no traces of him could be found. It was now more necessary than ever that the station should not remain unoccupied; they left another man, and returned to the guard-house.

4. The superstition⁶ of the soldiers was awakened, and terror ran through the regiment. The colonel⁷, being apprised of the occurrence, signified his intention to accompany the guard when they relieved the sentinel they had left. At the appointed time, they all marched together; and again, to their unutterable wonder, they found the post vacant, and the man gone.

5. Under these circumstances, the colonel hesitated

whether he should station a whole company⁸ on the spot, or whether he should again submit the post to a single sentinel. The cause of these repeated disappearances of men whose courage and honesty were never suspected, must be discovered; and it seemed not likely that this discovery could be obtained by persisting in the old method.

6. Three brave men were now lost to the regiment, and to assign the post to a fourth seemed nothing less than giving him up to destruction. The poor fellow whose turn it was to take the station, though a man in other respects of incomparable⁹ resolution, trembled from head to foot.

7. "I must do my duty," said he to the officer; "I know that; but I should like to lose my life with more credit." "I will leave no man," said the colonel, "against his will." A man immediately stepped from the ranks, and desired to take the post. Every mouth commended his resolution.

8. "I will not be taken alive," said he, "and you shall hear of me at the least alarm. At all events, I will fire my piece if I hear the least noise. If a crow chatters, or a leaf falls, you shall hear my musket. You may be alarmed when nothing is the matter; but you must take the chance as the condition of the discovery."

9. The colonel applauded his courage, and told him he would do right to fire upon the least noise that he could not satisfactorily explain. His comrades shook hands with him, and left him with a melancholy foreboding. The company marched back, and waited the event in the guard-house.

10. An hour had now elapsed, and every ear was upon the rack for the discharge of the musket, when, upon a sudden, the report was heard. The guard immediately marched, accompanied, as before, by the colonel and some of the most experienced officers of the regiment.

11. As they approached the post, they saw the man advancing towards them, dragging another man on the ground by the hair of his head. When they came up to him, it appeared to be an Indian whom he had shot. An explanation was immediately required.

12. "I told you, colonel," said the man, "that I should fire if I heard the least noise. That resolution I took has saved my life. I had not been long at my post when I heard a rustling at some short distance; I looked, and saw a wild hog, such as are common in the woods, crawling along the ground, and seemingly looking for nuts under the trees, among the leaves.

13. "As these animals are so very common, I ceased to consider it seriously, but kept my eyes fixed upon it, and marked its progress among the trees: still there was no need to give the alarm. It struck me, however, as somewhat singular to see this animal making, by a circuitous¹⁰ passage, for a thick grove immediately behind my post. I therefore kept my eye more constantly fixed upon it, and, as it was now within a few yards of the coppice¹¹, I hesitated whether I should fire.

14. "My comrades, thought I, will laugh at me for alarming them by shooting a pig. I had almost resolved to let it alone, when, just as it approached the thicket, I thought I observed it give an unusual spring. I no longer hesitated: I took my aim, discharged my piece, and the animal was immediately stretched before me, with a groan which I thought to be that of a human creature.

15. "I went up to it, and judge my astonishment when I found that I had killed an Indian. He had enveloped himself with the skin of one of these wild hogs so artfully and completely, his hands and his feet were so entirely concealed in it, and his gait and appearance were so exactly correspondent to that of the animals, that, imperfectly as they were always seen through the trees and

bushes, the disguise could not be detected at a distance, and scarcely discovered upon the nearest inspection. He was armed with a dagger and tomahawk¹²."

16. The cause of the disappearance of the other sentinels was now apparent. The Indians, sheltered in this disguise, secreted themselves in the coppice, watched for the moment to throw off the skin, burst upon the sentinels without previous alarm, and, too quick to give them an opportunity to discharge their pieces, either stabbed or scalped them. They then bore their bodies away, and concealed them at some distance in the leaves.

¹ RĒQ'Ī-MĒNT. A body of troops commanded by a colonel, and consisting, when full, of from eight hundred to twenty-four hundred men.

² CŌN'FĪNEŞ. Borders, edges.

³ SĀ-VĀN'NĀ. A low, open plain.

⁴ SĒN'TĪ-NĒL. A soldier set to watch the approach of the enemy, to prevent surprises, &c.

⁵ PŌST. A place where a soldier or a number of troops are stationed; a station.

⁶ SŪ-PĒR-STĪ'TIŌN. Excess of scruple in matters of religion; a belief in the direct agency of supernatural

power in producing results the causes of which are unknown.

⁷ COLONEL (kūr'nēl). The chief commander of a regiment.

⁸ CŌM'PA-NŪ. A subdivision of a regiment commanded by a captain, and consisting, when full, of near one hundred men.

⁹ ĪN-CŌM'PA-RA-BLE. Unequalled; matchless.

¹⁰ CĪR-CŪ'Ī-TOŪS. Roundabout; not direct.

¹¹ CŌP'PIĈE. A wood of small trees; a copse.

¹² TŌM'Ā-HĀWK. An Indian hatchet

VII.—THE LOSS OF THE ROYAL GEORGE.

COWPER.

[William Cowper, an English poet, was born in 1731, and died in 1800. His poetry is written in a vigorous and manly style, and has an energetic moral tone. It abounds in charming pictures of natural scenery and domestic life. His smaller pieces enjoy great and deserved popularity.]

Few events have ever fallen with more startling sorrow upon the public mind of Great Britain than the loss of the Royal George, in the month of August, 1782, while lying at anchor off Spithead, near Portsmouth. She carried one hundred and eight guns, was commanded by Admiral Kempenfelt, and was deemed the finest ship in the British navy. Being just ready to go to sea, she was inclined a little on one side, either to stop a leak or for some similar object. But so little risk was anticipated from the operation, that the admiral,

with his officers and men, nearly a thousand souls in all, remained on board. Besides these, the ship was crowded with persons from the shore; among whom were some three hundred women and children. In this state of things, the vessel was struck by a sudden flaw of wind, and being probably too much inclined, she was thrown farther over: the water rushed into her portholes; she filled instantly, and sunk. About three hundred persons were saved, but not less than a thousand perished. The effect of so fearful a tragedy may be more fully apprehended when we bear in mind that the whole British loss in the great naval battle of Trafalgar, fought a few years after, — in its consequences the most important naval battle of modern times, — was less than seventeen hundred.]

1. TOLL for the brave,
The brave that are no more;
All sunk beneath the wave,
Fast by¹ their native shore.
2. Eight hundred of the brave,
Whose courage well was tried,
Had made the vessel heel²,
And laid her on her side.
3. A land breeze shook the shrouds³,
And she was overset:
Down went the Royal George,
With all her crew complete.
4. Toll for the brave;
Brave Kempenfelt is gone;
His last sea fight is fought;
His work of glory done.
5. It was not in the battle;
No tempest gave the shock;
She sprang no fatal leak;
She ran upon no rock.
6. His sword was in its sheath,
His fingers held the pen,
When Kempenfelt went down,
With twice four hundred men.

7. Weigh⁴ the vessel up,
 Once dreaded by our foes ;
 And mingle with our cup
 The tear that England owes.
8. Her timbers yet are sound,
 And she may float again,
 Full charged with England's thunder,
 And plough the distant main⁵.
9. But Kempenfelt is gone ;
 His victories are o'er ;
 And he and his eight hundred
 Shall plough the waves no more.

¹ FIST BY. Near to ; close by.

² HĒĒL. Lean or incline to one side,
 as a ship.

³ SHRÖUDŞ. A set of ropes reaching

from the mast-head to the vessel's
 sides, to support the mast, &c.

⁴ WEIGH (wā). Lift, raise.

⁵ MĀIN. The open sea ; the ocean.

VIII.—THE SUNBEAM.

MRS. HEMANS.

[Felicia Dorothea Hemans was born in Liverpool, England, September 25, 1794, and died May 12, 1835. Her poetry is remarkable for purity and delicacy of feeling, and a fine sense of the beauty of nature.]

1. THOU art no lingerer in mōnarch's¹ hall :
 A joy thou art and a wealth to all ;
 A bearer of hope unto land and sea :
 Sunbeam, what gift hath the world like thee ?
2. Thou art walking the billows, and ocean smiles ;
 Thou hast touched with glory his thousand isles ;
 Thou hast lit up the ships, and the feathery foam,
 And gladdened the sailor like words from home.

3. To the solemn depths of the forest shades
Thou art streaming on through their green arcades²,
And the quivering leaves that have caught thy glow,
Like fireflies glance to the pools below.
4. I looked on the mountains: a vapor lay
Folding their heights in its dark array;
Thou brakest forth, and the mist became
A crown and a mantle of living flame.
5. I looked on the peasant's³ lowly cot:
Something of sadness had wrapped the spot;
But a gleam of thee on its casement⁴ fell,
And it laughed into beauty at that bright spell.
6. Sunbeam of summer, O, what is like thee,
Hope of the wilderness, joy of the sea?
One thing is like thee, to mortals⁵ given —
The faith touching all things with hues⁶ of heaven.

¹ MÖN'ARĖH. A ruler^{*} of a nation,
who has sole authority; a sover-
eign; a king.

² AR-CĀDE'. A walk arched above;
an arched aperture; a space cov-
ered by an arch.

³ PEĀŞ'ANT. A laborer in Europe who
lives in the country.

⁴ CĀŞE'MĒNT. A part of a window-
sash, opening upon hinges.

⁵ MÖR'TALŞ. Human beings.

⁶ HŪEŞ. Colors; tints.

IX.—MEMORIALS OF WASHINGTON AND FRANKLIN.

[The following deeply interesting proceedings took place in the House of Representatives at Washington, on the 7th day of February, 1848. Mr. George W. Summers, of Virginia, rose and addressed the house as follows.]

1. MR. SPEAKER: I rise for the purpose of discharging an office not connected with the ordinary business of a legislative¹ assembly. Yet, in asking permission to inter-

rupt, for a moment, the regular order of parliamentary proceedings, I cannot doubt that the proposition which I have to submit will prove as gratifying as it may be unusual.

2. Mr. Samuel T. Washington, a citizen of Kanawha* county, in the Commonwealth of Virginia, and one of my constituents³, has honored me with the commission of presenting, in his name and on his behalf, to the Congress of the United States, and through that body to the people of the United States, two most interesting and valuable relics, connected with the past history of our country, and with men whose achievements⁴, both in the field and in the cabinet⁵, best illustrate and adorn our annals.

3. One is the sword worn by George Washington, first as a colonel in the colonial service of Virginia, in Forbes's campaign against the French and Indians, and afterwards, during the whole period of the war of independence, as commander-in-chief of the American army.

4. It is a plain couteau,† or hanger, with a green hilt and silver guard. On the upper ward of the scabbard is engraven "J. Bailey, Fish Kill." It is accompanied by a buckskin belt, which is secured by a silver buckle and clasp, whereon are engraven the letters "G. W." and the figures "1757." These are all of the plainest workmanship, but substantial, and in keeping with the man and with the times to which they belonged.

5. The history of this sword is perfectly authentic⁶, and leaves no shadow of doubt as to its identity. The last will and testament of General Washington, bearing date on the 9th day of February, 1799, contains, among a great variety of bequests, the following clause: "To each of my nephews, William Augustine Washington, George Lewis, George Steptoe Washington, Bushrod Washington, and Samuel Washington, I give one of the swords, or cou-

* Pronounced kă-nâw'wă.

† Pronounced kô-tô'.

teaux, of which I may die possessed; and they are to choose in the order they are named. These swords are accompanied with an injunction not to unsheathe⁷ them for the purpose of shedding blood, except it be for self-defence, or in defence of their country and its rights; and, in the latter case, to keep them unsheathed, and prefer falling with them in their hands to the relinquishment thereof.”

6. In the distribution of the swords hereby devised⁸ among the five nephews therein enumerated, the one now presented fell to the share of Samuel Washington, the devisee⁹ last named in the clause of the will which I have just read.

7. This gentleman, who died a few years since in the county of Kanawha, and who was the father of Samuel T. Washington, the donor, I knew well. I have often seen this sword in his possession, and received from himself the following account of the manner in which it became his property in the division made among the devisees:—

8. He said that he knew it to have been the side arm of General Washington during the revolutionary war; not that used on occasions of parade and review, but the constant *service sword* of the great chief; that he had himself seen General Washington wear this identical sword, he presumed for the last time, when, in 1794, he reviewed the Virginia and Maryland forces, then concentrated at Cumberland under the command of General Lee, and destined to coöperate with the Pennsylvania and New Jersey troops then assembled at Bedford, in suppressing what has been called the “whiskey insurrection.”

9. General Washington was then president of the United States, and as such was commander-in-chief of the army. It is known that it was his intention to lead the army in person upon that occasion, had he found it necessary; and he went to Bedford and Cumberland prepared

for that event. The condition of things did not require it, and he returned to his civil duties at Philadelphia.

10. Mr. Samuel Washington held the commission of a captain at that time himself, and served in that campaign, many of the incidents of which he has related to me.

11. He was anxious to obtain this particular sword, and preferred it to all the others, among which was the ornamented and costly present from the great Frederic.*

12. At the time of the division among the nephews, without intimating what his preference was, he jocosely remarked, that "inasmuch as he was the only one of them who had participated in military service, they ought to permit him to take choice." This suggestion was met in the same spirit in which it was made, and the selection being awarded him, he chose this, the plainest, and, intrinsically¹⁰, the least valuable of any, simply because it was the "battle sword."

13. I am also in possession of the most satisfactory evidence, furnished by Colonel George Washington, of Georgetown, the nearest male relative, now living, of General Washington, as to the identity of this sword. His information, as to its history, was derived from his father, William Augustine Washington, the devisee first named in the clause of the will which I have read; from his uncle, the late judge Bushrod Washington, of the Supreme Court; and Major Lawrence Lewis, the acting executor¹¹ of General Washington's will; all of whom concurred in the statement that the true *service sword* was that selected by Captain Samuel Washington.

14. It remained in this gentleman's possession until his death, esteemed by him the most precious memento of his illustrious kinsman. It then became the property of his son, who, animated by that patriotism which so character-

* Frederic II., king of Prussia, a most skilful general, was born in 1712, and died in 1786.

ized the "Father of his Country," has consented that such a relic ought not to be appropriated by an individual citizen, and has instructed me, his representative, to offer it to the nation, to be preserved in its public depository as the common property of all, since its office has been to achieve and secure the common liberty of all.

15. He has, in like manner, requested me to present this cane to the Congress of the United States, deeming it not unworthy the public acceptance.

16. This was once the property of the philosopher¹² and patriot Benjamin Franklin.

17. By a codicil¹³ to his last will and testament, we find it thus disposed of: "My fine crab-tree walking stick, with a gold head curiously wrought in the form of the cap of Liberty, I give to my friend, and the friend of mankind, General Washington. If it were a sceptre¹⁴, he has merited it, and would become it."

18. General Washington, in his will, devises this cane as follows: "*Item*: To my brother, Charles Washington, I give and bequeath the gold-headed cane left me by Dr. Franklin in his will."

19. Captain Samuel Washington was the only son of Charles Washington, the devisee from whom he derived by inheritance this interesting memorial; and having transmitted it to his son, Samuel T. Washington, the latter thus seeks to bestow it worthily, by associating it with the battle sword in a gift to his countrymen.

20. I cordially concur with Mr. Washington in the opinion that they both merit public preservation; and I obey, with pleasure, his wishes in here presenting them, in his name, to the nation.

21. Let the sword of the hero and the staff of the philosopher go together. Let them have place among the proudest trophies and most honored memorials of our national achievements.

22. Upon that staff once leaned the sage, of whom it has been said, "He snatched the lightning from heaven and the sceptre from tyrants."

23. A mighty arm once wielded this sword in a righteous cause, even unto the dismemberment of empire. In the hand of Washington this was "the sword of the Lord and of Gideon."

24. It was never drawn except in the defence of public liberty; it was never sheathed until a glorious and triumphant success returned it to the scabbard, without a stain of cruelty or dishonor upon its blade; it was never surrendered except to that country which bestowed it.

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1 LĒG'IS-LĀ-TIVE. That enacts laws ;
law-making. | 8 DĒ-VĪSED'. Granted by will ; be-
queathed. |
| 2 PĀR-LĪA-MĒNT'Ā-RY. Of or pertain-
ing to parliament, or a legislative
body. | 9 DĒV-I-ŠĒĒ'. One to whom a be-
quest has been made. |
| 3 CŌN-STĪT'Ū-ENTS. Those who ap-
point or elect some one to an office
as their representative. | 10 ĪN-TRĪN'SĪ-ČĀL-LY. In its nature ;
really. |
| 4 A-ČHIĒVE'MENTS. Deeds ; exploits. | 11 ĒX-ĒC'Ū-TŌR. The person appointed
to execute a will, or see it carried
into effect. |
| 5 ČĀB'Ī-NĒT. The body of ministers
of state who direct the govern-
ment of a nation. | 12 PHĪ-LŌS'Ō-PHER. A person pro-
foundly versed in knowledge. |
| 6 ĀU'THĒN'TYČ. Properly attested ;
being what it purports to be. | 13 ČŌD'Ī-ČĪL. A writing added to a
will. |
| 7 ŪN-SHĒATHE'. Draw from the
sheath. | 14 ŠČĒP'TRE. A staff borne in the
hands of kings as an emblem of
their power. |

X.—MEMORIALS OF WASHINGTON AND FRANKLIN, CONCLUDED.

[Mr. John Quincy Adams, of Massachusetts, rose and addressed the House as follows.]

1. IN presenting this resolution to the house, it may perhaps be expected that I should accompany it with some suitable remarks ; and yet, sir, I never rose to address this

house under a deeper conviction of the want of words to express the emotions that I feel. It is precisely because occasions like this are adapted to produce universal sympathy, that little can be said by any one, but what, in the language of the heart, in tones not loud, but deep, every one present has silently said to himself.

2. My respected friend from Virginia, by whom this offering of patriotic sentiment has been presented to the representative assembly of the nation, has, it seems to me, already said all that can be said suitable to this occasion. In parting from him, as, after a few short days, we must all do, it will, on my part, be, sorrowing that, in all probability, I shall see his face and hear his voice no more. But his words of this day are planted in my memory, and will there remain till the last pulsation of my heart.

3. The sword of WASHINGTON! The staff of FRANKLIN! O, sir, what associations are linked in adamant¹ with those names! Washington, the warrior of human freedom—Washington, whose sword, as my friend has said, was never drawn but in the cause of his country, and never sheathed when wielded in his country's cause! Franklin, the philosopher of the thunderbolt, the printing press, and the ploughshare! What names are these in the scanty catalogue of the benefactors of human kind! Washington and Franklin! What other two men, whose lives belong to the eighteenth century of Christendom,* have left a deeper impression of themselves upon the age in which they lived, and upon all after time!

4. Washington! the warrior and the legislator; in war, contending by the wager of battle for the independence of his country, and for the freedom of the human race; ever manifesting, amidst its horrors, by precept and example, his reverence for the laws of peace, and for the

* CHRISTENDOM. The regions inhabited by Christians; all countries governed by Christian institutions.

tenderest sympathies of humanity ; in peace, soothing the ferocious spirit of discord, among his own countrymen, into harmony and union, and giving to that very sword now presented to his country a charm more potent than that attributed in ancient times to the lyre of Orpheus.*

5. Franklin ! the mechanic of his own fortune, teaching, in early youth, under the shackles of indigence, the way to wealth, and in the shade of obscurity, the path to greatness ; in the maturity of manhood, disarming the thunder of its terrors, the lightning of its fatal blast, and wresting from the tyrant's hand the still more afflictive sceptre of oppression ; while descending into the vale of years, traversing the Atlantic Ocean, braving in the dead of winter the battle and the breeze, bearing in his hand the charter of independence, which he had contributed to form, and tendering, from the self-created nation to the mightiest monarchs of Europe, the olive branch of peace, the mercurial² wand of commerce, and the amulet³ of protection and safety, to the man of peace on the pathless ocean, from the inexorable cruelty and merciless rapacity of war.

6. And finally, in the last stage of life, with fourscore winters upon his head, under the torture of an incurable disease, returning to his native land, closing his days as the chief magistrate of his adopted commonwealth, after contributing⁴ by his counsels, under the presidency of Washington, and recording his name, under the sanction of devout prayer invoked by him to God, to that constitution under the authority of which we are here assembled, as the representatives of the North American people, to receive in their name, and for them, these venerable relics of the wise, the valiant, and the good founders of our great confederated⁵ republic — these sacred symbols⁶ of our golden age.

* ORPHEUS (ör'fūs). An ancient Grecian poet, who is fabled to have enchanted with the music of his lyre, not only wild beasts, but even trees and rocks.

7. May they be deposited among the archives⁷ of our government; and may every American who shall hereafter behold them ejaculate a mingled offering of praise to that Supreme Ruler of the universe by whose tender mercies our Union has been hitherto preserved through all the vicissitudes⁸ and revolutions of this turbulent world, and of prayer for the continuance of the blessings, by the dispensations of his providence, to our beloved country, from age to age, till time shall be no more.

8. After passing an appropriate resolution, accepting Mr. Washington's gift, and tendering him the thanks of Congress therefor, the house adjourned⁹.

¹ ĀD'Ā-MĀNT. A very hard stone.

² MĒR-CŪ' RĪ-ĀL. Pertaining to trade, or to Mercury, the fabled god of commerce, &c.

³ ĀM'Ū-LĒT. Something worn about the person and supposed to have the effect of protecting the wearer from evil.

⁴ CŌN-TRĪB'ŪT-ĪNG. Affording aid.

⁵ CŌN-FĒD'ĒR-ĀT-ĒD. United in a league; allied.

⁶ SŪM'BŌL. Type; emblem; sign.

⁷ ĀR'ĒHĪVEŠ. The place where public records are kept.

⁸ VĪ-CĪS'SĪ-TŪDEŠ. Changes; mutations.

⁹ ĀD-JŌURNED'. Put off business for a time or till another day.

XI. — WILLIAM TELL.

KNOWLES.

[Switzerland was once under the power of Austria. Gesler (pronounced Gēs'ler), at the time of these events, in 1307, was the Austrian governor of Switzerland. He was a most cruel tyrant, and even pushed his tyranny so far as to require the Swiss to uncover their heads and bow down to his hat placed upon a pole. William Tell, a brave Swiss, refused to perform this act of servility. He was seized for punishment. Tell's son, Albert, without his father's knowledge, had been taken prisoner on the preceding day by Gesler.]

SCENE—A Chamber in the Castle. Enter GESLER, OFFICERS, and SARNEM, with TELL in chains and guarded.

Sarnem. Down, slave! Behold the governor.
Down! down! and beg for mercy.

Gesler. [Seated.] Does he hear?

Sar. He does, but braves thy power.

Officer. Why don't you smite him for that look

Ges. Can I believe

My eyes? — He smiles! nay, grasps

His chains as he would make a weapon of them

To lay the smiter dead. [To TELL.]

Why speakest thou not?

Tell. For wonder.

Ges. Wonder!

Tell. Yes, that thou should'st seem a man.

Ges. What should I seem?

Tell. A monster!

Ges. Ha! Beware — think on thy chains.

Tell. Though they were doubled, and did weigh me down
Prostrate to earth, methinks I could rise up —

Erect, with nothing but the honest pride

Of telling thee, usurper¹, to the teeth,

Thou art a monster! Think upon my chains!

How came they on me?

Ges. Darest thou question me?

Tell. Darest thou answer?

Ges. Do I hear?

Tell. Thou dost.

Ges. Beware my vengeance.

Tell. Can it more than kill?

Ges. Enough — it can do that.

Tell. No, not enough:

It cannot take away the grace of life —

Its comeliness² of look that virtue gives —

Its port erect with consciousness³ of truth —

Its rich attire of honorable deeds —

Its fair report that's rife on good men's tongues:

It cannot lay its hands on these, no more

Than it can pluck the brightness from the sun,

Or with polluted finger tarnish it.

Ges. But it can make thee writhe.

Tell. It may

Ges. And groan.

Tell. It may; and I may cry,
Go on, though it should make me groan again.

Ges. Whence comest thou?

Tell. From the mountains. Would'st thou learn
What news from them?

Ges. Canst tell me any?

Tell. Ay; they * watch no more the avalanche⁴.

Ges. Why so?

Tell. Because they look for thee. The hurricane
Comes unawares upon them; from its bed
The torrent breaks, and finds them in its track —

Ges. What do they then?

Tell. Thank Heaven it is not thou!
Thou hast perverted nature in them.
There's not a blessing Heaven vouchsafes⁵ them, but
The thought of thee doth wither to a curse.

Ges. That's right! I'd have them like their hills,
That never smile, though wanton summer tempt
Them e'er so much.

Tell. But they do sometimes smile.

Ges. Ay?—when is that?

Tell. When they do talk of vengeance⁶.

Ges. Vengeance! Dare they talk of that?

Tell. Ay, and expect it too.

Ges. From whence?

Tell. From Heaven!

Ges. From Heaven?

Tell. And their true hands
Are lifted up to it on every hill
For justice on thee.

Ges. Where's thy abode?

Tell. I told thee — on the mountains.

* The mountaineers.

Ges. Art married?

Tell. Yes.

Ges. And hast a family?

Tell. A son.

Ges. A son! Sarnem!

Sar. My lord, the boy.

[GESLER signs to SARNEM to keep silence, and, whispering, sends him off

Tell. The boy! What boy?

Is't mine? — and have they netted my young fledgling?

Now Heaven support me, if they have! He'll own me,

And share his father's ruin! But a look

Would put him on his guard — yet how to give it!

Now, heart, thy nerve; forget thou art flesh; be rock.

They come — they come!

That step — that step — that little step, so light

Upon the ground, how heavy does it fall

Upon my heart! I feel my child! —

Enter SARNEM with ALBERT, whose eyes are riveted on TELL's bow which
SARNEM carries.

Tis he! — We can but perish.

Sar. See!

Albert. What?

Sar. Look there!

Alb. I do. What would you have me see?

Sar. Thy father.

Alb. Who? That — that my father?

Tell. [Aside.] My boy — my boy! — my own brave boy!
He's safe!

Sar. [Aside to GESLER.] They're like each other.

Ges. Yet I see no sign

Of recognition^s to betray the link

Unites a father and his child.

Sar. My lord,

I am sure it is his father. Look at them.

It may be

A preconcerted⁹ thing 'gainst such a chance,

That they survey each other coldly thus.

Ges. We shall try. Lead forth the caitiff¹⁰.

Sar. To a dungeon?

Ges. No; into the court.

Sar. The court, my lord?

Ges. And send

To tell the headsman¹¹ to make ready. Quick!

The slave shall die! — You marked the boy?

Sar. I did. He started — 'tis his father.

Ges. We shall see. Away with him!

Tell. Stop! — Stay!

Ges. What would you?

Tell. Time! — a little time to call my thoughts together.

Ges. Thou shalt not have a minute.

Tell. Some one, then, to speak with.

Ges. Hence with him!

Tell. A moment! — Stop!

Let me speak to the boy.

Ges. Is he thy son?

Tell. And if

He were, art thou so lost to nature as

To send me forth to die before his face?

Ges. Well, speak with him.

Now, Sarnem, mark them well.

Tell. Thou dost not know me, boy — and well for thee

Thou dost not. I'm the father of a son

About thy age. Thou,

I see, wast born, like him, upon the hills;

If thou shouldst 'scape thy present thralldom, he

May chance to cross thee; if he should, I pray thee

Relate to him what has been passing here,

And say I laid my hand upon thy head,

And said to thee, — if he were here, as thou art,

Thus would I bless him. May'st thou live my boy,

To see thy country free, or die for her,

As I do!

[ALBERT weeps.

Sar. Mark! he weeps.

Tell. Were he my son,
He would not shed a tear. He would remember
The cliff where he was bred, and learned to scan
A thousand fathoms' depth of nether¹² air;
Where he was trained to hear the thunder talk,
And meet the lightning eye to eye; where last
We spoke together, when I told him death
Bestowed the brightest gem that graces life,
Embraced for virtue's sake. He shed a tear!
No; were he by, I'd talk to him, and his cheek
Should never blanch, nor moisture dim his eye, —
I'd talk to him —

Sar. He falters!

Tell. 'Tis too much!

And yet it must be done! I'd talk to him —

Ges. Of what?

Tell. The mother, tyrant, thou dost make
A widow of. I'd talk to him of her.
I'd bid him tell her, next to liberty,
Her name was the last word my lips pronounced.
And I would charge him never to forget
To love and cherish her, as he would have
His father's dying blessing rest upon him.

Sar. You see, as he doth prompt, the other acts.

Tell. [Aside.] So well he bears it, he doth vanquish me.
My boy! my boy! O, for the hills, the hills —
To see him bound along their tops again,
With liberty.

Sar. Was there not all the father in that look?

Ges. Yet 'tis 'gainst nature.

Sar. Not if he believes
To own the son would be to make him share
The father's death.

Ges. I did not think of that! [To *TELL.*] 'Tis well
The boy is not thy son. I've destined him
To die along with thee.

Tell. To die? For what?

Ges. For having braved my power, as thou hast. Lead Them forth.

Tell. He's but a child.

Ges. Away with them!

Tell. Perhaps an only child.

Ges. No matter.

Tell. He may have a mother.

Ges. So the viper hath;

And yet, who spares it for the mother's sake?

Tell. I talk to stone. I talk to it as though 'Twere flesh; and know 'tis none. I'll talk to it No more. Come, my boy!

I taught thee how to live — I'll show thee how to die.

¹ Ū-SŪRP'ER. One who seizes that to which he has no right.

² CÔME/LI-NËSS. Grace; beauty.

³ CÔN'SCIOÛS-NËSS. The perception of one's own thoughts and feelings.

⁴ AV'A-LÂÑCHE. A vast body of snow, ice, or earth sliding down the side of a mountain.

⁶ VÖÜCH-SÂFE'. Condescend to grant or permit.

⁶ VËNGE'ANCE. Punishment in retaliation for an injury.

⁷ FLËDQ'LÏNG. A young bird.

⁸ RËC-QG-NÏ'TÏQÑ. Act of knowing again; acknowledgment.

⁹ PRË-CQÑ-CËRT'ËD. Arranged beforehand.

¹⁰ CÂI'TÏFF. A villain; a knave.

¹¹ HËADŞ'MAN. One who beheads.

¹² NËTH'ËR. Lower.

XII. — THE BELL OF THE ATLANTIC.

MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

[Mrs. Lydia H. Sigourney was an American lady who wrote a variety of works in prose and verse. She was born September 1, 1791, and died June 10, 1865. She resided for many years in Hartford, Connecticut.]

The steamboat Atlantic, plying between Norwich, in Connecticut, and New York, was wrecked on an island near New London. Many of the passengers were on their way to join in the celebration of the annual Thanksgiving in New England. The bell of this boat, supported by a portion of the wreck, continued for many days and nights to toll as if in mournful requiem of the lost.]

1. TOLL, toll, toll,

Thou bell by billows swung;

And, night and day, thy warning words

Repeat with mournful tongue!

Toll for the queenly boat,
Wrecked on yon rocky shore!
Sea-weed is in her palace halls;
She rides the surge no more.

2. Toll for the master bold,
The high-souled and the brave,
Who ruled her like a thing of life
Amid the crested wave!
Toll for the hardy crew,
Sons of the storm and blast,
Who long the tyrant ocean dared;
But it vanquished them at last.
3. Toll for the man of God,
Whose hallowed voice of prayer
Rose calm above the stifled groan
Of that intense despair!
How precious were those tones
On that sad verge of life,
Amid the fierce and freezing storm,
And the mountain billows' strife!
4. Toll for the lover lost
To the summoned bridal train!
Bright glows a picture on his breast,
Beneath th' unfathomed main.
One from her casement gazeth
Long o'er the misty sea:
He cometh not, pale maiden —
His heart is cold to thee.
5. Toll for the absent sire,
Who to his home drew near,
To bless a glad expecting group —
Fond wife and children dear!

They heap the blazing hearth ;
 The festal board is spread ;
 But a fearful guest is at the gate :
 Room for the pallid dead !

6. Toll for the loved and fair,
 The whelmed beneath the tide —
 The broken harps around whose strings
 The dull sea-monsters glide !
 Mother and nursling sweet,
 Reft¹ from the household throng ;
 There's bitter weeping in the nest
 Where breathed their soul of song.

7. Toll for the hearts that bleed
 'Neath misery's furrowing trace !
 Toll for the hapless orphan left,
 The last of all his race !
 Yea, with thy heaviest knell,
 From surge to rocky shore,
 Toll for the living, — not the dead,
 Whose mortal woes are o'er !

8. Toll, toll, toll,
 O'er breeze and billow free,
 And with thy startling lore² instruct
 Each rover of the sea :
 Tell how o'er proudest joys
 May swift destruction sweep,
 And bid him build his hopes on high —
 Lone teacher of the deep.

¹ REFT. Taken away by violence. | ² LÖRE. Instruction ; discipline

XIII. — THE KNIGHT'S TOAST.

1. THE feast is o'er! Now brimming¹ wine
In lordly cup is seen to shine
Before each eager guest;
And silence fills the crowded hall
As deep as when the herald's² call
Thrills in the loyal breast.
2. Then up arose the noble host,
And smiling cried, "A toast! a toast!
To all our ladies fair!
Here, before all, I pledge the name
Of Staunton's proud and beauteous dame —
The Lady Gundamere."
3. Then to his feet each gallant sprung,
And joyous was the shout that rung,
As Stanley gave the word;
And every cup was raised on high,
Nor ceased the loud and gladsome cry,
Till Stanley's voice was heard.
4. "Enough, enough," he smiling said,
And lowly bent his haughty head;
"That all may have their due,
Now each, in turn, must play his part,
And pledge the lady of his heart,
Like gallant knight³ and true."
5. Then, one by one, each guest sprang up,
And drained in turn the brimming cup,
And named the loved one's name;

And each, as hand on high he raised,
His lady's grace or beauty praised,
Her constancy and fame.

6. 'Tis now St. Leon's turn to rise ;
On him are fixed those countless eyes :
A gallant knight is he ;
Envied by some, admired by all,
Far famed in lady's bower and hall —
The flower of chivalry.⁴
7. St. Leon raised his kindling eye,
And lifts the sparkling cup on high :
"I drink to *one*," he said,
"Whose image never may depart,
Deep graven on this grateful heart,
Till memory be dead ; —
8. "To one whose love for me shall last
When lighter passions long have past —
So holy 'tis and true ;
To one whose love hath longer dwelt,
More deeply fixed, more keenly felt,
Than any pledged by you."
9. Each guest upstarted at the word,
And laid a hand upon his sword,
With fury-flashing eye ;
And Stanley said, "We crave⁵ the name,
Proud knight, of this most peerless⁶ dame,
Whose love you count so high."
10. St. Leon paused, as if he would
Not breathe her name in careless mood,
Thus lightly, to another ;

Then bent his noble head, as though
 To give that word the reverence due,
 And gently said, "My Mother!"

¹ BRĪM'MING. That comes up to the
 brim; full to the brim.

² HĒR'ĀLD. An officer, in the middle
 ages, who carried messages be-
 tween princes, &c.

³ KNIGHT. In feudal times, a man ad-

mitted to military rank by a cer-
 tain ceremony.

⁴ ČHĪV'ĀL-RŸ. The body or order of
 knights.

⁵ CRĀVE. Ask earnestly; beg.

⁶ PĒĒR'LĒSS. Without an equal.

XIV.—A GOOD INVESTMENT.

FREEMAN HUNT.

1. "CAN you lend me two thousand dollars to establish myself in a small retail business?" inquired a young man, not yet out of his teens, of a middle-aged gentleman, who was poring over his ledger¹ in the counting room of one of the largest establishments² in Boston. The person addressed turned towards the speaker, and regarding him for a moment with a look of surprise, inquired, "What security³ can you give me, Mr. Strosser?"

2. "Nothing but my note," replied the young man, promptly.

3. "Which I fear would be below par⁴ in market," replied the merchant, smiling.

4. "Perhaps so," said the young man; "but, Mr. Barton, remember that the boy is not the man; the time *may* come when Hiram Strosser's note will be as readily accepted as that of any other man."

5. "True, very true," replied Mr. Barton, mildly; "but you know business men seldom lend money without adequate⁵ security; otherwise they might soon be reduced to penury⁶."

6. At this remark the young man's countenance became very pale, and, having kept silent for several moments,

he inquired, in a voice whose tones indicated his deep disappointment, "Then you cannot accommodate me—can you?"

7. "Call upon me to-morrow, and I will give you a reply," said Mr. Barton; and the young man retired.

8. Mr. Barton resumed his labors at the desk; but his mind was so much upon the boy and his singular errand, that he could not pursue his task with any correctness; and, after having made several sad blunders, he closed the ledger, and took his hat, and went out upon the street. Arriving opposite the store of a wealthy merchant upon Milk Street, he entered the door.

9. "Good morning, Mr. Hawley," said he, approaching the proprietor of the establishment, who was seated at his desk, counting over the profits of the week.

10. "Good morning," replied the merchant, blandly. "Happy to see you. Have a seat? Any news? How's trade?"

11. Without noticing these interrogations⁷, Mr. Barton said, "Young Strosser is desirous of establishing himself in a small retail business in Washington Street, and called this morning to secure of me a loan of two thousand dollars for that purpose."

12. "Indeed!" exclaimed Mr. Hawley, evidently surprised at this announcement; "but you do not think of lending that sum—do you?"

13. "I do not know," replied Mr. Barton. "Mr. Strosser is a young man of business talent and strict integrity, and will be likely to succeed in whatever he undertakes."

14. "Perhaps so," replied Mr. Hawley, doubtfully; "but I am heartily tired of helping to establish these young aspirants⁸ for commercial honors."

15. "Have you ever suffered from such a course?" inquired Mr. Barton, at the same time casting a roguish glance at Mr. Hawley.

16. "No," replied the latter, "for I never felt inclined to make an investment of that kind."

17. "Then here is a fine opportunity to do so. It may prove better than stock in the bank. As for myself, I have concluded that, if you will advance him one thousand dollars, I will contribute an equal sum."

18. "Not a single farthing would I advance for such a purpose; and if you make an investment ⁹ of that kind, I shall consider you very foolish."

19. Mr. Barton was silent for several minutes, and then arose to depart. "If you do not feel disposed to share with me in this enterprise, I shall advance the whole sum myself." Saying which, he left the store.

* * * * *

20. Ten years have passed away since the occurrence of the conversation recorded in the preceding dialogue, and Mr. Barton, pale and agitated, is standing at the same desk at which he stood when first introduced to the reader's attention. As page after page of his ponderous ledger was examined, his despair became deeper and deeper, till at last he exclaimed, "I am ruined — utterly ruined!"

21. "How so?" inquired Hiram Strosser, who entered the counting-room in season to hear Mr. Barton's remark.

22. "The last European steamer brought news of the failure of the house of Perleh, Jackson & Co., London, who are indebted to me in the sum of nearly two hundred thousand dollars. News of the failure has become general, and my creditors, panic-stricken, are pressing for payment of their demands. The banks refuse me credit, and I have not the means to meet my liabilities¹⁰. If I could pass this crisis, perhaps I could rally again; but it is impossible; my creditors are importunate, and I cannot much longer keep above the tide," replied Mr. Barton.

23. "What is the extent of your liabilities?" inquired Strosser.

24. "Seventy-five thousand dollars," replied Mr. Barton.

25. "Would that sum be sufficient to relieve you?"

26. "It would."

27. "Then, sir, you shall have it," said Strosser, as he stepped up to the desk, and drew a check¹¹ for twenty thousand dollars. "Take this, and when you need more, do not hesitate to call upon me. Remember that it was from you I received money to establish myself in business."

28. "But that debt was cancelled¹² several years ago," replied Mr. Barton, as a ray of hope shot across his troubled mind.

29. "True," replied Strosser, "but the debt of *gratitude* that I owe has never been cancelled; and now that the scale is turned, I deem it my duty to come up to the rescue."

30. At this singular turn in the tide of fortune, Mr. Barton fairly wept for joy.

31. Every claim against him was paid as soon as presented, and in less than a month he had passed the crisis, and stood perfectly safe and secure; his credit improved and his business increased, while several others sank under the blow, and could not rally, among whom was Mr. Hawley, alluded to at the commencement of this article.

32. "How did you manage to keep above the tide?" inquired Mr. Hawley of Mr. Barton, one morning, several months after the events last recorded, as he met the latter upon the street, on his way to his place of business.

33. "Very easily, indeed, I can assure you," replied Mr. Barton.

34. "Well, do tell me how," continued Mr. Hawley; "I lay claim to a good degree of shrewdness, but the strongest exercise of my wits did not save me; and yet you, whose liabilities were twice as heavy as my own, have stood the shock, and have come off even bettered by the storm."

35. "The truth is," replied Mr. Barton, "I cashed my paper¹³ as soon as it was sent in."

36. "I suppose so," said Mr. Hawley, regarding Mr. Barton with a look of surprise; "but how did you obtain the funds? As for me, I could not obtain a dollar's credit: the banks refused to take my paper, and even my friends deserted me."

37. "A little investment that I made some ten years ago," replied Mr. Barton, smiling, "has recently proved exceedingly profitable."

38. "Investment!" echoed Mr. Hawley — "what investment?"

39. "Why, do you not remember how I established young Strosser in business some ten years ago?"

40. "O, yes, yes," replied Mr. Hawley, as a ray of suspicion lighted up his countenance; "but what of that?"

41. "He is now one of the largest dry goods dealers in the city; and when this calamity came on, he came forward, and very generously advanced me seventy-five thousand dollars. You know I told you, on the morning I called to offer you an equal share of the stock, that it might prove better than an investment in the bank."

42. During this announcement, Mr. Hawley's eyes were bent intently upon the ground, and, drawing a deep sigh, he moved on, dejected and sad, while Mr. Barton returned to his place of business, with his mind cheered and animated by thoughts of his singular investment.

¹ LĒDG'ĒR (lĕd'jĕr). The chief book of accounts with merchants and others, in which their various transactions are collected and arranged.

² ĒS-TĀB'LĪSH-MĒNT. That which is fixed or settled firmly; *here*, a place for transacting business.

³ SĒ-CŪ'RĪ-TŲ. Safety; any thing given as a pledge that a debt will be paid.

⁴ PĀR. State of equality. Stocks,

notes, &c., are said to be "at par" when they sell for their original nominal value.

⁵ ĀD'Ē-QUĀTE. Fully sufficient.

⁶ PĒN'Ū-RŲ. •Extreme poverty; destitution.

⁷ ĪN-TĒR-RQ-GĀ'TĪONŠ. Questions; inquiries.

⁸ ĀS-PĪR'ĀNT (*or* ās'pj-rānt). One who seeks eagerly; an ambitious candidate.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>⁹ IN-VĒST'MĒNT. The laying out of money or capital in some permanent form, so as to produce an income.</p> <p>¹⁰ LĪ-A-BĪL'I-TĪES. Pecuniary indebtedness; sums of money which a person may be called upon to pay.</p> | <p>¹¹ CHĒCK. An order for the payment of money.</p> <p>¹² CĀN'CĒLLED. Annulled; made void.</p> <p>¹³ PĀ'PĒR. A written promise to pay money; notes, bills of exchange, &c.</p> |
|--|--|
-

XV.—THE CHINESE PRISONER.

PERCIVAL.

[Thomas Percival was an English physician, born in 1740, died in 1804. He wrote a number of works on medicine and on morals.]

1. A CERTAIN emperor of China, on his accession¹ to the throne of his ancestors, commanded a general release of all those who were confined in prison for debt. Amongst that number was an old man, who had fallen an early victim to adversity, and whose days of imprisonment, reckoned by the notches which he had cut on the door of his gloomy cell, expressed the annual circuit of more than fifty suns.

2. With trembling limbs and faltering² steps, he departed from his mansion of sorrow: his eyes were dazzled with the splendor of the light, and the face of nature presented to his view a perfect paradise. The jail in which he had been imprisoned stood at some distance from Peking, and to that city he directed his course, impatient to enjoy the caresses of his wife, his children, and his friends.

3. Having with difficulty found his way to the street in which his decent mansion had formerly stood, his heart became more and more elated at every step he advanced. With joy he proceeded, looking eagerly around; but he observed few of the objects with which he had been formerly conversant³. A magnificent edifice was erected on

the site of the house which he had inhabited; the dwellings of his neighbors had assumed a new form; and he beheld not a single face of which he had the least remembrance.

4. An aged beggar who, with trembling knees, stood at the gate of a portico⁴, from which he had been thrust by the insolent domestic who guarded it, struck his attention. He stopped, therefore, to give him a small pittance⁵ out of the bounty with which he had been supplied by the emperor, and received, in return, the sad tidings⁶, that his wife had fallen a lingering sacrifice to penury and sorrow; that his children were gone to seek their fortunes in distant or unknown climes; and that the grave contained his nearest and most valued friends.

5. Overwhelmed⁷ with anguish, he hastened to the palace of his sovereign, into whose presence his hoary locks and mournful visage soon obtained his admission; and, casting himself at the feet of the emperor, "Great Prince," he cried, "send me back to that prison from which mistaken mercy has delivered me! I have survived my family and friends, and, even in the midst of this populous city, I find myself in a dreary solitude. The cell of my dungeon⁸ protected me from the gazers at my wretchedness; and whilst secluded⁹ from society, I was the less sensible of the loss of its enjoyments. I am now tortured with the view of pleasure in which I cannot participate¹⁰; and die with thirst, though streams of delight surround me."

¹ AÇ-ÇĒS'SIŦŦ. Act of coming to; arrival; *also*, increase by something added; that which is added.

² FĀL'TĒR-ĪŦĠ. Tottering; feeble; unsteady; wavering.

³ CŦŦN'VĒR-SANT. Acquainted; familiar; versed.

⁴ PŦR'TĪ-CŦ. A covered space, surrounded by columns, at the entrance of a building.

⁵ PĪT'TAŦĠE. Small allowance or portion; a trifle.

⁶ TĪ'DĪŦĠS. News.

⁷ Ŧ-VĒR-WHĒLMED'. Swallowed up, as by the sea; overpowered; crushed.

⁸ DŦŦN'ĠĒŦŦ. A strong, close, dark prison, or room in a prison.

⁹ SĒ-CLŦD'ĒD. Shut out or kept apart.

¹⁰ PĀR-TĪÇ'Ī-PĀTE. Partake; take part.

XVI. — THE LAKE OF THE DISMAL SWAMP.

MOORE.

[Thomas Moore was born in Dublin, Ireland, in 1779, and died in 1852. He was a very brilliant lyric poet and song writer. In the latter part of his life he wrote many prose works. When a very young man, he visited America, and the following poem was one of the results of that visit. The subjoined introduction is by the author.]

"They tell of a young man, who lost his mind upon the death of a girl he loved, and who, suddenly disappearing from his friends, was never afterwards heard of. As he had frequently said in his ravings, that the girl was not dead, but gone to the Dismal Swamp, it is supposed he had wandered into that dreary wilderness, and had died of hunger, or been lost in some of its dreadful morasses."

The Great Dismal Swamp is mostly in the north-eastern part of North Carolina, but extends into Virginia. It is thirty miles long, and about ten miles wide. Lake Drummond is in the centre, and is about twenty miles in circuit.]

1. "THEY made her a grave too cold and damp
For a soul so warm and true ;
And she's gone to the Lake of the Dismal Swamp,
Where, all night long, by a firefly lamp,
She paddles her white canoe.
2. "And her firefly lamp I soon shall see,
And her paddle I soon shall hear ;
Long and loving our life shall be,
And I'll hide the maid in a cypress tree,
When the footstep of Death is near."
3. Away to the Dismal Swamp he speeds ;
His path was rugged and sore —
Through tangled juniper, beds of reeds,
Through many a fen' where the serpent feeds,
And man never trod before.
4. And when on the earth he sank to sleep,
If slumber his eyelids knew,

He lay where the deadly vine doth weep
 Its venomous² tear, and nightly steep³
 The flesh with blistering dew.

5. And near him the she-wolf stirred the brake⁴,
 And the copper-snake⁵ breathed in his ear;
 Till, starting, he cried, from his dream awake,
 "O, when shall I see the dusky lake,
 And the white canoe of my dear?"

6. He saw the lake, and a meteor⁶ bright
 Quick over its surface played;
 "Welcome," he said, "my dear one's light,"
 And the dim shore echoed, for many a night,
 The name of the death-cold maid;

7. Till he hollowed a boat of the birchen bark,
 Which carried him off from shore;
 Far, far he followed the meteor spark;
 The wind was high, and the clouds were dark,
 And the boat returned no more.

8. But oft, from the Indian hunter's camp,
 This lover and maid so true
 Are seen, at the hour of midnight damp,
 To cross the lake by a firefly lamp,
 And paddle their white canoe.

¹ FĒN. A low land partly covered with water; boggy land.

² VĒN'QM-ŪS. Poisonous; noxious.

³ STĒĒP Soak; imbue.

⁴ BRĀKE. A thicket of brambles, reeds, or ferns.

⁵ CŌP'PĒR-SNĀKE. A copperhead; a venomous serpent found in the Southern States.

⁶ MĒ'TĒ-QR. A luminous body seen in the air, or floating over moist places; will-o'-the-wisp.

XVII.—WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE.

MORRIS.

[George P. Morris, an American writer, was born October 10, 1802, and died July 6, 1864. He was one of the editors of the *Home Journal*, and was the author of many popular songs.]

1. WOODMAN, spare that tree ;
 Touch not a single bough ;
In youth it sheltered me,
 And I'll protect it now.
'Twas my forefather's ¹ hand
 That placed it near his cot ;
Then, woodman, let it stand ;
 Thy axe shall harm it not.
2. That old, familiar² tree,
 Whose glory and renown³
Are spread o'er land and sea,
 And wouldst thou hew it down ?
Woodman, forbear thy stroke :
 Cut not its earth-bound ties ;
O, spare that agéd oak,
 Now towering⁴ to the skies.
3. When but an idle boy,
 I sought its grateful shade ;
In all their gushing⁵ joy,
 Here, too, my sisters played.
My mother kissed me here ;
 My father pressed my hand :
Forgive this foolish tear,
 But let that old oak stand.
4. My heartstrings round thee cling,
 Close as thy bark, old friend !
Here shall the wild bird sing,
 And still thy branches bend.

Old tree, the storm still brave!
 And, woodman, leave the spot;
 While I've a hand to save,
 Thy axe shall harm it not.

1 FÖRE'FÄ-THER	An ancestor, as	3 RE-NÖWN'. Fame; high honor.
a grandfather, or great-grand-	father.	4 TÖW'ER-ING. Rising aloft.
2 FÄ-MIL'IAR.	Well-known.	5 GÜSH'ING. Flowing; exuberant; im-
		pulsive.

XVIII.—LOSS OF THE ARCTIC.

BEECHER.

[Henry Ward Beecher is an eloquent clergyman and public lecturer, living in Brooklyn, New York. The steamer Arctic was lost by a collision with another vessel, in a voyage from Liverpool to New York, in September, 1854, and a great many persons perished.]

1. It was autumn. Hundreds had wended their way from pilgrimages¹; — from Rome and its treasures of dead art, and its glory of living nature; from the sides of the Switzer's mountains; from the capitals of various nations; all of them saying in their hearts, We will wait for the September gales to have done with their equinoctial² fury, and then we will embark; we will slide across the appeased ocean, and in the gorgeous month of October we will greet our longed-for native land and our heart-loved homes.

2. And so the throng streamed along from Berlin, from Paris, from the Orient, converging³ upon London, still hastening towards the welcome ship, and narrowing, every day, the circle of engagements and preparations. They crowded aboard. Never had the Arctic borne such a host of passengers, nor passengers so nearly related to so many of us.

3. The hour was come. The signal ball fell at Greenwich.* It was noon also at Liverpool. The anchors were

* At the observatory in Greenwich (*pronounced* Grēn'ij), England, a signal ball falls every day precisely at noon.

weighed; the great hull swayed to the current; the national colors streamed abroad, as if themselves instinct with life and national sympathy. The bell strikes; the wheels revolve; the signal gun beats its echoes in upon every structure along the shore, and the Arctic glides joyfully forth from the Mersey,* and turns her prow to the winding channel, and begins her homeward run. The pilot stood at the wheel, and men saw him. Death sat upon the prow, and no eye beheld him. Whoever stood at the wheel in all the voyage, Death was the pilot that steered the craft, and none knew it. He neither revealed his presence nor whispered his errand.

4. And so hope was effulgent, and lithe⁴ gayety disported⁵ itself, and joy was with every guest. Amid all the inconveniences of the voyage, there was still that which hushed every murmur — “Home is not far away.” And every morning it was still one night nearer home! Eight days had passed. They beheld that distant bank of mist that forever haunts the vast shallows of Newfoundland.† Boldly they made it; and plunging in, its pliant wreaths wrapped them about. They shall never emerge. The last sunlight has flashed from that deck. The last voyage is done to ship and passengers. At noon there came, noiselessly stealing from the north, that fated instrument of destruction. In that mysterious shroud, that vast atmosphere of mist, both steamers were holding their way with rushing prow and roaring wheels, but invisible.

5. At a league's distance unconscious, and at nearer approach unwarned, — within hail, and bearing right towards each other, unseen, unfelt, — till in a moment more, emerging from the gray mists, the ill-omened Vesta dealt her deadly stroke to the Arctic. The death-blow was scarcely felt along the mighty hull. She neither reeled nor shivered. Neither commander nor officers deemed that they

* *Pronounced Mēr'ze.*

† *Pronounced Nū'fūnd-lānd.*

had suffered harm. Prompt upon humanity, the brave Luce (let his name be ever spoken with admiration and respect) ordered away his boat with the first officer to inquire if the stranger had suffered harm. As Gourley went over the ship's side, O, that some good angel had called to the brave commander in the words of Paul, on a like occasion, "Except these abide in the ship, ye cannot be saved."

6. They departed, and with them the hope of the ship, for now the waters, gaining upon the hold, and, rising up upon the fires, revealed the mortal blow. O, had now that stern, brave mate, Gourley, been on deck, whom the sailors were wont to mind,—had he stood to execute efficiently the commander's will,—we may believe that we should not have had to blush for the cowardice and recreancy⁶ of the crew, nor weep for the untimely dead. But, apparently, each subordinate officer lost all presence of mind, then courage, and so honor. In a wild scramble, that ignoble mob of firemen, engineers, waiters, and crew rushed for the boats, and abandoned the helpless women, children, and men to the mercy of the deep! Four hours there were from the catastrophe of the collision to the catastrophe of SINKING!

7. O, what a burial was here! Not as when one is borne from his home, among weeping throngs, and gently carried to the green fields, and laid peacefully beneath the turf and the flowers. No priest stood to pronounce a burial service. It was an ocean grave. The mists alone shrouded the burial-place. No spade prepared the grave, nor sexton filled up the hollowed earth. Down, down they sank, and the quick returning waters smoothed out every ripple, and left the sea as placid as before.

¹ PĪL'GRĪM-ĀḠ-EṢ. Journeys undertaken to some hallowed place, or for devotional purposes.

Ē-QUĪ-NŌC'TIĀL. Pertaining to the time of the equinox.

³ CŌN-VĒRḠ'ING. Tending towards the same point or place.

⁴ LĪTHE. Mild; gentle.

⁵ DĪS-PŌRT'ĒD. Diverted; amused.

⁶ RĒC'RE-ĀN-ḠY. Faithlessness.

XIX. — THE SONG OF THE FORGE.

1. CLANG, clang! the massive anvils¹ ring;
 Clang, clang! a hundred hammers swing;
 Like the thunder-rattle of a tropic sky,
 The mighty blows still multiply;
 Clang, clang!
 Say, brothers of the dusky brow,
 What are your strong arms forging now?
 Clang, clang! We forge the colter² now.
 The colter of the kindly plough;
 Prosper it, Heaven, and bless our toil!
 May its broad furrow still unbind³
 To genial rains, to sun and wind,
 The most benignant soil!
 Clang, clang! Our colter's course shall be
 On many a sweet and sheltered lea,
 By many a streamlet's silver tide,
 Amid the song of morning birds,
 Amid the low of sauntering herds,
 Amid soft breezes which do stray
 Through woodbine hedges and sweet may,*
 Along the green hill's side.
 When regal Autumn's bounteous hand
 With wide-spread glory clothes the land, —
 When to the valleys, from the brow
 Of each resplendent⁴ slope, is rolled
 A ruddy sea of living gold, —
 We bless — we bless the PLOUGH.

2. Clang, clang! Again, my mates, what glows
 Beneath the hammer's potent blows? —
 Clink, clank! We forge the giant chain,
 Which bears the gallant vessel's strain,

* In England, the familiar name of the common hawthorn and its flowers.

'Mid stormy winds and adverse tides ;
Secured by this, the good ship braves
The rocky roadstead⁵, and the waves
Which thunder on her sides.
Anxious no more, the merchant sees
The mist drive dark before the breeze,
The storm-cloud on the hill ;
Calmly he rests, though far away
In boisterous climes his vessel lay,
Reliant on our skill.
Say, on what sands these links shall sleep,
Fathoms beneath the solemn deep ;
By Afric's pestilential shore, —
By many an iceberg⁶, lone and hoar, —
By many a palmy Western isle,
Basking in Spring's perpetual smile, —
By stormy Labrador.
Say, shall they feel the vessel reel,
When to the battery's deadly peal
The crashing broadside makes reply ?
Or else, as at the glorious Nile,*
Hold grappling ships, that strive the while
For death or victory ?

3. Hurrah ! Cling, clang ! Once more, what glows,
Dark brothers of the forge, beneath
The iron tempest of your blows,
The furnace's red breath ?
Clang, clang ! A burning torrent, clear
And brilliant, of bright sparks, is poured
Around and up in the dusky air,
As our hammers forge the sword.

* The battle of the Nile was fought near one of the mouths of the River Nile, August 1, 1798. In this battle the English fleet, commanded by Lord Nelson, badly defeated the French fleet under Brueys.

The sword! — a name of dread ; yet when

Upon the freeman's thigh 'tis bound,

While for his altar and his hearth,

While for the land that gave him birth,

The war-drums roll, the trumpets sound,

How sacred is it then !

Whenever, for the truth and right,

It flashes in the van of fight, —

Whether in some wild mountain pass,

As that where fell Leonidas,* —

Or on some sterile plain, and stern,

A Marston † or a Bannockburn, ‡ —

Or 'mid fierce crags and bursting rills,

The Switzer's Alps, gray Tyrol's§ hills, —

Or, as when sank the Armada's⁷ pride,

It gleams above the stormy tide, —

Still, still, whene'er the battle-word

Is Liberty, — when men do stand

For justice and their native land, —

Then Heaven bless the sword!

¹ AN'VIL. An iron block on which iron and other metals are laid to be hammered.

² CŒL'TER. The cutting iron of a plough.

³ UN-BIND'. Loosen ; open.

⁴ RE-SPLĒN'DENT. Having a bright lustre ; shining.

⁵ RŌAD'STĒAD. A place of anchorage at some distance from the shore.

⁶ ICE'BĒRG. A vast mass of ice.

⁷ AR-MĀ'DA. The name given to a vast fleet sent by Spain against England in the reign of Elizabeth. The armada was badly defeated by the English fleet.

* LEONIDAS. A king of Sparta who defended the pass of Thermopylæ with three hundred Spartans against the Persian army under Xerxes, and gained immortal glory by the heroic death of himself and his little band.

† MARSTON MOOR. A large plain about eight miles from York, England, where the parliamentary forces gained a decisive victory over the royalists, in 1644.

‡ BANNOCKBURN. A village in Scotland famous for a battle in which the Scots under Robert Bruce signally defeated the English army under Edward II., in 1314.

§ TYROL. An Austrian province north of Italy.

XX. — LITTLE EDWARD.

MRS. STOWE.

[Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, the world-renowned author of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, is the daughter of the Rev. Lyman Beecher, D. D., and wife of Professor Calvin E. Stowe, of the Theological Seminary at Andover, Massachusetts.

The following extract is from the *May-Flower*, a collection of sketches and narratives, marked by the same combination of humor and pathos which is so conspicuous in her novel.]

1. WERE any of you born in New England, in the good old catechising¹, church-going, school-going, orderly times? If so, you may have seen my uncle Abel; the most perpendicular, rectangular², upright, downright good man that ever labored six days and rested on the seventh.

2. You remember his hard, weather-beaten countenance, where every line seemed drawn with "a pen of iron and the point of a diamond;" his considerate gray eyes, that moved over objects as if it were not best to be in a hurry about seeing; the circumspect³ opening and shutting of the mouth; his downsitting and uprising, all performed with deliberate forethought; in short, the whole ordering of his life and conversation, which was, after a military fashion, "to the right about face—forward, march."

3. Now, if you supposed, from all this sternness of exterior, that this good man had nothing kindly within, you were much mistaken. You often find the greenest grass under a snow-drift; and though my uncle's mind was not exactly of the flower-garden kind, still there was an abundance of wholesome and kindly vegetation there.

4. It is true he seldom laughed, and never joked himself; but no man had a more serious and weighty conviction of what a joke was in another; and when a witticism was uttered in his presence, you might see his face relax into an expression of solemn satisfaction, and he would look at the author with a sort of quiet wonder, as if it

were past his comprehension how such a thing could ever come into a man's head.

5. Uncle Abel, too, had some relish for the fine arts⁵; in proof of which, I might adduce the pleasure with which he gazed at the plates in his family Bible, the likeness whereof is neither in heaven, nor on earth, nor under the earth. And he was also so eminent a musician, that he could go through the singing book at one sitting without the least fatigue, beating time like a windmill all the way.

6. He had, too, a liberal hand, though his liberality was all by the rule of three. He did by his neighbor exactly as he would be done by; he loved some things in this world very sincerely; he loved his God much, but he honored and feared him more; he was exact with others, but he was more exact with himself, and he expected his God to be more exact still.

7. Every thing in uncle Abel's house was in the same time, place, manner, and form, from year's end to year's end. There was old Master Bose, a dog after my uncle's own heart, who always walked as if he were studying the multiplication table. There was the old clock, forever ticking in the chimney corner, with a picture of the sun upon its face, forever setting behind a perpendicular row of poplar trees. There was the never-failing supply of red peppers and onions hanging over the chimney.

8. There, too, were the yearly hollyhocks and morning glories blooming about the windows. There was the "best room," with its sanded floor; the cupboard in one corner, with its glass doors; the evergreen asparagus bushes in the chimney; and there was the stand with the Bible and almanac on it in another corner. There, too, was aunt Betsey, who never looked any older, because she always looked as old as she could; who always dried her catnip and wormwood the last of September, and began to clean house the first of May. In short, this was the

land of continuance.⁶ Old Time never took it into his head to practise either addition or subtraction or multiplication, on its sum total.

9. This aunt Betsey aforementioned was the neatest and most efficient piece of human machinery that ever operated in forty places at once. She was always every where, predominating⁷ over and seeing to every thing; and though my uncle had been twice married, aunt Betsey's rule and authority had never been broken. She reigned over his wives when living, and reigned after them when dead; and so seemed likely to reign on till the end of the chapter.

10. But my uncle's latest wife left aunt Betsey a much less tractable subject than ever before had fallen to her lot. Little Edward was the child of my uncle's old age, and a brighter, merrier little blossom never grew on the verge of a snow-drift. He had been committed to the nursing of his grandmamma till he had arrived at the age of *indiscretion*, and then my old uncle's heart so yearned for him that he was brought home.

11. His introduction into the family excited a terrible sensation. Never was there such a contemner⁸ of dignities, such a violator of high places and sanctities, as this same Master Edward. It was in vain to try to teach him decorum. He was the most outrageously merry elf⁹ that ever shook a head of curls. He laughed and frolicked with every body and every thing that came in his way, not even excepting his solemn old father; and when you saw him with his fair arms around the old man's neck, and his bright blue eyes and blooming cheek peering¹⁰ out beside the bleak face of uncle Abel, you might fancy you saw Spring caressing Winter. Uncle Abel's metaphysics¹¹ were sorely puzzled by this sparkling, dancing compound of spirit and matter; nor could he devise any method of bringing it into any reasonable shape, for it did mis-

chief with an energy and perseverance that were truly astonishing.

¹ CẬT-Ệ-CHỈ-NG. Instructing by asking questions and receiving answers on religious subjects.

² RỆC-TĂN'GỤ-LẠP. Literally, having right angles; rigid; exact.

³ CỠR'CỤM-SPEĆT. Careful; discreet. WIT'TI-CỈŞM. A joke; a jest.

FINE ĀRTS. Arts which are not chiefly mechanical, as painting, music, and sculpture.

⁶ CỌN-TỈN'Ự-ANCE. Constancy; permanence.

⁷ PRỆ-DỠM'Ị-NĀT-ING. Ruling; controlling; prevailing.

⁸ CỐN-TỄM'NỆR. One who contemns or disregards.

⁹ ẾLF. A fairy or imaginary being; a term often applied to any small and sportive being.

¹⁰ PỀER'ING. Looking narrowly or curiously; peeping.

¹¹ MỆT-À-PHỠŞ'ICS. Mental science; the philosophy of the mind as distinguished from matter.

XXI.—LITTLE EDWARD, CONCLUDED.

1. BUT uncle Abel was most of all perplexed to know what to do with him on the Sabbath; for on that day Master Edward seemed to exert himself to be particularly diligent and entertaining.

2. "Edward! Edward must not play Sunday!" his father would call out; and then Edward would hold up his curly head, and look as grave as the catechism; but in three minutes you would see pussy scampering through the "best room," with Edward at her heels, to the entire discomposure of all devotion in aunt Betsey, and all others in authority.

3. At length my'uncle came to the conclusion that "it wasn't in nature to teach him any better," and that "he could no more keep Sunday than the brook down in the lot." My poor uncle! he did not know what was the matter with his heart; but certain it was, he lost all faculty of scolding when little Edward was in the case, and he would rub his spectacles a quarter of an hour longer than common when aunt Betsey was detailing his witticisms and clever doings.

4. In process of time, our hero had completed his third year, and arrived at the dignity of going to school. He went through the spelling book, and then attacked the catechism; went through with it in a fortnight, and at last came home in great delight, to tell his father that he had got to "Amen."

5. After this, he made a regular business of saying over the whole every Sunday evening, standing with his hands folded in front, occasionally glancing around to see if pussy gave proper attention. And being of a practically benevolent turn of mind, he made several commendable efforts to teach Bose the catechism, in which he succeeded as well as might have been expected. In short, without further detail, Master Edward bade fair to become a literary wonder.

6. But alas for poor little Edward! his merry dance was soon over. A day came when he sickened. Aunt Betsey tried all her simple remedies, but in vain; he grew rapidly worse and worse. His father's heart was torn with sorrow, but he said nothing; he only staid by his child's bedside day and night, trying all means to save him, with affecting pertinacity¹.

7. "Can't you think of any thing more, doctor?" said he to the physician, when all had been tried in vain. "Nothing," answered the physician.

8. A momentary convulsion passed over my uncle's face. "The will of the Lord be done," said he, almost with a groan of anguish.

9. Just at this moment, a ray of the setting sun pierced the checked curtains, and gleamed like an angel's smile across the face of the little sufferer. He woke from troubled sleep.

10. "O dear! I am so sick!" he gasped feebly. His father raised him in his arms; he breathed easier, and looked up with a grateful smile. Just then his old play-

mate, the cat, crossed the room. "There goes pussy," said he: "O dear, I shall never play any more."

11. At that moment, a deadly change passed over his countenance. He looked up in his father's face with an imploring expression, and put out his hand as if for help. There was one moment of agony, and then the sweet features all settled into a smile of peace, and "mortality was swallowed up of life." My uncle laid him down, and looked one moment at his beautiful face. It was too much for his principles, too much for his consistency², and he "lifted up his voice and wept."

12. The next morning was the Sabbath—the funeral day; and it rose with "breath all incense, and with cheek all bloom." Uncle Abel was as calm and collected as ever; but in his face there was a sorrow-stricken expression touching to behold. I remember him at family prayers, as he bent over the great Bible, and began the psalm, "Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations." Apparently he was touched by the melancholy splendor of the poetry, for, after reading a few verses, he stopped.

13. There was a dead silence, interrupted only by the ticking of the clock. He cleared his voice repeatedly, and tried to go on, but in vain. He closed the book, and kneeled down to pray. The energy of sorrow broke through his usual formal reverence, and his language flowed forth with a deep and sorrowful pathos³ which I shall never forget. The God so much revered, so much feared, seemed to draw near to him as a friend and comforter, his refuge and strength, "a very present help in time of trouble."

14. My uncle rose, and I saw him walk to the room of the departed one. He uncovered the face. It was set with the seal of death; but O, how surpassingly lovely! The brilliancy of life was gone, but that pure, transparent

face was touched with a mysterious⁴, triumphant brightness, which seemed like the dawning of heaven.

15. My uncle looked long and earnestly. He felt the beauty of what he gazed on; his heart was softened, but he had no words for his feelings. He left the room unconsciously, and sat in the front door. The morning was bright, the bells were ringing for church, the birds were singing merrily, and little Edward's pet squirrel was frolicking about the door. My uncle watched him as he ran up one tree and then down, and up another, and then over the fence, whisking his brush, and chattering just as if nothing was the matter. With a deep sigh uncle Abel broke forth: "How happy that creature is! Well, the Lord's will be done."

16. That day the dust was committed to dust, amid the lamentations of all who had known him. Years have passed since then, and all that is mortal of my uncle has long since been gathered to his fathers; but his just and upright spirit has entered the glorious liberty of the sons of God. Yes, the good man may have had opinions which the philosophical⁵ scorn, and weaknesses at which the thoughtless smile; but death shall change him into all that is enlightened, wise, and refined; for he shall awake in "His likeness," and "be satisfied."

¹ PĒR-TĪ-NĀÇ'Ī-TŸ. Firm or unyielding adherence to opinion or purpose; steadiness; constancy.

² CŌN-SĪS'TĒN-CŸ. Agreement or uniformity of principle or conduct; state of being consistent.

³ PĀ'THŌS. That which excites deep feeling; tender emotion.

⁴ MŸS-TĒ'RĪ-OŪS. Hidden; obscure; not understood.

⁵ PHĪL-Q-SŌPH'Ī-CĀL. Men skilled in philosophy; deeply learned men.

XXII. — THE CORAL GROVE.

J. G. PERCIVAL.

[James Gates Percival was born in Connecticut, in September, 1795, and died in May, 1856. He was a brilliant and imaginative poet, and also distinguished as a man of science.]

1. DEEP in the wave is a coral¹ grove,
Where the purple mullet and goldfish rove,
Where the sea-flower spreads its leaves of blue,
That never are wet with the falling dew,
But in bright and changeful beauty shine,
Far down in the green and glassy brine.
2. The floor is of sand, like the mountain's drift²,
And the pearl-shells spangle the flinty snow;
From coral rocks the sea-plants lift
Their boughs where the tides and billows flow.
The water is calm and still below,
For the winds and waves are absent there;
And the sands are bright as the stars that glow
In the motionless fields of upper air.
There, with its waving blade of green,
The sea-flag streams through the silent water,
And the crimson leaf of the dulse³ is seen
To blush like a banner bathed in slaughter.
3. There, with a light and easy motion,
The fan-coral sweeps through the clear, deep sea;
And the yellow and scarlet tufts of ocean
Are bending, like corn on the upland lea⁴:
And life, in rare and beautiful forms,
Is sporting amid those bowers of stone,
And is safe, when the wrathful spirit of storms
Has made the top of the wave his own.

4. And when the ship from his fury flies,
 Where the myriad⁵ voices of ocean roar ;
 When the wind-god frowns in the murky⁶ skies,
 And demons are waiting the wreck on the shore, —
 Then, far below, in the peaceful sea,
 The purple mullet and goldfish rove,
 And the waters murmur tranquilly
 Through the bending twigs of the coral grove.

¹ CŌR'AL. A hard substance found in the ocean, supposed to be the remains of very small sea animals.

² DRIFT. Any matter driven together by wind or water ; earthy or rocky matter, carried by water from one place to another.

³ DŪLSE. A species of seaweed, of a reddish brown color, found in con-

siderable quantities on the coast of Scotland. It adheres to the rocks, in strips of ten or twelve inches long and about half an inch broad.

⁴ LĒA. Grass or sward land.

⁵ MŶR'Ī-AD. Too numerous to be counted ; immensely numerous.

⁶ MŪR'KY. Dark ; gloomy ; cloudy.

XXIII.—SONG OF REBECCA, THE JEWESS.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

[Sir Walter Scott, one of the most eminent names in English literature, was born in Edinburgh, August 15, 1771, and died September 21, 1832. He is the author of a great many works, comprising poems, novels, and miscellanies.

This poem is from his novel called "Ivanhoe."]

1. WHEN Israel,* of the Lord beloved,
 Out from the land of bondage came,
 Her father's God before her moved,
 An awful guide, in smoke and flame.
 By day, along the astonished lands,
 The cloudy pillar glided slow ;
 By night, Arabia's crimsoned sands
 Returned the fiery column's glow.

* ISRAEL. Israel and Judah are terms used to designate the Jewish people.

2. There rose the choral¹ hymn of praise,
 And trump and timbrel² answered keen;
 And Zion's³ daughters poured their lays,
 With Priest's and Warrior's voice between.
 No portents⁴ now our foes amaze;
 Forsaken Israel wanders lone!
 Our fathers would not know THY ways,
 And THOU hast left them to their own.
3. But present still, though now unseen
 When brightly shines the prosperous day,
 Be thoughts of THEE a cloudy screen
 To temper⁵ the deceitful ray:
 And, O! where stoops on Judah's path
 In shade and storm the frequent night,
 Be THOU long-suffering, slow to wrath,
 A burning and a shining light!
4. Our harps we left by Babel's streams,*
 The tyrant's jest, the Gentile's⁶ scorn;
 No censor⁷ round our altar beams,
 And mute are timbrel, trump, and horn.
 But THOU hast said, the blood of goat,
 The flesh of rams I will not prize,
 A contrite⁸ heart, a humble thought,
 Are mine accepted sacrifice.

¹ ØHÕ'RÅL. Sung by a choir, or by many persons together.

² TĪM'BREL. An ancient Hebrew drum, consisting of a brass hoop, over which a piece of skin was stretched.

³ ZĪ'QN. A hill in Jerusalem; a figurative term for Jerusalem.

⁴ PÕR-TĒNTS'. Omens of coming ill.

⁵ TĒM'PĒR. Soften or moderate.

⁶ ĞĒN'TĪLE. The name applied by Jews to foreign nations.

⁷ CĒN'SĒR. A vessel in which incense is burned.

⁸ CÕN'TRĪTE. Repentant; oppressed by a sense of sin; penitent.

* BABEL'S STREAM. The River Euphrates, on which Babylon was situated.

XXIV.—THE SOLDIER'S DREAM

CAMPBELL.

[Thomas Campbell was born in Glasgow, July 27, 1777, and died in Boulogne (bô-lôn'), France, June 15, 1844. His first poem, "The Pleasures of Hope," was published in 1799, and was universally read and admired. His "Gertrude of Wyoming" was published in 1809, and was received with equal favor. It contains passages of great descriptive beauty, and the concluding portions are full of pathos; but the story moves languidly, and there is a want of truth in the costume, and of probability in the incidents. His genius is seen to greater advantage in his shorter poems, such as "O'Connor's Child," "Lochiel's Warning," "Hohenlinden," "The Battle of the Baltic," and "Ye Mariners of England." These are matchless poems,—with a ring and power that stir the blood, and at the same time a magic of expression which fastens the words forever to the memory.]

1. OUR bugles¹ sang truce²; for the night cloud had lowered³,
And the sentinel⁴ stars set their watch in the sky,
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpowered,
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.
2. When reposing that night on my pallet⁵ of straw,
By the wolf-scaring fagot that guarded the slain,
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
And thrice, ere the morning, I dreamt it again.
3. Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array,
Far, far I had roamed on a desolate track;
'Twas autumn, and sunshine arose on the way
To the home of my fathers that welcomed me back.
4. I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft
In life's morning march, when my bosom was young;
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
And knew the sweet strain that the corn reapers sung.
5. Then pledged we the wine cup, and fondly I swore
From my home and my weeping friends never to part.
My little ones kissed me a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobbed aloud in her fulness of heart.

6. "Stay, stay with us — rest! thou art weary and worn;
 And fain⁶ was their war-broken soldier to stay;
 But sorrow returned with the dawning of morn,
 And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

¹ BŪ'GLE. A military wind instrument of music.

² TRŪCE. A temporary suspension of hostilities.

³ LÖŴ'ĒRED. Appeared dark; gloomy.

⁴ SĒN'TĪ-NĒL. A soldier on watch or guard, and thus figuratively applied to the stars.

⁵ PĀL'LET. A small or rude bed.

⁶ FĀIN. Willing; glad; desirous.

XXV. — WASHINGTON.

HENRY LEE.

[Henry Lee was born in Westmoreland county, Virginia, January 29, 1756, and died March 25, 1816. He served with great distinction as a cavalry officer during the revolutionary war, and was afterwards member of Congress and governor of Virginia. He was the author of "Memoirs of the War in the Southern Department of the United States." He was a member of Congress at the time of the death of Washington, and was selected by the House of Representatives to pronounce a eulogy upon the departed hero and statesman, from which the following is an extract.]

1. FIRST in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen, he was second to none in the humble and endearing scenes of private life. Pious, just, humane, temperate, and sincere; uniform, dignified, and commanding, his example was as edifying¹ to all around him as were the effects of that example lasting.

2. To his equals he was condescending; to his inferiors kind; and to the dear object of his affections exemplarily² tender. Correct throughout, vice shuddered in his presence, and virtue always felt his fostering hand; the purity of his private character gave effulgence to his public virtues.

3. His last scene comported³ with the whole tenor of his life: although in extreme pain, not a sigh, not a groan escaped him; and with undisturbed serenity he closed his well-spent life. Such was the man America has lost! Such was the man for whom our nation mourns!

4. Methinks I see his august image, and hear, falling from his venerable lips, these deep-sinking words: "Cease, sons of America, lamenting our separation: go on, and confirm by your wisdom the fruits of our joint counsels, joint efforts, and common dangers. Reverence religion, diffuse knowledge throughout your land; patronize the arts and sciences⁴; let liberty and order be inseparable companions; control party spirit, the bane of free government; observe good faith to, and cultivate peace with, all nations; shut up every avenue to foreign influence; contract rather than extend national connection; rely on yourselves only; be American in thought and deed. Thus will you give immortality to that Union, which was the constant object of my terrestrial⁵ labors. Thus will you preserve, undisturbed to the latest posterity, the felicity⁶ of a people to me most dear: and thus will you supply (if my happiness is now aught to you) the only vacancy in the round of pure bliss high Heaven bestows."

¹ ĒD'I-FŶ-ING. Tending to improve by instruction; instructive.

² ĒX'ĒM-PLA-RĪ-LŶ. In such a way as to be an example to others.

³ CQM-PÖRT'ĒD. Was suitable; accorded.

⁴ ĀRTS AND SĀI'ĒN-CĒŞ. The term

arts is understood to mean, the practical application of knowledge to the uses of life; the term *sciences*, the various departments of learning and knowledge.

⁵ TĒR-RĒŞ/TRĪ-ĀL. Earthly.

⁶ FĒ-LĪQ'I-TŶ. Happiness.

XXVI. — COUSIN DEBORAH'S LEGACY.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL.

1. COUSIN DEBORAH was an old, unmarried lady, who had no other property than a moderate life annuity¹. The furniture of her house was faded and antique; the linen was well darned; the plate was scanty, and worn thin with use and frequent scouring; the books were few, and in no

very good condition. She had no jewels or trinkets; her days were passed in a dreary state of tranquillity, stitching, stitching, stitching forever, with her beloved huge work-box at her elbow. *That* wanted nothing; for it was abundantly fitted up with worsted, cotton, tape, buttons, bodkins, needles, and such a multiplicity of reels and balls that to enumerate them would be a tedious task.

2. Cousin Deborah particularly prided herself on her darning; carpets, house linen, stockings, all bore unimpeachable testimony to this branch of industry. Holes and thin places were hailed with delight by her; and it was whispered — but that might be a mere matter of scandal — that she even went so far as to cut holes in her best table cloths for the purpose of exercising her skill and ingenuity in repairing the fractures. Be that as it may, the work-box was as much a companion to her as dogs or cats are to many other single ladies. She was lost without it: her conversation always turned on the subject of thread papers and needle cases; and never was darning cotton more scientifically rolled into neat balls, than by the taper fingers of Cousin Deborah.

3. The contents of that wonderful work-box would have furnished a small shop. As a child, I always regarded it with a species of awe and veneration; and without daring to lay a finger on the treasures it contained, my prying eyes greedily devoured its mysteries, when the raised edge revealed its mountains of cotton and forests of pins and needles. And I have no doubt that Cousin Deborah first regarded me with favor in consequence of being asked by my mother to give me a lesson in darning — a most necessary accomplishment in our family, as I was the eldest of many brothers and sisters; and, though very happy among ourselves, the circumstances of our dear parents rendered the strictest industry and frugality absolutely indispensable in order to make “both ends meet.”

4. She was proud of me, on the whole, as a pupil, though she sometimes had occasion to reprove me for idleness and skipping stitches; and between us, it is impossible to say how many pairs of stockings we made whole in the course of the year. Many a time I was invited by Cousin Deborah to take tea with her, and bring my work-bag in my hand, as a matter of course; and we used to sit for long hours without speaking, intent on our needles, the silence unbroken save by the ticking of the eight-day clock.

5. I sometimes found it very dull work, I confess. Not so Cousin Deborah. She needed no other society than that of her work-box; and I do not believe she loved any human being so well. Her whole heart was in it; and the attachment she evinced towards me, as time went on, was fostered and encouraged by our mutual zeal in performing tasks of needle-work. Not that I shared in *her* devotion: *I* was actuated by a sense of duty alone, and would far rather, could I have done so conscientiously, have been dancing and laughing with companions of my own age. But ply the needle I did, and so did Cousin Deborah; and we two became, with the huge old work-box between us, quite a pair of loving friends; and at least two evenings in every week I went to sit with the lone woman. She would have had me do so *every* evening; but, though there were so many of us at home, our parents could not bear to spare any of us out of their sight oftener than they deemed indispensable.

6. At length Cousin Deborah's quiet and blameless life came to an end. Having shut her work-box, locked it, and put the key in a sealed packet, she turned her face to the wall, and fell asleep.

7. When her will was opened, it was found that she had left her books, furniture, and plate to a family that stood in the same relationship to her as we did, but who were in

much more prosperous circumstances than we. To me she devised² the huge old work-box, with all its contents, "in token of the high esteem and affection with which I was regarded" by the deceased. I was to inherit the well-stored work-box, only on condition that it was to be daily used by me in preference to all others. "Every ball of darning cotton, as it diminishes, shall bring its blessing," said Cousin Deborah; "for Ada Benwell" (that was my name) "is a good girl, and has darned more holes in the stockings of her little brothers and sisters than any other girl of her age. Therefore, I particularly commend the balls of darning cotton to her notice; and I particularly recommend her to use them up as soon as she can, and she will meet with her reward in due season."

8. My mother was a little disappointed at the contents of our kinswoman's³ will, and expressed her displeasure in a few sharp remarks, for which my father gently reproved her. The subject of the legacies⁴ was never again discussed by us. The work-box was in constant requisition at my side, and the balls of darning cotton rapidly diminished. One day, as I was sitting beside my mother busy with my needle, she remarked, "You have followed our poor cousin's directions, my dear Ada. She particularly recommended you to use up the balls of darning cotton as soon as possible; and look, there is one just done."

9. As my mother spoke, I unrolled a long needleful, and came to the end of that ball. A piece of paper fell to the ground, which had been the nucleus⁵ on which the ball was formed. I stooped to pick it up, and was just about throwing it into the fire, when it caught my mother's eye, and she stretched out her hand and seized it. In a moment she unfolded it before our astonished gaze: it was a bank note of fifty pounds!

10. "O, dear, misjudged Cousin Deborah!" she exclaimed; "*this* is our Ada's reward in due season. It's just like her — kind, queer old soul!"

11. We were not long in using up all the other balls of darning cotton in that marvellous work-box; and such a reward as I found for my industry sure never was met with before or since. Truly, it was a fairy box, and my needle the fairy's wand.

12. No less than ten fifty-pound⁶ notes were thus brought to light; and my father laughingly declared I had wrought my own dower⁷ with my needle. No persuasions could induce him to appropriate the treasure; he said it was my "reward," and belonged to me alone.

¹ AN-NŪ'Ī-TŶ. A sum of money paid yearly.

² DE-VĪSED'. Gave by a will.

³ KĪNŞ'WOM-AN (-wŭm-an). A female relative.

⁴ LĒG'A-CŶ. A gift of money or goods by a will.

⁵ NŪ'CLE-ŶS. The central part of a

body, or that around which matter is collected.

⁶ PÖŪND. A money of account used in England, equivalent to about four dollars and eighty-four cents.

⁷ DÖW'ĒR. The portion or property which a woman brings her husband in marriage; dowry.

XXVII.—THE THREE MIGHTY.

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

[The incidents on which these lines are founded is related in the twenty-third chapter of the Second Book of Samuel, and also in the eleventh chapter of the First Book of Chronicles.]

1. WATCHFIRES are blazing on hill and plain;
The noonday light is restored again;
There are shining arms in Rephaim's vale,
And bright is the glitter of clanging mail.
2. The Philistine hath fixed his encampment here;
Afar stretch his lines of banner and spear,
And his chariots of brass are ranged side by side,
And his war steeds neigh loud in their trappings¹ of pride.
3. His tents are placed where the waters flow;
The sun hath dried up the springs below,

And Israel hath neither well nor pool,
The rage of her soldiers' thirst to cool.

4. In the cave of Adullam King David lies,
Overcome with the glare of the burning skies;
And his lip is parched, and his tongue is dry,
But none can the grateful draught supply.
5. Though a crownéd king, in that painful hour,
One flowing cup might have bought his power.
What worth, in the fire of thirst, could be
The purple pomp of his sovereignty?
6. But no cooling cup from river or spring,
To relieve his want, can his servants bring;
And he cries, "Are there none in my train or state"²
Will fetch me the water of Bethlehem gate?"
7. Then three of his warriors, "the mighty three,"
The boast of the monarch's chivalry³,
Uprose in their strength, and their bucklers⁴ rang,
As with eyes of flame on their steeds they sprang.
8. On their steeds they sprang, and with spurs of speed
Rushed forth in the strength of a noble deed.
And dashed on the foe like the torrent flood,
Till he floated away in a tide of blood.
9. To the right—to the left—where their blue swords
shine,
Like autumn corn falls the Philistine;
And sweeping along with the vengeance of fate,
The "mighty" rush onward to Bethlehem gate.
10. Through a bloody gap in his shattered array,
To Bethlehem's well they have hewn their way;

Then backward they turn on the corse-covered plain,
And charge through the foe to their monarch again.

11. The king looks at the cup, but the crystal draught,
At a price too high for his want, hath been bought;
They urge him to drink, but he wets not his lip;
Though great is his need, he refuses to sip.
12. But he pours it forth to Heaven's Majesty,
He pours it forth to the Lord of the sky;
'Tis a draught of death — 'tis a cup blood-stained —
'Tis a prize from man's suffering and agony gained.
13. Should he taste of a cup that his "mighty three"
Had obtained by their peril and jeopardy?
Should he drink of their life? 'Twas the thought of a
king;
And again he returned to his suffering.

¹ TRĀP'PIŃGŞ. Ornaments, especially such as are used to decorate a horse.

² STĀTE. Persons forming the suite or attendants of another.

³ ÇHĪV'ĀL-RY. Body of knights or of brave and courteous warriors.

⁴ BŪCK'LĒR. A kind of shield worn on the left arm.

⁵ JĒOP'ĀR-DY. Danger.

XXVIII. — MARCO BOZZARIS.

HALLECK.

[Fitz-Greene Halleck was born in Guilford, Connecticut, July, 1795. Marco Bozzaris (bōt-sār'is or bōt'sa-ris), one of the most admired of his poems, was first published in 1827, in a small volume of poems, most of which had previously appeared in a fugitive form. Bozzaris was one of the martyrs in the cause of the independence of Greece. He fell in a night attack upon the camp of the Turks, August, 1823, near the site of the old battle-field of Platæa.]

1. At midnight, in his guarded tent,
The Turk was dreaming of the hour
When Greece, her knee in suppliance¹ bent,

Should tremble at his power:
 In dreams through camp and court he bore
 The trophies² of a conqueror;
 In dreams his song of triumph heard;
 Then wore his monarch's signet³ ring, —
 Then pressed that monarch's throne, — a king;
 As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,
 As Eden's garden bird.

2. At midnight, in the forest shades,
 Bozzaris ranged his Suliote⁴ band,
 True as the steel of their tried blades,
 Heroes in heart and hand.
 There had the Persian thousands stood,
 There had the glad earth drunk their blood,
 On old Plataea's day;
 And now there breathed that haunted air
 The sons of sires who conquered there,
 With arm to strike, and soul to dare,
 As quick, as far, as they.
3. An hour passed on, — the Turk awoke;
 That bright dream was his last;
 He woke, to hear his sentries shriek —
 "To arms! — they come! — The Greek! the Greek!"
 He woke, to die midst flame and smoke,
 And shout, and groan, and sabre stroke,
 And death-shots falling thick and fast
 As lightnings from the mountain cloud;
 And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,
 Bozzaris cheer his band —
 "Strike — till the last armed foe expires!
 Strike — for your altars and your fires!
 Strike — for the green graves of your sires!
 God, and your native land!"

4. They fought, like brave men, long and well;
They piled the ground with Moslem⁵ slain:
They conquered; but Bozzaris fell,
Bleeding at every vein.
His few surviving comrades saw
His smile, when rang their proud hurrah,
And the red field was won;
Then saw in death his eyelids close,
Calmly, as to a night's repose,
Like flowers at set of sun.
5. Come to the bridal chamber, Death!
Come to the mother's, when she feels
For the first time her first-born's breath;
Come when the blessed seals
That close the pestilence are broke,
And crowded cities wail its stroke;
Come in Consumption's ghastly form,
The earthquake shock, the ocean storm;
Come when the heart beats high and warm,
With banquet song, and dance, and wine,—
And thou art terrible: the tear,
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,
And all we know, or dream, or fear,
Of agony, are thine.
6. But to the hero, when his sword
Has won the battle for the free,
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word,
And in its hollow tones are heard
The thanks of millions yet to be.
Bozzaris! with the storied⁶ brave
Greece nurtured in her glory's time,
Rest thee: there is no prouder grave,
Even in her own proud clime.

We tell thy doom without a sigh;
 For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's, —
 One of the few, the immortal names,
 That were not born to die!

¹ SŪP'PLI-ANCE. Supplication; en-
 treaty; submission.

² TRŌ'PHĒS. Memorials of victory.

³ SIG'NET RING. A ring containing a
 signet or seal of authority.

⁴ SŪ'LĪ-ŌTE. An inhabitant of Suli, a
 mountainous district of Greece.

⁵ MŌS/LĒM. Mussulmen; Turks.

⁶ STŌ'RĪED. Celebrated or mentioned
 in story.

XXIX.—THE HARD-HEARTED RICH MAN.

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

1. OLD Jacob Stock! The chimes of the clock were not more punctual in proclaiming the progress of time, than in marking the regularity of his visits at the temples of Plutus¹ in Threadneedle Street and Bartholomew Lane. His devotion to them was exemplary. In vain the wind and the rain, the hail and the sleet, battled against his rugged front. Not the slippery ice, nor the thick-falling snow, nor the whole artillery of elementary² warfare, could check the plodding perseverance of the man of the world, or tempt him to lose the chance which the morning, however unpropitious it seemed in its external aspect, might yield him of profiting by the turn of a fraction.

2. He was a stout-built, round-shouldered, squab-looking³ man, of a bearish aspect. His features were hard, and his heart was harder. You could read the interest-table in the wrinkles of his brow, trace the rise and fall of stocks⁴ by the look of his countenance, while avarice, selfishness, and money-getting glared from his gray, glassy eye. Nature had poured no balm into *his* breast, nor was his "gross and earthly mould" susceptible of pity. A single look of his would daunt the most importunate petitioner

that ever attempted to extract hard coin by the soft rhetoric of a heart-moving tale.

3. The wife of one whom he had known in better days pleaded before him for her sick husband and famishing infants. Jacob, on occasions like these, was a man of few words. He was as chary⁵ of them as of his money, and he let her come to the end of her tale without interruption. She paused for a reply, but he gave none. "Indeed, he is very ill, sir." "Can't help it." "We are very distressed." "Can't help it." "Our poor children, too ——?" "Can't help that either."

4. The petitioner's eye looked a mournful reproach, which would have interpreted itself to any other heart but his, "Indeed, you can;" but she was silent. Jacob felt more awkwardly than he had ever done in his life. His hand involuntarily scrambled about his breeches' pocket. There was something like the weakness of human nature stirring within him. Some coin had unconsciously worked its way into his hand—his fingers insensibly closed; but the effort to draw them forth, and the impossibility of effecting it without unclosing them, roused the dormant⁶ selfishness of his nature, and restored his self-possession.

5. "He has been very extravagant." "Ah, sir, he has been very unfortunate, not extravagant." "Unfortunate! Ah, it's the same thing. Little odds, I fancy. For my part, I wonder how folks *can* be unfortunate. *I* was never unfortunate. Nobody need be unfortunate if they look after the main chance.⁷ I always looked after the main chance." "He has had a large family to maintain." "Ah, married foolishly! no offence to you, ma'am. But when poor folks marry poor folks, what are they to look for, you know? Besides, he was so foolishly fond of assisting others. If a friend was sick, or in jail, out came his purse, and then his creditors might go whistle. Now, if he had married a woman with money, you know, why then ——"

6. The suppliant turned pale, and was near fainting. Jacob was alarmed; not that he sympathized, but a woman's fainting was a scene that he had not been used to: besides, there was an awkwardness about it; for Jacob was a bachelor.

7. Sixty summers had passed over his head without imparting a ray of warmth to his heart; without exciting one tender feeling for the sex, deprived of whose cheering presence the paradise of the world were a wilderness of weeds. So he desperately extracted a crown piece from the depth profound, and thrust it hastily into her hand. The action recalled her wandering senses. She blushed — it was the honest blush of pride at the meanness of the gift. She courtesied; staggered towards the door; opened it; closed it; raised her hand to her forehead, and burst into tears. . . .

¹ PLŪ'TYS. The god of wealth among the ancient Greeks.

² ĒL-E-MĒNT'A-RY. Relating to or explaining elements or first principles; *here*, of or belonging to one or more of the four elements, earth, air, water, fire.

³ SQUÂB-LOOK'ING (lûk-). Short and thick.

⁴ STÖCKS. Property or shares in a national or other public debt; *also*, shares in a corporation, such as a railroad company, a bank, &c.

⁵ CHÂR'Y. Sparing; careful.

⁶ DÖR'MANT. Slumbering; sleeping; suspended.

⁷ MĀIN CHÂNCE. That which best serves one's own interest.

XXX. — THE BOBOLINK.

IRVING.

[Washington Irving, author of "The Sketch Book," "Bracebridge Hall," "Astoria," "Life of Columbus," "Life of Washington," and various other well-known works, was born in the city of New York, April 8, 1783, and died November 28, 1859. Of all our writers, no one is so generally popular; and the universal favor with which his works are received is due, not merely to their great literary merits, their graceful style, rich humor, and unaffected pathos, but also to the fact that they are so strongly marked by the genial and amiable traits of the writer, which were conspicuous in his life, and made him beloved by all who knew him.

The following extract is taken from "Wolfert's Roost," one of his late pub-

lications, consisting of narratives, essays, and sketches, most of which originally appeared in the Knickerbocker Magazine.]

1. THE happiest bird of our spring, however, and one that rivals the European lark in my estimation, is the boblincon, or bobolink, as he is commonly called. He arrives at that choice portion of our year which, in this latitude, answers to the description of the month of May, so often given by the poets.

2. With us it begins about the middle of May, and lasts until nearly the middle of June. Earlier than this, winter is apt to return on its traces, and to blight the opening beauties of the year; and later than this, begin the parching, and panting, and dissolving heats of summer. But in this genial interval Nature is in all her freshness and fragrance: "the rains are over and gone, the flowers appear upon the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle¹ is heard in the land."

3. The trees are now in their fullest foliage and brightest verdure; the woods are gay with the clustered flowers of the laurel; the air is perfumed by the sweet-brier and the wild rose; the meadows are enamelled² with clover blossoms; while the young apple, the peach, and the plum begin to swell, and the cherry to glow among the green leaves.

4. This is the chosen season of revelry³ of the bobolink. He comes amidst the pomp and fragrance of the season; his life seems all sensibility and enjoyment, all song and sunshine. He is to be found in the soft bosoms of the freshest and sweetest meadows, and is most in song when the clover is in blossom. He perches on the topmost twig of a tree, or on some long, flaunting weed, and as he rises and sinks with the breeze, pours forth a succession of rich, tinkling notes, crowding one upon another, like the outpouring melody of the sky-lark, and possessing the same rapturous character.

5. Sometimes he pitches from the summit of a tree, begins his song as soon as he gets upon the wing, and flutters tremulously down to the earth, as if overcome with ecstasy at his own music. Sometimes he is in pursuit of his mate; always in full song, as if he would win her by his melody; and always with the same appearance of intoxication and delight.

6. Of all the birds of our groves and meadows the bobolink was the envy of my boyhood. He crossed my path in the sweetest weather, and the sweetest season of the year, when all nature called to the fields, and the rural feeling throbbed in every bosom; but when I, luckless urchin! was doomed to be mewed up, during the livelong day, in a school room. It seemed as if the little varlet⁴ mocked at me as he flew by in full song, and sought to taunt me with his happier lot.

7. O, how I envied him! No lessons, no task, no school; nothing but holiday, frolic, green fields, and fine weather. Had I been then more versed in poetry, I might have addressed him in the words of Logan to the cuckoo:—

“ Sweet bird, thy bower is ever green;
Thy sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year.

“ O, could I fly, I’d fly with thee;
We’d make, on joyful wing,
Our annual visit round the globe,
Companions of the spring.”

8. Further observation and experience have given me a different idea of this feathered voluptuary⁵, which I will venture to impart for the benefit of my young readers who may regard him with the same unqualified envy and admiration which I once indulged. I have shown him only as I saw him at first, in what I may call the poetical part of his career, when he in a manner devoted himself

to elegant pursuits and enjoyments, and was a bird of music, and song, and taste, and sensibility, and refinement. While this lasted he was sacred from injury; the very schoolboy would not fling a stone at him, and the merest rustic ⁶ would pause to listen to his strain.

9. But mark the difference. As the year advances, as the clover-blossoms disappear, and the spring fades into summer, he gradually gives up his elegant tastes and habits, doffs ⁷ his poetical suit of black, assumes a russet ⁸, dusty garb, and sinks to the gross enjoyments of common, vulgar birds. His notes no longer vibrate on the ear; he is stuffing himself with the seeds of the tall weeds on which he lately swung and chanted so melodiously. He has become a "bon-vivant ⁹," a "gourmand ¹⁰"; with him, now, there is nothing like the "joys of the table." In a little while he grows tired of plain, homely fare, and is off on a gastronomical ¹¹ tour in quest of foreign luxuries.

10. We next hear of him, with myriads of his kind, banqueting among the reeds of the Delaware, and grown corpulent ¹² with good feeding. He has changed his name in travelling. Boblincon no more—he is the reed-bird now, the much-sought-for tidbit of Pennsylvania epicures ¹³, the rival in unlucky fame of the ortolan! Wherever he goes, pop! pop! pop! every rusty firelock ¹⁴ in the country is blazing away. He sees his companions falling by thousands around him.

11. Does he take warning and reform? Alas! not he. Incurable ¹⁵ epicure! again he wings his flight. The rice swamps of the South invite him. He gorges himself among them almost to bursting; he can scarcely fly for corpulency. He has once more changed his name, and is now the famous rice-bird of the Carolinas. Last stage of his career: behold him spitted, with dozens of his corpulent companions, and served up, a vaunted dish, on the table of some southern gastronome.

12. Such is the story of the bobolink — once spiritual, musical, admired, the joy of the meadows, and the favorite bird of spring; finally, a gross little sensualist, who expiates his sensuality in the larder. His story contains a moral worthy the attention of all little birds and little boys; warning them to keep to those refined and intellectual pursuits which raised him to so high a pitch of popularity during the early part of his career, but to eschew¹⁶ all tendency to that gross and dissipated indulgence which brought this mistaken little bird to an untimely end.

¹ TŪR'TLE. The turtle-dove.

² ĒN-ĀM'ĒLLED. Overlaid with enamel, or adorned so as to resemble enamel; variegated.

³ RĒV'ĒL-RŸ. Festivity; jollity; carousal.

⁴ VĀR'LET. A servant or attendant; *also*, a rogue; a scapegrace.

⁵ VQ-LŪPT'Ū-Ā-RŸ. One given to pleasure and indulgence.

⁶ RŪS'TIC. An inhabitant of the country; a peasant.

⁷ DÖFFS. Puts off; lays aside.

⁸ RŪS'SET. A reddish-gray color.

⁹ BON-VIVANT (bŏn(g)'vĕ-vān(g)'). A good liver.

¹⁰ GÖUR'MAND. One fond of good eating; an epicure.

¹¹ GĀS-TRQ-NŌM'Ī-CĀL. Relating to good living; gluttonous.

¹² CÖR'PŪ-LĒNT. Fleishy; fat.

¹³ ĒP'Ī-CŪRE. One addicted to luxurious eating.

¹⁴ FĪRE'LÖCK. A gun.

¹⁵ ĪN-CÖR'RĪ-Ġ-BLE. That cannot be corrected.

¹⁶ ĒS-CHEW' (ĕs-chĕ'). Avoid; shun.

XXXI. — THE CHAMELEON.

MERRICK.

[James Merrick, the author of this popular poem, was an English clergyman, born in 1720, died in 1768.]

1. OFT has it been my lot to mark
A proud, conceited, talking spark¹,
With eyes that hardly served at most
To guard their master 'gainst a post;
Yet round the world the blade² has been,
To see whatever could be seen.

2. Returning from his finished tour³,
Grown ten times perter than before,
Whatever word you chance to drop,
The travelled fool your mouth will stop:
“Sir, if my judgment you’ll allow —
I’ve seen — and sure I ought to know.”
So begs you’d pay a due submission,
And acquiesce⁴ in his decision.
3. Two travellers of such a cast,
As o’er Arabia’s wilds they passed,
And on their way, in friendly chat,
Now talked of this, and then of that,
Discoursed a while, ’mongst other matter,
Of the chameleon’s⁵ form and nature.
4. “A stranger animal,” cries one,
“Sure never lived beneath the sun;
A lizard’s body, lean and long,
A fish’s head, a serpent’s tongue,
Its foot with triple claw disjoined⁶;
And what a length of tail behind!
How slow its pace! and then its hue —
Who ever saw so fine a blue!” —
5. “Hold there,” the other quick replies,
“’Tis green; I saw it with these eyes,
As late with open mouth it lay,
And warmed it in the sunny ray:
Stretched at its ease the beast I viewed,
And saw it eat the air for food.” —
6. “I’ve seen it, sir, as well as you,
And must again affirm it blue;

At leisure I the beast surveyed
Extended in the cooling shade."

7. "'Tis green, 'tis green, sir, I assure ye."
"Green!" cries the other in a fury:
"Why, sir, d'ye think I've lost my eyes?"
"Twere no great loss," the friend replies;
"For if they always serve you thus,
You'll find them of but little use."
8. So high at last the contest rose,
From words they almost came to blows:
When, luckily, came by a third;
To him the question they referred,
And begged he'd tell them, if he knew,
Whether the thing was green or blue.
9. "Sirs," cries the umpire⁷, "cease your pother⁸
The creature's neither one nor t'other.
I caught the animal last night,
And viewed it o'er by candle light;
I marked it well; 'twas black as jet.
You stare; but, sirs, I've got it yet,
And can produce it." — "Pray, sir, do;
I'll lay my life the thing is blue."
"And I'll be sworn, that when you've seen
The reptile⁹, you'll pronounce him green."
10. "Well, then, at once to end the doubt,"
Replies the man, "I'll turn him out;
And when before your eyes I've set him,
If you don't find him black, I'll eat him."
He said; and full before their sight
Produced the beast, and lo! — 'twas white.

11. Both stared ; the man looked wondrous wise :
 “ My children,” the chameleon cries,
 (Then first the creature found a tongue,)
 “ You all are right, and all are wrong :
 When next you talk of what you view,
 Think others see as well as you :
 Nor wonder if you find that none
 Prefers your eyesight to his own.”

¹ SPÄRK. A lively, showy man.

² BLÄDE. A gay, dashing fellow.

³ TÔUR. A journey.

⁴ AC-QUI-ËSCE' IN. Assent to ; submit to quietly.

⁵ CHA-MË'LE-QN. An animal of the lizard kind, noted for changing its color.

⁶ DIS-JÖINED'. Separated ; parted ; divided ; disunited.

⁷ ÛM'PIRE. A party, to whom a dispute or question between two of more is referred for settlement.

⁸ PÖTH'ER. Tumult ; bustle.

⁹ RËP'TILE. A creeping animal, as a snake, a lizard, &c.

XXXII. — THE PROGRESS OF HUMANITY.

SUMNER.

[Charles Sumner was born in Boston, January 6, 1811, and was graduated at Harvard College in 1830. He was admitted to the bar in 1834, and in 1837 visited Europe. Having become earnestly engaged in the anti-slavery cause, he was chosen to the Senate of the United States from the State of Massachusetts, in the winter of 1851, and still continues a member of that body, having been twice reëlected. He is well known for the energy and eloquence with which he has assailed the institution of slavery. His works, consisting of speeches and occasional addresses, have been published in three volumes, and are remarkable for fervid eloquence and abundant illustration.]

1. LET us, then, be of good cheer. From the great Law of Progress we may derive at once our duties and our encouragements. Humanity has ever advanced, urged by the instincts and necessities implanted by God, — thwarted¹ sometimes by obstacles which have caused it for a time — a moment only, in the immensity² of ages — to deviate from its true line, or to seem to retreat, — but still ever onward.

2. Amidst the disappointments which may attend individual exertions, amidst the universal agitations which now surround us, let us recognize this law, confident that whatever is just, whatever is humane, whatever is good, whatever is true, according to an immutable ordinance of Providence, in the golden light of the future, must prevail. With this faith, let us place our hands, as those of little children, in the great hand of God. He will ever guide and sustain us — through pains and perils, it may be — in the path of Progress.

3. In the recognition of this law, there are motives to beneficent activity, which shall endure to the last syllable of life. Let the young embrace it: they shall find in it an ever-living spring. Let the old cherish it still: they shall derive from it fresh encouragement. It shall give to all, both old and young, a new appreciation of their existence, a new sentiment of their force, a new revelation of their destiny.

4. Be it, then, our duty and our encouragement to live and to labor, ever mindful of the Future. But let us not forget the Past. All ages have lived and labored for us. From one has come art, from another jurisprudence³, from another the compass, from another the printing-press; from all have proceeded priceless lessons of truth and virtue. The earliest and most distant times are not without a present influence on our daily lives. The mighty stream of Progress, though fed by many tributary⁴ waters and hidden springs, derives something of its force from the earlier currents which leap and sparkle in the distant mountain recesses, over precipices, among rapids, and beneath the shade of the primeval⁵ forest.

5. Nor should we be too impatient to witness the fulfilment of our aspirations. The daily increasing rapidity of discovery and improvement, and the daily multiplying efforts of beneficence, in later years outstripping the im-

aginations of the most sanguine⁶, furnish well-grounded assurance that the advance of man will be with a constantly accelerating⁷ speed. The extending intercourse among the nations of the earth, and among all the children of the human family, gives new promises of the complete diffusion of Truth, penetrating the most distant places, chasing away the darkness of night, and exposing the hideous forms of slavery, of war, of wrong, which must be hated as soon as they are clearly seen.

6. Cultivate, then, a just moderation. Learn to reconcile⁸ order with change, stability with progress. This is a wise conservatism⁹; this is a wise reform. Rightly understanding these terms, who would not be a Conservative? who would not be a Reformer? — a conservative of all that is good, a reformer of all that is evil; a conservative of knowledge, a reformer of ignorance; a conservative of truths and principles whose seat is the bosom of God, a reformer of laws and institutions which are but the wicked or imperfect work of man; a conservative of that divine order which is found only in movement, a reformer of those earthly wrongs and abuses which spring from a violation of the great Law of human progress. Blending these two characters in one, let us seek to be, at the same time, REFORMING CONSERVATIVES, AND CONSERVATIVE REFORMERS.

- | | |
|--|---|
| ¹ THWÂRT'ED. Frustrated; hindered. | ⁶ SÂNGUINE. Hopeful; confident. |
| ² ÎM-MËN'SI-TÛ. Unlimited extent; infinity. | ⁷ ÂC-CËL'ËR-ÂT-ÎNG. Hastening; increasing. |
| ³ JÛ-RIS PRÛ'DËNCE. The science of law and right. | ⁸ RËC'ON-CÎLE. Restore to favor; cause to agree or harmonize. |
| ⁴ TRIB'Û-TÂ-RÛ. Paying tribute; yielding supplies. | ⁹ CÛN SËRV'Â-TÎSM. Adherence to existing institutions; disinclination to change. |
| ⁵ PRÎ-MË'VAL. Original; pertaining to the earliest ages; primitive. | |

XXXIII.—THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

WOODWORTH.

[Samuel Woodworth, the author of this pleasing and popular poem, was a native of Weymouth, in Massachusetts, and was born about 1790, and died in New York, at the age of about fifty. He was a printer by trade, and lived many years in Boston. He was a man of considerable literary talent, and published in New York a volume of fugitive pieces, called *Melodies, Duets, Trios, Songs, and Ballads*, which reached a third edition.

Woodworth was also the author of a well-known patriotic song, called the *Hunters of Kentucky*.]

1. How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view!
The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wild wood,
And every loved spot which my infancy knew;
The wide-spreading pond, and the mill which stood by it,
The bridge and the rock where the cataract¹ fell;
The cot of my father, the dairy-house² nigh it,
And e'en the rude bucket which hung in the well:
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket, which hung in the well.
2. That moss-covered vessel I hail as a treasure;
For often, at noon, when returned from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing!
And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell;
Then soon, with the emblem³ of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well:
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket arose from the well.
3. How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it,
As poised on the curb it inclined to my lips!
Not a full blushing goblet⁴ could tempt me to leave it
Though filled with the nectar⁵ that Jupiter sips.

And now, far removed from the loved situation,
 The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
 As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
 And sighs for the bucket which hangs in the well:
 The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
 The moss-covered bucket, which hangs in the well.

¹ CĀT'Ā-RĀCT. A waterfall.

² DĀI'RY-HÖŪSE. A place in which
 milk, cheese, and butter are kept.

³ ĒM'BLEM. An object which represents one thing to the eye and another to the mind. Water is called

the emblem of truth, because of its purity and clearness.

⁴ GÖB'LET. A large drinking cup,

⁵ NĒC'TAR. The drink of the heathen gods, of which Jupiter was supposed to be the chief.

XXXIV.—IVAN THE CZAR.

MRS. HEMANS.

[Ivan, the Czar of Russia, surnamed the Terrible, in his old age was besieging the city of Novgorod, in 1582. His nobles, perceiving that his powers were impaired by age, requested that the assault might be made under the command of his son. This proposal threw him into the greatest fury; and nothing could soothe him. His son threw himself at his feet; but his savage father repulsed him, and struck him so cruel a blow that the unhappy youth died from the effects of it in two days after. The father then sank into the deepest despair. He abandoned alike the conduct of the war and the government of the empire, and soon followed his son to the tomb.]

1. HE sat in silence on the ground,
 The old and haughty Czar¹;
 Lonely, though princes girt him round,
 And leaders of the war:
 He had cast his jewelled sabre²,
 That many a field had won,
 To the earth beside his youthful dead,
 His fair and first-born son.

2. With a robe of ermine³ for its bed
 Was laid that form of clay,

Where the light a stormy sunset shed,
Through the rich tent made way;
And a sad and solemn beauty
On the pallid face came down,
Which the lord of nations mutely watched,
In the dust with his renown.

3. Low tones, at last, of woe and fear
From his full bosom broke;—
A mournful thing it was to hear
How then the proud man spoke.
The voice that through the combat
Had shouted far and high,
Came forth in strange, dull, hollow tones,
Burdened with agony.
4. "There is no crimson on thy cheek,
And on thy lip no breath;
I call thee, and thou dost not speak—
They tell me this is death!
And fearful things are whispering
That I the deed have done—
For the honor of thy father's name,
Look up, look up, my son!
5. Well might I know death's hue and mien;
But on thine aspect, boy,
What, till this moment, have I seen,
Save pride and tameless joy?
Swiftest thou wert to battle,
And bravest there of all—
How could I think a warrior's frame
Thus like a flower should fall?
6. "I will not bear that still, cold look;
Rise up, thou fierce and free;

Wake as the storm wakes. I will brook
All, save this calm, from thee.
Lift brightly up and proudly
Once more thy kindling eyes!
Hath my word lost its power on earth?
I say to thee, Arise!

7. "Didst thou not know I loved thee well?
Thou didst not, and art gone
In bitterness of soul to dwell
Where man must dwell alone.
Come back, young fiery spirit,
If but for one hour, to learn
The secrets of the folded^s heart
That seemed to thee so stern.
8. "Thou wert the first, the first fair child,
That in mine arms I pressed;
Thou wert the bright one, that hast smiled
Like summer on my breast.
I reared thee as an eagle;
To the chase thy steps I led;
I bore thee on my battle horse;
I look upon thee — dead!
9. "Lay down my warlike banners here,
Never again to wave;
And bury my red sword and spear,
Chiefs, in my first born's grave.
And leave me! I have conquered,
I have slain; my work is done.
Whom have I slain? Ye answer not;
Thou too art mute, my son."
10. And thus his wild lament was poured
Through the dark, resounding night;

And the battle knew no more his sword,
 Nor the foaming steed his might.
 He heard strange voices moaning
 In every wind that sighed ;
 From the searching stars of heaven he shrank ;
 Humbly the conqueror died.

- | | |
|---|---|
| ¹ CZĀR (zār, or tzār). The title of the emperor of Russia.
² SĀ'BRE. A kind of sword, with a broad, heavy blade. | ³ ĒR'MINE. The fur of a small animal of the same name, of great value.
⁴ BROOK, (brūk). Bear ; endure.
⁵ FÖLD'ĘD. Reserved ; shut up ; close |
|---|---|

XXXV.—A LION HUNT.

GERARD.

[This lesson is taken from the Adventures of Gérard (zhā-rār') the Lion Killer, translated from the French by Charles E. Whitehead. Gérard was an officer in the French army employed in Algeria, in North Africa, which is now a French province. Being a man of courage and an admirable marksman, he succeeded in killing a great number of lions, and thus acquired a high reputation both among his own countrymen and the natives of the country. Lions commit such ravages among their cattle that he who destroys one is considered a great public benefactor. Gérard's adventures have been recently published in Paris, where they have attracted much attention. They are written in a very spirited style, and his daring feats are modestly narrated.]

1. ON the 4th of August, 1844, I received an invitation from the inhabitants of Mahouna,* the lion's paradise, which I immediately accepted. On my arrival, about sunset, I found the village surrounded by immense piles of light wood, arranged for the reception of the lion, that paid them nightly calls. I forbade their being kindled, and immediately selected the place I intended to occupy, in order to waylay him that very night, in case he should come as usual to prey on the herds.

2. Having by careful searching found the route by which

* Mahou'na is a place in the province of Guelma, in Algeria.

the animal usually came, I took my seat directly in his path, in spite of the remonstrances of the Arabs. Finding me fixed in my purpose, they brought me mats and cushions; and a smoking repast was soon placed by the side of the couch that was to serve me for the night.

3. My hosts remained with me till a late hour, telling many tragic stories of the strength and ferocity of the lion. As midnight approached, the party broke up, with many prayers for my success. I remained on the watch with a native corporal¹ in the French service, named Saadi, whose brother was chief of this country. He was armed with a carbine², and I with a double-barrelled rifle.

4. About one o'clock in the morning, my Arab friend, little accustomed to these night watches, pleaded guilty to being very sleepy, and stretched himself out behind me, where, to do him justice, he slept most soundly. I know many brave men who would not have done as much, while lying in wait for a lion. I had taken the precaution to have all the dogs tied up under the tents, so as to quiet their customary clamor; and now, in the dead silence around me, I could detect the faintest noise or motion.

5. Up to this time the heavens had been serene, and the moon clear; but soon clouds gathered in the west, and came scudding past before a warm, sultry wind; and a little later the sky was all overcast³, the moon disappeared, and the thunder rolled round us in heavy peals, announcing a coming tempest. Then the rain fell in torrents, and, drenching my companion, he awoke, and we consulted for a moment about returning. But while we were talking, an Arab called out from the tents, "Beware! the lion will come with the storm."

6. This decided me to remain at my post, and I covered the locks of my gun with the skirts of my coat. Soon the rain ceased; flashes of lightning played round the distant horizon⁴; and the moon, brighter than ever, came in and

out from the fleecy clouds over our heads. I took advantage of every one of these brief moments of clear sky to survey the country about me, and to examine every clump of trees or fallen log; and it was in one of these short luminous intervals that all of a sudden I thought I saw the lion. I waited breathless till the moon came out again. Yes, it was he! standing motionless only a few paces from the camp.

7. Accustomed to see fires lighted at every tent, to hear a hundred dogs barking in terror, and to see the men hurling lighted brands at him, he, without doubt, was at a loss to explain the rather suspicious silence that reigned around him.

8. While I was turning slowly round, in order to take better aim, without being seen by the animal, a cloud shut out the moon. I was seated with my left elbow on my knee, my rifle at my shoulder, watching, by turns, the lion, that I only recognized as a confused mass, and the passing cloud, the extent of which I anxiously contemplated.

9. At length it passed by; and the moonlight, dearer to me than the most beautiful sunshine, illumined the scene, and again showed me the lion, still standing in the same place. I saw him the better because he was so much raised above me; and he loomed up⁵ proudly magnificent, standing as he was in majestic repose, with his head high in air, and his flowing mane undulating⁶ in the wind and falling to his knees. It was a black lion, of noble form and the largest size. As he presented his side to me, I aimed just behind his shoulder, and fired.

10. I heard a fierce roar of mingled pain and rage echoing up the hills with the report of my gun, and then from under the smoke I saw the lion bounding upon me.

11. Saadi, roused the second time that night from his slumbers, sprang to his gun, and was about to fire over my shoulder. With a motion of my arm I pushed aside the

barrel of his gun, and when the beast, still roaring furiously, was within three steps of me, I fired my second barrel directly into his breast.

12. Before I could seize my companion's gun, the lion rolled at my feet, bathing them in the blood that gushed in torrents from his throat. He had fallen so near me that I could have touched him from where I stood.

13. In looking for the balls, I found the first one just behind the shoulder, where I had intended it to hit; but the second, that had been fired in haste, and almost at hazard, had given the mortal wound. From this moment I learned that it is not enough to aim correctly in order to kill a lion, and that it is a feat infinitely more serious than I had at first supposed.

14. It was a long while before the Arabs could believe that the lion was really dead, or venture into the presence of the fallen monarch of the forest. But when assured that their dread enemy, from whom they had suffered so much, could no longer harm them, they overwhelmed me with thanks and congratulations.

15. The men, with stately grace, kissed the hem of my garment, or my rifle that lay at my side, saying, "May God strengthen your arm and bless you."

16. The women kissed my hand, saying, "God bless the mother that bore you." The mothers lifted up their children in their arms, that they might touch me and kiss me, saying, "Don't be afraid; he only harms the lion; he is our friend and brother."

17. I can say, with all sincerity, that there were no voices so sweet as those which named my mother's name, that asked me her age, and when I had left her, if I ever heard from her now when far away, if I wanted to see her, and if she were ever coming to their country; and that ended their questions by invoking a thousand blessings on her honored head.

18. The death of the lion had truly been a blessing, since it summoned up to my mind such pleasant remembrances of a far-away home, and of a mother whom I so dearly loved. No sweeter praise could have been bestowed; no greater triumph could have been won.

¹ CÖR'PQ-RAL. A non-commissioned officer, the lowest in rank, in a company of soldiers.

² CÄR'BINE. A small gun, in size between a pistol and a musket, carried by cavalry.

Ö'VẸR-CÄST. Covered with clouds.

⁴ HỌ-RĪ'ZON. The line where the sky and earth appear to meet.

⁵ LÔÔMED ÛP. Stood up so as to be distinctly seen; appeared larger than reality.

⁶ ỖN'DỤ-LÄT-ING. Flowing; heaving as the waves of the sea move.

XXXVI.—THE WHALE FISHERY.

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

1. THE method of taking the whale, as practised by all nations, and for every species, is nearly as follows:—The whale is compelled to come frequently to the surface, for the purpose of breathing. The nearest boat approaches from behind, from which the harpoon¹ is launched into the huge carcass. This it is almost impossible to disengage, it being provided with two strong barbs².

2. If not instantly killed, the whale sinks, and sinks often to a great depth. Exhausted by the immense superincumbent³ pressure of the water, he sometimes comes up dead. Frequently he sinks only a short distance; but as soon as he rises, the whalers endeavor to plunge into him the lance, an instrument of the finest steel, sharpened with the keenness of the surgeon's lancet.

3. Attached to the harpoon is a line, which, as the animal is disposed to sink or dash through the waves, is suffered to run loose around a small post in the stern of the boat; and it often flies with such rapidity that the harpooner is enveloped in smoke, and it frequently becomes

necessary to pour on water, to prevent the friction of the rope on the post, from generating⁴ flame.

4. If the line becomes entangled while the whale is sinking, the boat sometimes rears one end aloft, and makes a majestic dive into the deep. In the contest the boat is sometimes dashed to shivers, and the men experience no pleasant immersion⁵, if they are fortunate enough to escape without broken limbs.

5. The whale, stung with the fatal wound, sometimes dashes along the surface with a deathlike energy; and the little boat, almost under water, flies with the velocity of the wind. If he escape, he escapes with a prize on which he has no cause of congratulation; for he carries, deeply buried in his body, one or more of the sharp instruments, and drags off several hundred fathoms of rope.

6. Our whalers have found irons in the carcass of a whale, known to have been planted there several years before, on another ocean. As the warp flies, it sometimes throws its coils around the body of a man, and dragging him over in a moment, carries him into the ocean depths, from which he never more emerges. Sometimes it only dislocates or breaks the legs and arms of the unfortunate men who become entangled in the folds.

7. A captain of a New London ship was caught by two coils of the warp, one around his body, and another around his leg. He had the presence of mind immediately to seize his knife, and after a while succeeded in cutting himself loose. He was carried, however, to a great depth, and when he returned to the surface, was almost exhausted.

8. The whale, when roused to desperation, makes an onset with his mouth only. Then he crushes a boat to atoms. A sperm whale⁶ once destroyed two boats of a Nantucket ship, and then attacked the ship; rushing with tremendous force against her side, he crushed in her planks, and thus made a breach from which she soon sunk.

9. The whaler sometimes roams for months without finding his prey; but he is buoyed up by the expectation of finally reaping the profits of a great voyage. To some minds the pursuit of such gigantic game has a tinge of the romantic. There must be a thrilling excitement in the adventurous chase.

“ The blood more stirs
To rouse a lion than to start a hare.”

10. Many become passionately attached to the business, notwithstanding its privations, and reluctantly leave it at last. They have moments of most pleasing anxiety, and meet with some incidents of the most enlivening cast.

11. On the south-east coast of Africa is Delego Bay, a calm, smooth place, frequented by vessels from various parts of the world. In this bay, a few years since,* a whale was observed almost equally distant from an American and an English ship. From both, the boats were lowered, manned, and pushed off in an instant. They sped with the velocity of the wind. The English, at first ahead, perceiving their rivals gaining on them, bore wide off⁷ to keep them out of reach of the whale.

12. When the two boats were nearly abreast, one of the American sailors leaped from his seat, and with extraordinary agility hurled the ponderous⁸ harpoon over the English boat. It struck the monster in the vital part; the English boat shrunk back under the warp; the waves were crimsoned with blood; and the American took possession, while the whole bay echoed and reëchoed with repeated shouts of applause.

¹ HĀR-PÔŌN'. A lance with a long shank, and a broad, triangular, flat head, sharpened at both ends.

² BARBŞ. Points turned backwards in an arrow, fish-hook, or other in-

strument for piercing, to prevent its being extracted.

³ SŪ-PĒR-IN-CŪM'BĒNT. Lying over or upon.

⁴ ĞĒN'ĒR-ĀT-İNG. Producing.

* Written in 1834.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>⁶ IM-MËR'SIÖN. Act of putting wholly under water or other fluid, or the state of being wholly under water ; a ducking.</p> <p>⁶ SPËRM WHĀLE. A blunt-headed</p> | <p>whale from which spermaceti is extracted.</p> <p>⁷ BEĀR WĪDE ÖFF. To keep away at a distance from any thing.</p> <p>⁸ PÖN'DËR-OÛS. Heavy.</p> |
|--|--|

XXXVII.—THE SOLITUDE OF ALEXANDER SELKIRK.

COWPER.

[In 1704, Alexander Selkirk, a Scotchman, who was sailing-master of an English privateer, in consequence of a quarrel with the captain, was put ashore, at his own request, on the uninhabited island of Juan Fernandez, which lies about four hundred miles from the coast of Chili. He was well supplied with clothing, instruments, and arms, and remained on the island in solitude over four years, when he was taken off by an English vessel. His story is supposed to have suggested the well-known romance of Robinson Crusoe. This poem expresses the sentiments Selkirk may be imagined to have felt while on his solitary island.]

1. I AM monarch of all I survey ;
 My right there is none to dispute ;
 From the centre all round to the sea,
 I am lord of the fowl and the brute.
 O Solitude ! where are the charms
 That sages have seen in thy face ?
 Better dwell in the midst of alarms
 Than reign in this horrible place.

2. I am out of humanity's¹ reach ;
 I must finish my journey alone ;
 Never hear the sweet music of speech ;
 I start at the sound of my own.
 The beasts that roam over the plain
 My form with indifference see :
 They are so unacquainted with man,
 Their tameness is shocking to me.

3. Society, friendship, and love,
Divinely bestowed upon man,
O, had I the wings of a dove,
How soon would I taste you again!
My sorrows I then might assuage²
In the ways of religion and truth;
Might learn from the wisdom of age,
And be cheered by the sallies³ of youth.
4. Religion! what treasure untold
Resides in that heavenly word!
More precious than silver and gold,
Or all that this earth can afford.
But the sound of the church-going bell
These valleys and rocks never heard,
Ne'er sighed at the sound of a knell⁴,
Or smiled when a Sabbath appeared.
5. Ye winds, that have made me your sport,
Convey to this desolate shore
Some cordial⁵, endearing report
Of a land I shall visit no more:
My friends, do they now and then send
A wish or a thought after me?
O, tell me I yet have a friend,
Though a friend I am never to see.
6. How fleet is a glance of the mind!
Compared with the speed of its flight.
The tempest itself lags behind,
And the swift-wingéd arrows of light.
When I think of my own native land,
In a moment I seem to be there;
But, alas! recollection⁶ at hand
Soon hurries me back to despair.

7. But the sea-fowl is gone to her nest,
 The beast is laid down in his lair⁷;
 Even here is a season of rest,
 And I to my cabin repair.
 There's mercy in every place;
 And mercy, encouraging thought!
 Gives even affliction a grace,
 And reconciles man to his lot.

- | | |
|--|---|
| ¹ HU-MĀN'ĭ-TY. The nature of man;
the human race; mankind.
² AŞ-SUĀĖ' (-swāj'). Soften; allay;
moderate; soothe.
³ SĀL'LĭEŞ. Quick or sprightly exer-
tions or sayings; frolics. | ⁴ KNĒLL. Sound of a bell rung at a
funeral, or announcing a death.
⁵ CÖRD'IĀL. Comforting; hearty.
⁶ RĒC-QL-LĒC'TĪON. Act of recalling
to mind things once known.
⁷ LĀIR. Bed or couch of a wild beast |
|--|---|

XXXVIII.—THE AMERICAN INDIAN.

CHARLES SPRAGUE.

[Charles Sprague was born in Boston, October 25, 1791, and has constantly resided here. His longer poems are fervid and brilliant, and polished in their versification. He has written many charming small pieces. The following extract is taken from a fourth of July oration.]

1. Not many generations ago, where you now sit, circled with all that exalts and embellishes civilized life, the rank thistle nodded in the wind, and the wild fox dug his hole unscared. Here lived and loved another race of beings. Beneath the same sun that rolls over your heads, the Indian hunter pursued the panting deer; gazing on the same moon that smiles for you, the Indian lover wooed his dusky¹ mate.

2. Here the wigwam² blaze beamed on the tender and helpless, the council fire glared on the wise and daring. Now they dipped their noble limbs in your sedgy³ lakes, and now they paddled the light canoe along your rocky shores. Here they warred; the echoing whoop⁴, the

bloody grapple, the defying death-song, all were here; and when the tiger strife was over, here curled the smoke of peace.

3. Here, too, they worshipped; and from many a dark bosom went up a pure prayer to the Great Spirit. He had not written his laws for them on tables^s of stone, but he had traced them on the tables of their hearts. The poor child of nature knew not the God of revelation, but the God of the universe he acknowledged in every thing around.

4. He beheld him in the star that sunk in beauty behind his lonely dwelling; in the sacred orb that flamed on him from his midday throne; in the flower that snapped in the morning breeze; in the lofty pine, that defied a thousand whirlwinds; in the timid warbler, that never left its native grove; in the fearless eagle, whose untired pinion was wet in clouds; in the worm that crawled at his feet; and in his own matchless form, glowing with a spark of that light, to whose mysterious source he bent, in humble, though blind adoration.

5. And all this has passed away. Across the ocean came a pilgrim bark, bearing the seeds of life and death. The former were sown for you; the latter sprang up in the path of the simple native. Two hundred years have changed the character of a great continent, and blotted forever from its face a whole peculiar people. Art has usurped the bowers of nature, and the children of education have been too powerful for the tribes of the ignorant.

6. Here and there a stricken few remain; but how unlike their bold, untamed, untamable progenitors⁶! The Indian, of falcon glance and lion bearing, the theme of the touching ballad, the hero of the pathetic tale, is gone! and his degraded offspring crawl upon the soil where he walked in majesty, to remind us how miserable is man when the foot of the conqueror is on his neck.

7. As a race, they have withered from the land. Their arrows are broken, their springs are dried up, their cabins are in the dust. Their council-fire has long since gone out on the shore, and their war-cry is fast dying to the untrodden west. Slowly and sadly they climb the distant mountains, and read their doom in the setting sun. They are shrinking before the mighty tide which is pressing them away; they must soon hear the roar of the last wave, which will settle over them forever.

¹ DŪSK'Y. Dark colored.

² WIG'WĀM. An Indian hut or cabin.

³ SĒDQ'Y. Filled with or having sedge,
a grass-like or rush-like plant.

⁴ WHÔÔP. A loud shout or cry.

⁵ TĀ'BLEŞ. Tablets; plane surfaces.

⁶ PRO-QĒN'Ī-TQŞ. Ancestors; fore-
fathers.

XXXIX.—MOUNT AUBURN.

STORY.

[Joseph Story was born in Marblehead, Massachusetts, September 18, 1779, and died in Cambridge, September 10, 1845. He was a judge of the Supreme Court of the United States from 1811 till his death. He was eminent as a judge, a juridical writer, and a teacher of law. The following extract is from an address delivered at the consecration of the cemetery of Mount Auburn, September 24, 1831.]

1. WE stand here upon the borders of two worlds; and, as the mood of our minds may be, we may gather lessons of profound wisdom by contrasting the one with the other, or indulge in the dreams of hope and ambition, or solace our hearts by melancholy meditations.

2. Who is there, that, in the contemplation of such a scene, is not ready to exclaim, with the enthusiasm of the poet:

“ Mine be the breezy hill that skirts the down¹,

Where a green, grassy turf is all I crave,

With here and there a violet bestrown,

Fast by a brook, or fountain's murmuring wave;

And may the evening sun shine sweetly on my grave.”

3. What a multitude of thoughts crowd upon the mind in the contemplation of such a scene! How much of the future, even in its far-distant reaches², rises before us with all its persuasive realities! Take but one little, narrow space of time, and how affecting are its associations! Within the flight of one half century, how many of the great, the good, and the wise will be gathered here!

4. How many in the loveliness of infancy, the beauty of youth, the vigor of manhood, and the maturity of age, will lie down here, and dwell in the bosom of their mother earth! The rich and the poor, the gay and the wretched, the favorites of thousands, and the forsaken of the world, the stranger in his solitary grave, and the patriarch surrounded by the kindred of a long lineage³! How many will here bury their brightest hopes, or blasted expectations! How many bitter tears will here be shed! How many agonizing sighs will here be heaved! How many trembling feet will cross the pathways, and, returning, leave behind them the dearest objects of their reverence or their love!

5. And if this were all, sad indeed, and funereal, would be our thoughts; gloomy indeed would be these shades, and desolate these prospects.

6. But — thanks be to God — the evils which He permits have their attendant mercies, and are blessings in disguise. The bruised reed will not be utterly laid prostrate. The wounded heart will not always bleed. The voice of consolation will spring up in the midst of the silence of these regions of death. The mourner will revisit these shades with a secret, though melancholy pleasure. The hand of friendship will delight to cherish the flowers and the shrubs that fringe the lowly grave or the sculptured monument. The earliest beams of the morning will play upon these summits with a refreshing cheerfulness, and the lingering tints of evening hover on them with a tranquillizing glow.

7. Spring will invite hither the footsteps of the young by its opening foliage, and autumn detain the contemplative by its latest bloom. The votary of learning and science will here learn to elevate his genius by the holiest studies. The devout will here offer up the silent tribute of pity, or the prayer of gratitude. The rivalries of the world will here drop from the heart; the spirit of forgiveness will gather new impulses; the selfishness of avarice will be checked; the restlessness of ambition will be rebuked; vanity will let fall its plumes; and pride, as it sees "what shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue," will acknowledge the value of virtue as far, immeasurably far, beyond that of fame.

8. But that which will be ever present, pervading these shades like the noonday sun, and shedding cheerfulness around, is the consciousness, the irrepressible consciousness, amidst all these lessons of human mortality, of the higher truth, that we are beings, not of time, but of eternity; that "this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality;" that this is but the threshold and starting point of an existence, compared with whose duration the ocean is but as a drop — nay, the whole creation an evanescent⁴ quantity.

<p>¹ DŌWN. A tract of poor, naked, hilly land.</p> <p>² REACH'ES. Extent; extension; spaces of considerable extent.</p>	<p>³ LIN'E AGE. Descendents in a direct line.</p> <p>⁴ EV-Ā-NĒS'CENT. Vanishing; fleeting; transitory.</p>
---	--

XL.—A BATTLE IN THE HIGHLANDS.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

[This lesson is from "The Lady of the Lake," a narrative poem.]

1. THERE is no breeze upon the fern,
 No ripple on the lake,
Upon her eyry¹ nods the erne²,
 The deer has sought the brake;
The small birds will not sing aloud,
 The springing trout lies still,
So darkly glooms yon thunder-cloud,
That swathes³, as with a purple shroud,
 Benledi's⁴ distant hill.
2. Is it the thunder's solemn sound
 That mutters deep and dread,
Or echoes from the groaning ground
 The warrior's measured tread?
Is it the lightning's quivering glance
 That on the thicket streams,
Or do they flash on spear and lance
 The sun's retiring beams?
3. I see the dagger-crest of Mar⁵,
I see the Moray's⁵ silver star,
Wave o'er the cloud of Saxon war,
That up the lake comes winding far!
 To hero bound for battle strife
 Or bard of martial lay,
 'Twere worth ten years of peaceful life,
 One glance at their array.
4. Their light-armed archers far and near
 Surveyed the tangled ground;
Their centre ranks, with pike and spear,
 A twilight forest frowned;
Their barbed horsemen, in the rear,

The stern battalia⁶ crowned.
No cymbal⁷ clashed, no clarion⁸ rang,
Still were the pipe⁹ and drum;
Save heavy tread and armor's clang,
Their sullen march was dumb.

5. There breathed no wind their crests to shake,
Or wave their flags abroad;
Scarce the frail aspen seemed to quake,
That shadowed o'er their road.
Their vaward¹⁰ scouts no tidings bring,
Can rouse no lurking foe,
Nor spy a trace of living thing,
Save when they stirred the roe¹¹;
The host moves, like a deep-sea wave,
Where rise no rocks its pride to brave,
High-swelling, dark, and slow.
6. The lake is passed, and now they gain
A narrow and a broken plain
Before the Trosachs'¹² rugged jaws;
And here the horse and spearmen pause,
While, to explore the dangerous glen,
Dive through the pass the archer-men.
7. At once there rose so wild a yell
Within that dark and narrow dell,
As all the fiends from heaven that fell,
Had pealed the banner-cry of hell!
Forth from the pass in tumult driven,
Like chaff before the wind of heaven,
The archery appear:
For life! for life! their flight they ply;
And shriek, and shout, and battle-cry,
And plaids and bonnets waving high,
And broadswords flashing to the sky,
Are maddening in the rear.

Onward they drive, in dreadful race,
Pursuers and pursued;
Before that tide of flight and chase
How shall it keep its rooted place,
The spearmen's twilight wood?

8. "Down, down," cried Mar, "your lances down!
Bear back both friend and foe!"
Like reeds before the tempest's frown,
That serried ¹³ grove of lances brown
At once lay levelled low;
And closely shouldering side to side
The bristling ranks the onset bide.
"We'll quell the savage mountaineer
As their tinchell ¹⁴ crows the game!
They come as fleet as forest deer,
We'll drive them back as tame."

9. Bearing before them, in their course,
The relics of the archer force,
Like wave with crest of sparkling foam,
Right onward did Clan-Alpine come.
Above their tide each broadsword bright
Was brandishing like beam of light,
Each targe ¹⁵ was dark below;
And with the ocean's mighty swing,
When heaving to the tempest's wing,
They hurled them on the foe.

10. I heard the lance's shivering crash,
As when the whirlwind rends the ash;
I heard the broadsword's deadly clang,
As if a hundred anvils rang;
But Moray wheeled his rearward rank
Of horsemen on Clan-Alpine's flank ¹⁶;
"My banner-man advance!

“I see,” he cried, “their column shake —
Now, gallants! for your ladies’ sake,
Upon them with the lance!” —

11. The horsemen dashed among the rout,
As deer break through the broom;
Their steeds are stout, their swords are out;
They soon make lightsome room.
Clan-Alpine’s best are backward borne, —
Where, where was Roderick, then?
One blast upon his bugle-horn
Were worth a thousand men.

12. And refluant¹⁷ through the pass of fear
The battle’s tide was poured;
Vanished the Saxon’s struggling spear,
Vanished the mountain sword.
As Bracklinn’s chasm, so black and steep,
Receives her roaring linn¹⁸,
As the dark caverns of the deep
Suck the wild whirlpool in,
So did the deep and darksome pass
Devour the battle’s mingled mass:
None linger now upon the plain,
Save those who ne’er shall fight again.

¹ EYR’Y (ár’ę). A place where birds of prey build their nests.

² ĒRNE. The sea eagle.

³ SWĀTHEŞ. Encloses; winds about.
⁴ BEN-LĒD’Ī. A mountain in Scotland.

⁵ MAR. } Names of Highland chief-
⁶ MO-RAY. } tains.

⁷ BAT-TĀL’ĪA Order of battle.

⁸ CŶM’BAL. A musical instrument, consisting of two pieces of metal which are struck together.

⁹ CLĀR’Ī-QN. A kind of trumpet of a shrill, clear tone.

¹⁰ PĪPE. A bagpipe; a musical instrument common in Scotland.

¹¹ VĀ’WARD. Vanward; advanced.

¹² RŌE. Roebuck; a small species of deer.

¹³ TRŌS’ACHŞ. A narrow pass in Scotland.

¹⁴ SĒR’RIED. Close; compact.

¹⁵ TĪN’CHĒLL. A circle of sportsmen, who enclose and drive in the deer,

¹⁶ TĀRĜE. Target; a shield.

¹⁷ FLĀNK. Side of an army.

¹⁸ RĒF’LŪ-ĒNT. Flowing back.

¹⁹ LINN. A waterfall.

XLI. — ANECDOTE OF RICHARD JACKSON.

LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW.

1. DURING the war of independence in North America, a plain farmer, Richard Jackson by name, was apprehended, under such circumstances as proved, beyond all doubt, his purpose of joining the king's forces, an intention which he was too honest to deny; accordingly, he was delivered over to the high sheriff, and committed to the county jail. The prison was in such a state that he might have found little difficulty in escaping; but he considered himself as in the hands of authority, such as it was, and the same principle of duty which led him to take arms, made him equally ready to endure the consequences.

2. After lying there a few days, he applied to the sheriff for leave to go out and work by day, promising that he would return regularly at night. His character for simple integrity was so well known, that permission was given without hesitation; and, for eight months, Jackson went out every day to labor, and as duly came back to prison at night. In the month of May, the sheriff prepared to conduct him to Springfield, where he was to be tried for high treason¹. Jackson said this would be a needless trouble and expense; he could save the sheriff both, and go just as well by himself.

3. His word was once more taken, and he set off alone to present himself for trial and certain condemnation. On the way he was overtaken in the woods by Mr. Edwards a member of the council of Massachusetts, which, at that time, was the supreme executive² of the state. This gentleman asked him whither he was going. "To Springfield, sir," was his answer, "to be tried for my life." To this casual³ interview Jackson owed his escape, when

having been found guilty, and condemned to death, application was made to the council for mercy.

4. The evidence and the sentence were stated, and the president put the question whether a pardon should be granted. It was opposed by the first speaker: the case, he said, was perfectly clear; the act was unquestionably high treason, and the proof complete; and if mercy was shown in this case, he saw no reason why it should not be granted in every other.

5. Few governments have understood how just and politic⁴ it is to be merciful: this hard-hearted opinion accorded with the temper of the times, and was acquiesced⁵ in by one member after another, till it came to Mr. Edwards's turn to speak. Instead of delivering his opinion, he simply related the whole story of Jackson's singular demeanor⁶, and what had passed between them in the woods.

6. For the honor of Massachusetts, and of human nature, be it said, not a man was found to weaken its effect by one of those dry, legal remarks, which, like a blast of the desert, wither the heart they reach. The council began to hesitate, and, when a member ventured to say that such a man certainly ought not to be sent to the gallows, a natural feeling of humanity and justice prevailed, and a pardon was immediately made out.

7. Never was a stronger proof exhibited that honesty is wisdom. And yet it was not the man's honesty, but his childlike simplicity, which saved his life; without that simplicity his integrity would have availed him little: in fact, it was his crime; for it was for doing what, according to the principles wherein he had been born and bred, he believed to be his duty, that he was brought to trial and condemned. This it is which renders civil and religious wars so peculiarly dreadful; and, in the history of such

wars, every incident, which serves to reconcile us to humanity, ought carefully to be preserved.

¹ HĪGH TRĒA'ŞON. The crime of attempting to overthrow the government.

² ĒĶ-ĒC'Ū-TĪVE. The person or persons that execute the laws of a state.

³ CĀŞ'Ū-ĀL. Happening by chance; accidental.

⁴ PŌL'Ī-TĪC. Prudent; judicious.

⁵ ĀC-QUI-ĒSCED' ĪN. Assented to; agreed to.

⁶ DĒ-MĒAN'ŌR. Behavior.

XLII. — THE ATMOSPHERE.

QUARTERLY REVIEW.

1. THE atmosphere rises above us, with its cathedral¹ dome, arching towards the heavens, to which it is the most familiar synonyme² and symbol. It floats around us like that grand object which the apostle John saw in his vision — “a sea of glass like unto crystal.” So massive is it, that, when it begins to stir, it tosses about great ships like playthings, and sweeps cities and forests to destruction before it. And yet it is so mobile³, that we live years in it before we can be persuaded that it exists at all; and the great bulk of mankind never realize the truth that they are bathed in an ocean of air. Its weight is so enormous that iron shivers before it like glass; yet a soap bubble sails through it with impunity, and the tiniest insect waves it aside with its wing.

2. It ministers lavishly to all the senses. We touch it not; but it touches us. Its warm south wind brings back color to the pale face of the invalid; its cool west winds refresh the fevered brow, and make the blood mantle in our cheeks; even its northern blasts brace into new vigor the hardy children of our rugged clime.

3. The eye is indebted to it for all the magnificence of sunrise, the full brightness of midday, the chastened⁴

radiance of the “gloaming⁵,” and the “clouds that cradle near the setting sun.” But for it the rainbow would want its “triumphal arch,” and the winds would not send their fleecy messengers on errands round the heavens. The cold weather would not shed its snow feathers on the earth, nor would drops of dew gather on the flowers. The kindly rain would never fall, nor hailstorm nor fog diversify⁶ the face of the sky. Our naked globe would turn its tanned and unshadowed forehead to the sun, and one dreary, monotonous blaze of light and heat dazzle and burn up all things.

4. Were there no atmosphere, the evening sun would in a moment set, and without warning plunge the earth in darkness. But the air keeps in her hand a sheaf of his rays, and lets them slip slowly through her fingers; so that the shadows of evening gather by degrees, and the flowers have time to bow their heads, and each creature space to find a place of rest, and nestle to repose. In the morning, the gairish⁷ sun would at once burst from the bosom of night, and blaze above the horizon; but the air watches for his coming, and sends at first one little ray to announce his approach, and then another, and by and by a handful; and so gently draws aside the curtain of night, and slowly lets the light fall on the face of the sleeping earth, till her eyelids open, and, like man, she “goeth forth again to her labor till the evening.”

¹ ČA-THĚ'DRAL. A church of very large size.

² SŤN'Q-NŤME. One of two or more words having the same or a similar meaning.

³ MÖB'ILE. Movable; light.

⁴ CHĀST'ENED (chā'snd). Pure.

⁵ GLŌAM'ING. Twilight.

⁶ Dĭ-VĚR'Sĭ-FŤ. Give variety to.

⁷ GAIR'ISH. Gaudy; brightly shining

XLIII. — SONG OF THE UNION.

CUMMINGS.

[Rev. Dr. Cummings, a Catholic clergyman, was pastor of St. Stephen's Church, New York. He died January 4, 1866.]

1. ERE peace and freedom, hand in hand,
Went forth to bless this happy land,
And make it their abode,
It was the footstool of a throne;
But now no master here is known —
No king is feared but God.
2. Americans uprose in might,
And triumphed in the unequal fight,
For union made them strong;
Union! the magic battle-cry,
That hurled the tyrant from on high,
And crushed his hireling throng!
3. That word since then hath shone on high,
In starry letters to the sky —
It is our country's name!
What impious hand shall rashly dare
Down from its lofty peak to tear
The banner of her fame?
4. The spirits of the heroic dead,
Who for Columbia fought and bled,
Would curse the dastard son
Who should betray their noble trust,
And madly trample in the dust,
The charter¹ which they won.
5. From vast Niagara's gurgling roar
To Sacramento's golden shore,

From east to western wave,
 The blended² vows of millions rise,
 Their voice reëchoes to the skies —
 “The Union we must save!”

6. The God of nations, in whose name
 The sacred laws obedience claim,
 Will bless our fond endeavor
 To dwell as brethren here below;
 The Union, then, come weal³, come woe,
 We will preserve forever!

¹ CHÄR'TER. A written instrument, | ² BLÉND'ED. Mingled.
 bestowing rights or privileges. | ³ WÉAL. Happiness; prosperity.

XLIV. — THE BURIAL OF MOSES.

[“ And he buried him in a valley in the land of Moab, over against Bethpeor but no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day.” — *Deut.* xxxiv. 6.]

1. BY Nebo's lonely mountain,
 On this side Jordan's wave,
 In a vale in the land of Moab,
 There lies a lonely grave.
 And no man dug that sepulchre,
 And no man saw it e'er;
 For the angels of God upturned the sod,
 And laid the dead man there.
2. That was the grandest funeral
 That ever passed on earth;
 But no man heard the trampling,
 Or saw the train go forth.
 Noiselessly as the daylight
 Comes when the night is done,

And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek
Grows into the great sun, —

3. Noiselessly as the spring time
Her crown of verdure weaves,
And all the trees on all the hills
Open their thousand leaves, —
So, without sound of music
Or voice of them that wept,
Silently down from the mountain crown
The great procession swept.
4. Perchance the bald old eagle,
On gray Bethpeor's height,
Out of his rocky eyry
Looked on the wondrous sight.
Perchance the lion stalking¹,
Still shuns that hallowed spot,
For beast and bird have seen and heard
That which man knoweth not.
5. But when the warrior dieth,
His comrades in the war,
With arms reversed and muffled² drum,
Follow the funeral car.
They show the banners taken,
They tell his battles won,
And after him lead his masterless steed,
While peals the minute gun.
6. Amid the noblest of the land
Men lay the sage to rest,
And give the bard an honored place
With costly marble dressed.
In the great minster transept³,

Where lights like glories fall,
And the sweet choir ⁴ sings, and the organ rings,
Along the emblazoned ⁵ wall.

7. This was the bravest warrior
That ever buckled sword ;
This the most gifted poet
That ever breathed a word ;
And never earth's philosopher
Traced, with his golden pen,
On the deathless page, truths half so sage,
As he wrote down for men.
8. And had he not high honor ?
The hill side for his pall ;
To lie in state while angels wait
With stars for tapers tall ;
And the dark rock pines, like tossing plumes,
Over his bier to wave ;
And God's own hand, in that lonely land,
To lay him in the grave ;
9. In that deep grave, without a name,
Whence his uncoffined clay
Shall break again — most wondrous thought ! —
Before the judgment day,
And stand with glory wrapped around
On the hills he never trod,
And speak of the strife that won our life,
With the Incarnate ⁶ Son of God.
10. O lonely tomb in Moab's land,
O dark Bethpeor's hill,
Speak to these curious hearts of ours,
And teach them to be still.

God hath his mysteries of grace —
 Ways that we cannot tell;
 He hides them deep, like the secret sleep
 Of him he loved so well.

¹ STÂLK'ING. Stealthily walking in search of prey.

² MŪF'LED. Having something wound round so as to render the sound low or solemn.

³ MĪN'STER TRĀN'SĒPT. A *minster* is a monastie or a cathedral church. The ground plan of minsters is usually in the form of a cross, with one long aisle and a short one crossing it. The cross aisle is

called the *transept*. The transept divides the long aisle into two unequal parts, the longer of which is called the *nave*, and the other the *choir*.

⁴ CHOÏR. A band of singers in church service; *also*, the part of a church where the singers are placed.

⁵ ĖM-BLĀ'ZONĖD. Adorned with armorial ensigns or badges.

⁶ ĨN-CĀR'NĀTE. Embodied in flesh.

XLV.—MOTIVES TO INTELLECTUAL ACTION IN AMERICA.

GEORGE S. HILLARD.

1. THE motives to intellectual¹ action press upon us with peculiar force, in our country, because the connection is here so immediate between character and happiness, and because there is nothing between us and ruin, but intelligence which sees the right, and virtue which pursues it. There are such elements of hope and fear, mingled in the great experiment which is here trying, the results are so momentous to humanity, that all the voices of the past and the future seem to blend in one sound of warning and entreaty, addressing itself not only to the general, but to the individual ear.

2. By the wrecks of shattered states, by the quenched lights of promise that once shone upon man, by the long-deferred hopes of humanity, by all that has been done and suffered in the cause of liberty, by the martyrs that died before the sight, by the exiles whose hearts have

been crushed in dumb despair, by the memory of our fathers and their blood in our veins,—it calls upon us, each and all, to be faithful to the trust which God has committed to our hands.

3. That fine natures should here feel their energies palsied by the cold touch of indifference, that they should turn to Westminster Abbey* or the Alps, or the Vatican,† to quicken their flagging pulses, is of all mental anomalies² the most inexplicable. The danger would seem to be rather that the spring of a sensitive mind may be broken by the weight of obligation that rests upon it, and that the stimulant, by its very excess, may become a narcotic³.

4. The poet must not plead his delicacy of organization as an excuse for dwelling apart in trim gardens of leisure, and looking at the world only through the loopholes of his retreat. Let him fling himself, with a gallant heart, upon the stirring life, that heaves and foams around him. He must call home his imagination from those spots on which the light of other days has thrown its pensive charm, and be content to dwell among his own people. The future and the present must inspire him, and not the past. He must transfer to his pictures the glow of morning, and not the hues of sunset.

5. He must not go to any foreign Pharpar or Abana‡ for the sweet influences which he may find in that familiar stream, on whose banks he has played as a child, and inused as a man. Let him dedicate his powers to the best interests of his country. Let him sow the seeds of beauty along that dusty road, where humanity toils and sweats in the sun. Let him spurn the baseness which ministers food to the passions, that blot out in man's

* WEST-MIN'STER AB'BEY. A church in London, where there are monuments to many of England's great men.

† VĀT'I-CĀN. A palace and museum of art in Rome.

‡ PHĀR'PAR AND ĀB'Ā-NA. Names of rivers in Syria. See 2 Kings v. 12.

soul the image of God. Let not his hands add one seductive charm to the unzoned form of pleasure, nor twine the roses of his genius around the reveller's wine-cup.

6. Let him mingle with his verse those grave and high elements befitting him around whom the air of freedom blows, and upon whom the light of heaven shines. Let him teach those stern virtues of self-control and self-renunciation, of faith and patience, of abstinence and fortitude, — which constitute the foundations alike of individual happiness, and of national prosperity. Let him help to rear up this great people to the stature and symmetry of a moral manhood. Let him look abroad upon this young world in hope and not in despondency.

7. Let him not be repelled by the coarse surface of material life. Let him survey it with the piercing insight of genius, and in the reconciling spirit of love. Let him find inspiration wherever man is found ; — in the sailor singing at the windlass⁴ ; in the roaring flames of the furnace ; in the dizzy spindles of the factory ; in the regular beat of the thresher's flail ; in the smoke of the steamship ; in the whistle of the locomotive. Let the mountain wind blow courage into him. Let him pluck, from the stars of his own wintry sky, thoughts, serene as their own light, lofty as their own place. Let the purity of the majestic heavens flow into his soul. Let his genius soar upon the wings of faith, and charm with the beauty of truth.

¹ IN-TEL-LĒCT'Ū-ĀL. Mental ; relating to the intellect.

² Ā-NŌM'Ā-LĪEŞ. Irregularities ; deviations from rule.

³ NĀR-CŌT'İC. A chemical agent producing sleep or stupor.

⁴ WİND'LASS. A machine for drawing towards itself heavy burdens.

XLVI. — THE PINE TREE SHILLINGS.

HAWTHORNE.

[Nathaniel Hawthorne was an American author, remarkable for his original genius and the transparent beauty of his style. He was born July 4, 1804, and died May 19, 1864. This lesson is taken from a work written by him, called the *Whole History of Grandfather's Chair*. An old man is represented as possessed of a curious old chair, which had been brought to New England with the earliest settlers from Europe. His grandchildren ask him to relate the adventures of this chair; and in doing so, he tells them anecdotes of men distinguished in early New England history, into whose hands he imagines the chair to have successively passed.]

1. CAPTAIN JOHN HULL was the mint-master of Massachusetts, and coined all the money that was made there. This was a new line of business; for, in the earlier days of the colony, the current coinage consisted of gold and silver money of England, Portugal, and Spain. These coins being scarce, the people were often forced to barter their commodities instead of selling them.

2. For instance, if a man wanted to buy a coat, he perhaps exchanged a bear-skin for it. If he wished for a barrel of molasses, he might purchase it with a pile of pine boards. Musket bullets were used instead of farthings¹. The Indians had a sort of money, called wampum, which was made of clam-shells; and this strange sort of specie was likewise taken in payment of debts by the English settlers. Bank bills had never been heard of. There was not money enough of any kind, in many parts of the country, to pay the salaries of the ministers; so that they sometimes had to take quintals² of fish, bushels of corn, or cords of wood, instead of silver or gold.

3. As the people grew more numerous, and their trade, one with another, increased, the want of current money was still more sensibly felt. To supply the demand, the General Court passed a law for establishing a coinage of shillings, sixpences, and threepences. Captain John Hull was appointed to manufacture this money, and was to

have about one shilling out of every twenty to pay him for the trouble of making them.

4. Hereupon all the old silver in the colony was handed over to Captain John Hull. The battered silver cans and tankards³, I suppose, and silver buckles, and broken spoons, and silver buttons of worn-out coats, and silver hilts of swords that had figured at court, — all such curious old articles were doubtless thrown into the melting-pot together. But by far the greater part of the silver consisted of bullion⁴ from the mines of South America, which the English buccaneers⁵ — who were little better than pirates — had taken from the Spaniards, and brought to Massachusetts.

5. All this old and new silver being melted down and coined, the result was an immense amount of splendid shillings, sixpences, and threepences. Each had the date, 1652, on the one side, and the figure of a pine tree on the other. Hence they were called pine tree shillings. And for every twenty shillings that he coined, you will remember, Captain John Hull was entitled to put one shilling into his own pocket.

6. The magistrates soon began to suspect that the mint-master would have the best of the bargain. They offered him a large sum of money if he would but give up that twentieth shilling which he was continually dropping into his own pocket. But Captain Hull declared himself perfectly satisfied with the shilling.

7. And well he might be ; for so diligently did he labor, that, in a few years, his pockets, his money bags, and his strong-box⁶ were overflowing with pine tree shillings. This was probably the case when he came into possession of grandfather's chair ; and as he had worked so hard at the mint, it was certainly proper that he should have a comfortable chair to rest himself in.

8. When the mint-master had grown very rich, a young

man, Samuel Sewell by name, came a-courting to his only daughter. His daughter—whose name I do not know, but we will call her Betsey—was a fine, hearty damsel, by no means so slender as some young ladies of our own days. On the contrary, having always fed heartily on pumpkin pies, doughnuts, Indian puddings, and other Puritan dainties, she was as round and plump as a pudding herself.

9. With this round, rosy Miss Betsey did Samuel Sewell fall in love. As he was a young man of good character, industrious in his business, and a member of the church, the mint-master very readily gave his consent. “Yes, you may take her,” said he, in his rough way; “and you’ll find her a heavy burden enough!”

10. On the wedding day, we may suppose that honest John Hull dressed himself in a plum-colored coat, all the buttons of which were made of pine tree shillings. The buttons of his waistcoat were sixpences; and the knees of his smallclothes⁷ were buttoned with silver threepences. Thus attired, he sat with great dignity in grandfather’s chair; and, being a portly⁸ old gentleman, he completely filled it from elbow to elbow. On the opposite side of the room, between her bridesmaids, sat Miss Betsey. She was blushing with all her might, and looked like a full-blown peony or a great red apple.

11. There, too, was the bridegroom, dressed in a fine purple coat and gold lace waistcoat, with as much other finery as the Puritan laws and customs would allow him to put on. His hair was cropped close to his head, because Governor Endicott had forbidden any man to wear it below the ears. But he was a very personable⁹ young man; and so thought the bridesmaids and Miss Betsey herself.

12. The mint-master also was pleased with his new son-in-law, especially as he had courted Miss Betsey out of

pure love, and had said nothing at all about her portion. So, when the marriage ceremony was over, Captain Hull whispered a word to two of his men servants, who immediately went out, and soon returned, lugging in a large pair of scales. They were such a pair as wholesale¹⁰ merchants use for weighing bulky commodities; and quite a bulky commodity was now to be weighed in them.

13. "Daughter Betsey," said the mint-master, "get into one side of these scales."

Miss Betsey — or Mrs. Sewell, as we must now call her — did as she was bid, like a dutiful child, without any question of the why and wherefore. But what her father could mean, unless to make her husband pay for her by the pound (in which case she would have been a dear bargain), she had not the least idea.

14. "And now," said honest John Hull to the servants, "bring that box hither." The box to which the mint-master pointed was a huge, square, iron-bound, oaken chest; it was big enough, my children, for all four of you to play at hide-and-seek in. The servants tugged with might and main, but could not lift this enormous receptacle¹¹, and were finally obliged to drag it across the floor.

15. Captain Hull then took a key from his girdle, unlocked the chest, and lifted its ponderous lid. Behold, it was full to the brim of bright pine tree shillings, fresh from the mint; and Samuel Sewell began to think that his father-in-law had got possession of all the money in the Massachusetts treasury. But it was only the mint-master's honest share of the coinage.

16. Then the servants, at Captain Hull's command, heaped double handfuls of shillings into one side of the scales, while Betsey remained in the other. Jingle, jingle, went the shillings, as handful after handful was thrown in, till, plump and ponderous as she was, they fairly weighed the young lady from the floor.

17. "There, son Sewell!" cried the honest mint-master, resuming his seat in grandfather's chair, "take these shillings for my daughter's portion. Use her kindly, and thank Heaven for her. It is not every wife that's worth her weight in silver!"

¹ FĀR'THING. An English coin, four of which make a penny, equal in value to about half a cent.

² QUIN'TAL. A gross weight of a hundred pounds.

³ TĀNK'ARD. A drinking vessel with a lid or cover.

⁴ BŪLL'ION. Gold or silver in mass, uncoined.

⁵ BŪC'ÇA-NĒĒR. A naval adventurer; generally, a pirate.

⁶ STRŌNG'-BŌX. A box or safe for holding money, or other valuables.

⁷ SMĀLL'CLŌTHEŞ. Breeches.

⁸ PŌRT'LY. Large; stout.

⁹ PĒR'SŌN-Ā-BLE. Good looking; attractive.

¹⁰ WHŌLE'SĀLE. Pertaining to or dealing in goods in large quantities.

¹¹ RĒ-CĒP'TĀ-CLE. A vessel or place for containing something.

XLVII.—BEHIND TIME.

FREEMAN HUNT.

1. A RAILROAD train was rushing along at almost lightning speed. A curve was just ahead, beyond which was a station at which the cars usually passed each other. The conductor was late, so late that the period during which the down train was to wait had nearly elapsed; but he hoped yet to pass the curve safely. Suddenly a locomotive dashed into sight right ahead. In an instant there was a collision. A shriek, a shock, and fifty souls were in eternity; and all because an engineer had been *behind time*.

2. A great battle was going on. Column¹ after column had been precipitated for eight mortal hours on the enemy posted along the ridge of a hill. The summer sun was sinking to the west; reënforcements² for the obstinate defenders were already in sight; it was necessary to carry the position with one final charge, or every thing would be lost.

3. A powerful corps had been summoned from across the country, and if it came up in season all would yet be well. The great conqueror, confident in its arrival, formed his reserve³ into an attacking column, and ordered them to charge the enemy. The whole world knows the result. Grouchy* failed to appear; the imperial guard was beaten back; Waterloo was lost. Napoleon died a prisoner at St. Helena because one of his marshals was *behind time*.

4. A leading firm in commercial circles had long struggled against bankruptcy. As it had enormous assets⁴ in California, it expected remittances by a certain day, and if the sums promised arrived, its credit, its honor, and its future prosperity would be preserved. But week after week elapsed without bringing the gold. At last came the fatal day on which the firm had bills maturing⁵ to enormous amounts. The steamer was telegraphed at day-break; but it was found, on inquiry, that she brought no funds, and the house failed. The next arrival brought nearly half a million to the insolvents⁶, but it was too late; they were ruined because their agent, in remitting, had been *behind time*.

5. A condemned man was led out for execution. He had taken human life, but under circumstances of the greatest provocation, and public sympathy was active in his behalf. Thousands had signed petitions for a reprieve⁷, a favorable answer had been expected the night before, and though it had not come, even the sheriff felt confident that it would yet arrive in season. Thus the morning passed without the appearance of the messenger. The last moment was up. The prisoner took his place on the drop, the cap was drawn over his eyes, the bolt was drawn,

* Napoleon Bonaparte, emperor of France, was defeated by the Allies under the Duke of Wellington, at Waterloo, June 18, 1815. Marshal Grouchy (*pronounced* Grô-shê') was expected to aid the emperor with a body of troops, but failed to appear.

and a lifeless body swung revolving in the wind. Just at that moment a horseman came into sight, galloping down hill, his steed covered with foam. He carried a packet in his right hand, which he waved rapidly to the crowd. He was the express rider with the reprieve. But he had come too late. A comparatively innocent man had died an ignominious death, because a watch had been five minutes too slow, making its bearer arrive *behind time*.

6. It is continually so in life. The best laid plans, the most important affairs, the fortunes of individuals, the weal of nations, honor, happiness, life itself, are daily sacrificed because somebody is "behind time." There are men who always fail in whatever they undertake, simply because they are "behind time." There are others who put off reformation year by year, till death seizes them, and they perish unrepentant, because forever "behind time." Five minutes in a crisis is worth years. It is but a little period, yet it has often saved a fortune or redeemed a people. If there is one virtue that should be cultivated more than another by him who would succeed in life, it is punctuality; if there is one error that should be avoided it is being *behind time*.

¹ CÖL'UMN. A body of troops in deep files, with narrow front.

² RĒ-ËN-FÖRCE/MĒNTS. Supplies of additional troops.

³ RĒ-ŞĖRVE'. A select body of troops kept in the rear of an army in action, to give support when required.

⁴ ÄS'SĖTS. Property or effects.

⁵ MA-TŪR'ING. Ripening; coming to a perfected state. Bills or notes mature when they become due.

⁶ İN-SÖL'VĒNT. One who cannot pay his debts.

⁷ RĒ-PRIĖVE'. A suspension of a sentence of death.

XLVIII. — EVIL INFLUENCE OF SCEPTICISM.

CAMPBELL.

1. O, LIVES there, Heaven! beneath thy dread expanse,
One hopeless, dark idolater of Chance,
Content to feed, with pleasures unrefined,
The lukewarm passions of a lowly mind;
Who, mouldering earthward, reft¹ of every trust,
In joyless union wedded to the dust,
Could all his parting energy dismiss,
And call this barren world sufficient bliss?
2. There live, alas! of heaven-directed mien,
Of cultured soul, and sapient² eye serene,
Who hail thee, Man! the pilgrim of a day,
Spouse of the worm, and brother of the clay,
Frail as the leaf in Autumn's yellow bower,
Dust in the wind, or dew upon the flower!
A friendless slave, a child without a sire,
Whose mortal life, and momentary fire,
Lights to the grave his chance-created form,
As ocean-wrecks illuminate the storm;
And, when the gun's tremendous flash is o'er,
To night and silence sink for evermore! —
3. Are these the pompous tidings ye proclaim,
Lights of the world, and demigods³ of fame?
Is this your triumph, this your proud applause,
Children of Truth, and champions of her cause?
For this hath Science searched, on weary wing,
By shore and sea, each mute and living thing?
Launched with Iberia's⁴ pilot from the steep,
To worlds unknown, and isles beyond the deep,
Or round the cope⁵ her living chariot driven,

And wheeled in triumph through the signs of heaven?
O, star-eyed Science, hast thou wandered there,
To waft us home the message of despair? —
Then bind the palm, thy sage's brow to suit,
Of blasted leaf, and death-distilling fruit!

4. Ah me! the laurelled wreath that Murder rears,
Blood-nursed, and watered by the widow's tears,
Seems not so foul, so tainted, and so dread,
As waves the night-shade⁶ round the sceptic head.
What is the bigot's torch, the tyrant's chain?
I smile on death, if heaven-ward Hope remain!
But, if the warring winds of Nature's strife
Be all the faithless charter of my life,
If Chance awaked, inexorable power!
This frail and feverish being of an hour,
Doomed o'er the world's precarious scene to sweep,
Swift as the tempest travels on the deep,
To know Delight but by her parting smile,
And toil, and wish, and weep, a little while;
Then melt, ye elements, that formed in vain
This troubled pulse, and visionary⁷ brain!
Fade, ye wild flowers, memorials of my doom!
And sink, ye stars, that light me to the tomb!

5. Truth, ever lovely, since the world began,
The foe of tyrants, and the friend of man, —
How can thy words from balmy slumber start
Reposing Virtue, pillowed on the heart!
Yet, if thy voice the note of thunder rolled,
And that were true which Nature never told,
Let Wisdom smile not on her conquered field;
No rapture dawns, no treasure is revealed!
O, let her read, nor loudly, nor elate,
The doom that bars us from a better fate!

But, sad as angels for the good man's sin,
Weep to record, and blush to give it in !

¹ RĒFT Bereft ; deprived.

² SĀ'PI-ĒNT. Wise.

³ DĒM'I-GŌD. A deified hero.

⁴ Ī-BĒ'RĪ-A'S PĪ'LOT. Columbus. Iberia is an ancient name of Spain.

⁵ CŌPE. The concave of the sky ; an arch or vault over head.

⁶ NĪGHT'SHĀDE. A noxious plant.

⁷ VĪ''ŠIŌN-A-RY. Prone to see or capable of seeing visions ; imaginative,

XLIX.—THE RIVER SACO.

J. G. LYONS.

[The Saco (sâ'cō) has its springs in New Hampshire, near the Notch of the White Mountains, and reaches the Atlantic after a winding course through the State of Maine. It receives the waters of many lakes and streams, passes over numerous falls, and is throughout remarkable for its clearness and beauty.]

1. FORTH from New Hampshire's granite steeps
Fair Saco rolls in chainless pride,
Rejoicing as it laughs and leaps
Down the gray mountain's rugged side :
The stern, rent crags, and tall, dark pines,
Watch that young pilgrim passing by,
While close above them frowns or shines,
The black, torn cloud, or deep-blue sky.
2. Soon, gathering strength, it swiftly takes
Through Bartlett's vales its tuneful way,
Or hides in Conway's fragrant brakes,
Retreating from the glare of day ;
Now, full of vigorous life, it springs
From the strong mountain's circling arms,
And roams, in wide and lucid rings,
Among green Fryeburg's woods and farms.
3. Here, with low voice, it comes and calls
For tribute from some hermit lake ;
And here it wildly foams and falls,
Bidding the forest echoes wake :

Now sweeping on, it runs its race,
By mound and mill, in playful glee
Now welcomes with its pure embrace
The vestal¹ waves of Ossipee.

4. At last, with loud and solemn roar,
Spurning each rocky ledge and bar,
It sinks where, on the sounding shore,
The broad Atlantic heaves afar.
There, on old Ocean's faithful breast,
Its wealth of waves it proudly flings;
And there its weary waters rest,
Clear as they left their crystal springs.
5. Sweet stream! it were a fate divine,
Till this world's tasks and toils were done,
To go, like those bright floods of thine,
Refreshing all, enslaved by none;
To pass through scenes of calm and strife,
Singing like thee, with holy mirth,
And close in peace a varied life,
Unsullied by one stain of earth.

¹ VĒS'TĀL. Pure; stainless.

KNOWLEDGE and Wisdom, far from being one,
Have ofttimes no connection. Knowledge dwells
In heads replete with thoughts of other men;
Wisdom, in minds attentive to their own.
Knowledge — a rude, unprofitable mass,
The mere materials with which Wisdom builds,
Till smoothed, and squared, and fitted to its place —
Does but encumber whom it seems to enrich!
Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much,
Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.

L.—DAVID'S LAMENT FOR ABSALOM.

N. PARKER WILLIS.

[Nathaniel Parker Willis was born in Portland, Maine, January 20, 1807. He is a writer in both prose and verse. His style is airy and graceful, and his descriptive powers are of a high order. His poetry is flowing and musical, and marked by truth of sentiment and delicacy of feeling.]

1. ALAS, my noble boy ! that thou shouldst die !
Thou, who wert made so beautifully fair !
That death should settle in thy glorious eye,
And leave his stillness in this clustering hair !
How could he mark thee for the silent tomb,
My proud boy Absalom !
2. Cold is thy brow, my son ! and I am chill,
As to my bosom I have tried to press thee ;
How was I wont to feel my pulses thrill,
Like a rich harpstring, yearning¹ to caress thee,
And hear thy sweet "*My father!*" from these dumb
And cold lips, Absalom !
3. But death is on thee. I shall hear the gush
Of music, and the voices of the young ;
And life will pass me in the mantling² blush,
And the dark tresses to the soft winds flung ; —
But thou no more, with thy sweet voice, shalt come
To meet me, Absalom !
4. And, O, when I am stricken, and my heart,
Like a bruised reed, is waiting to be broken,
How will its love for thee, as I depart,
Yearn for thine ear to drink its last deep token !
It were so sweet, amid death's gathering gloom,
To see thee, Absalom !

5. And now, farewell! 'Tis hard to give thee up,
 With death so like a gentle slumber on thee:—
 And thy dark sin!—O, I could drink the cup,
 If from this woe its bitterness had won thee.
 May God have called thee, like a wanderer, home,
 My lost boy Absalom!

1 YĒARN'ING. Strongly desiring. | 2 MĀN'TLING. Suffusing the face.

LI. — A STORM AT SEA.

ARCHBISHOP HUGHES.

[John Hughes, D. D., was born in the north of Ireland in 1798, came to this country in 1817, with his father, and died January 3, 1864. He was educated at the Catholic Theological Seminary of Mount St. Mary's, Emmetsburg, Maryland, ordained priest in 1825, became bishop in 1842, and archbishop of New York in 1850. He was a man of great energy of character and intellectual activity. He published several controversial works, and a number of pamphlets and lectures.]

1. THIS day I was gratified with what I had often desired to witness—the condition of the sea in a tempest. I had contemplated the ocean in all its other phases, and they are almost innumerable. At one time it is seen reposing in perfect stillness under the blue sky and bright sun. At another, slightly ruffled, and then its motion causes his rays to tremble and dance in broken fragments of silvery or golden light,—and the sight is dazzled by following the track from whence his beams are reflected,—while all besides seems to frown in the darkness of its ripple.

2. Again it may be seen somewhat more agitated and of a darker hue, under a clouded sky and a stronger and increasing wind. Then you see an occasional wave, rising a little above the rest, and crowning its summit with that crest of white, breaking from its top and tumbling over like liquid alabaster¹. I had seen the ocean, too, by moon-

light, and as much of it as may be seen in the darkness, when the moon and stars are veiled. But until to-day I had never seen it in correspondence with the *TEMPEST*.

3. After a breeze of some sixty hours from the north and north-west, the wind died away about four o'clock yesterday afternoon. The calm continued till about nine in the evening. The mercury in the barometer² fell, in the mean time, at an extraordinary rate; and the captain predicted that we should encounter a "gale" from the south-east. The "gale" came on, at about eleven o'clock; not violent at first, but increasing every moment. I awoke with a confused recollection of a good deal of rolling and thumping through the night, which was occasioned by the dashing of the waves against the ship.

4. Hurrying on my clothes, I found such of the passengers as could stand, at the doors of the hurricane-house³, "holding on," and looking out in the utmost consternation. It was still quite dark. Four of the sails were already in ribbons; the winds whistling through the cordage; the rain dashing furiously and in torrents; the noise and spray scarcely less than I found them under the great sheet at Niagara. And in the midst of all this, the captain, with his speaking trumpet, the officers, and the sailors, screaming to each other in efforts to be heard, — this, all this, in the darkness which precedes the dawning of day, and with the fury of the hurricane, combined to form as much of the *terribly* sublime as I ever wish to witness concentrated in one scene.

5. The passengers, though silent, were filled with apprehension. What the extent of danger, and how all this would terminate, were questions which rose in my own mind, although I was unconscious of fear or trepidation⁴. But to such questions there are no answers, for this knowledge resides only with Him who "guides the storm and directs the whirlwind." We had encountered, however, as yet,

only the commencement of a gale, whose terrors had been heightened by its suddenness, by the darkness, and by the confusion. It continued to blow furiously for twenty-four hours; so that during the whole day I enjoyed a view, which, apart from its dangers, would be worth a voyage across the Atlantic.

6. The ship was driven madly through the raging waters, and when it was impossible to walk the decks without imminent risk of being lifted up and carried away by the winds, the poor sailors were kept aloft, tossing and swinging about the yards and in the tops, clinging by their bodies, feet, and arms, with mysterious tenacity, to the spars, while their hands were employed in taking in and securing sail.

7. On deck the officers and men made themselves safe by ropes; but how the gallant fellows aloft kept from being blown out of the rigging, was equally a matter of wonder and admiration. However, about seven o'clock they had taken in what canvas had not blown away, except the sails by means of which the vessel is kept steady. At nine o'clock the hurricane had acquired its full force. There was no more work to be done. The ship lay to⁵, and those who had her in charge only remained on deck to be prepared for whatever of disaster might occur. The breakfast hour came, and passed, unheeded by most of the passengers.

8. By this time the sea was rolling up its hurricane waves; and that I might not lose the grandeur of such a view, I fortified myself against the rain and spray, and, in spite of the fierceness of the gale, planted myself in a position favorable for a survey of all round me, and in safety, so long as the ship's strong works might hold together. I had often seen paintings of a storm at sea, but here was the original. These imitations are oftentimes graphic⁶ and faithful, as far as they go, but they are neces-

sarily deficient in accompaniments which paintings cannot supply, and are therefore feeble and ineffective.

9. You have, upon canvas, the ship and the sea, but, as they come from the hands of the artist, so they remain. The universal *motion* of both is thus arrested and made stationary. There is no subject in which the pencil of the painter acknowledges more its indebtedness to the imagination than in its attempts to delineate⁷ the sea storm.

10. It was not the least remarkable, and by far the most comfortable circumstance in this combination of all that is grand and terrible, that, furious as were the winds, towering and threatening as were the billows, our glorious bark preserved her equilibrium⁸ against the fury of the one, and her buoyancy in despite of the alternate precipice and avalanche of the other. True it is, she was made to whistle through her cordage, to creak and moan through all her timbers, even to her masts. True it is, she was made to plunge and rear, to tremble and reel and stagger. Still, she continued to scale the watery mountain, and ride on its very summit, until, as it rolled onward from beneath her, she descended gently on her pathway, ready to triumph again and again over each succeeding wave.

11. At such a moment it was a matter of profound deliberation which most to admire, the majesty of God in the winds and waves, or his goodness and wisdom in enabling his creatures to contend with and overcome the elements even in the fierceness of their anger! To cast one's eye abroad on the scene that surrounded me at this moment, and to think man should have said to himself, "I will build myself an ark in the midst of you, and ye shall not prevent my passage; nay, ye indomitable waves shall bear me up, and ye winds shall waft me onward!" And yet there we were in the fulness of this fearful experiment!

12. I had never believed it possible for a vessel to

encounter such a hurricane without being dashed or torn to pieces, at least in all her masts and rigging; for I am persuaded that had the same tempest passed as furiously over your town, during the same length of time, it would have left scarcely a house standing. The yielding character of the element in which the vessel is launched is the great secret of safety on such occasions. Hence, when gales occur upon the wide ocean, there is little danger; but when they drive you upon breakers on a lee shore⁹, where the keel¹⁰ comes in contact with "the too solid earth," then it is impossible to escape shipwreck.

13. I never experienced a sensation of fear on the ocean; but this tempest has increased my confidence tenfold, not only in the sea but in the ship. It no longer surprises me that few vessels are lost at sea, for they and their element are made for each other. And the practical conclusion from this experience of a gale is encouraging for all my future navigation. I shall have confidence in my ship now, as I have ever had in the sea. Ever since my eyes first rested on the ocean, I have cherished an instinctive affection for it, as if it were something capable of sympathy and benevolence. When calm, it is to me a slumbering infant. How tranquilly it sleeps!

¹ ĀL'Ā-BĀS-TER. A white stone used for ornamental purposes.

² BĀ-RŌM'Ē-TER. An instrument used for measuring the weight or pressure of the atmosphere, and which gives warning of the approach of a storm by the falling of the mercury; a weather-glass.

³ HŪR'RĪ-CĀNE HŌŪSE. A house on the upper deck.

⁴ TRĒP-I-DĀ'TIŌN. Involuntary trembling; agitation of mind; alarm.

⁵ LĀY TŌ. Had the progress stopped,

as a vessel, by bringing her head to the wind.

⁶ GRĀPH'IC. Well described; vivid.

⁷ DE-LĪN'Ē-ĀTE. Represent by drawing or by describing, so as to present a picture to the mind.

⁸ Ē-QUI-LĪB'RĪ-ŪM. Balance of power or weight; just poise or balance.

⁹ LĒĒ SHŌRE. A shore against which the wind blows.

¹⁰ KĒEL. The principal timber in a vessel, extending from stem to stern, at the bottom.

LII.—SPEECH ON THE RECEPTION OF THE
SAUKS AND FOXES.

EVERETT.

[Edward Everett, a highly distinguished statesman, orator, and scholar, was born in Dorchester, Massachusetts, April 11, 1794, and died in Boston, universally honored and lamented, January 15, 1865.]

In the autumn of 1837, a delegation of the Sauk and Fox tribes of Indians went to Washington on business connected with their boundary. It was deemed expedient by the United States government that they should visit the cities of the Eastern and Middle States, and Boston was included in their tour. They were received in Boston on the morning of October 30. Mr. Everett was at that time governor of Massachusetts, and in that capacity made them the following speech of welcome, which is a happy imitation of the peculiar style of oratory common to our North American Indians.]

1. CHIEFS and warriors of the united Sauks and Foxes, you are welcome to our hall of council.

2. Brothers, you have come a long way from your home to visit your white brethren; we rejoice to take you by the hand. Brothers, we have heard the names of your chiefs and warriors. Our brethren who have travelled into the West have told us a great deal about the Sauks and Foxes; we rejoice to see you with our own eyes. Brothers, we are called the Massachusetts. This is the name of the red men who once lived here. Their wigwams were scattered on yonder fields, and their council fire was kindled on this spot. They were of the same great race as the Sauks and Foxes.

3. Brothers, when our fathers came over the great water, they were a small band. The red man stood upon the rock by the sea-side, and saw our fathers. He might have pushed them into the water and drowned them. But he stretched out his hand to them, and said, "Welcome, white men." Our fathers were hungry, and the red man gave them corn and venison¹. They were cold, and the red man wrapped them in his blanket. We are now numerous and powerful, but we remember the kindness of the red

men to our fathers. Brothers, you are welcome; we are glad to see you!

4. Brothers, our faces are pale, and your faces are dark; but our hearts are alike. The Great Spirit has made his children of different colors, but he loves them all.

5. Brothers, you dwell between the Mississippi and the Missouri. They are mighty rivers. They have one branch far east in the Alleghanies, and another far west in the Rocky Mountains; but they flow together at last into one great stream, and run down into the sea. In like manner, the red man dwells in the west, and the white man in the east, by the great water. But they are all one band, one family. It has many branches, and one Head.

6. Brothers, as you entered our council house, you beheld the image of our great father, Washington.* It is a cold stone; it cannot speak. But he was the friend of the red man, and bade his children live in friendship with their red brethren. He is gone to the world of spirits, but his words have made a very deep print in our hearts, like the step of a strong buffalo on the soft clay of the prairie².

7. Brother, I perceive your little son between your knees. May the Great Spirit preserve his life, my brother. He grows up before you, like the tender sapling by the side of the mighty oak. May they flourish for a long time together; and when the mighty oak is fallen on the ground, may the young tree fill its place in the forest, and spread out its branches over the tribe.

8. Brothers, I make you a short talk, and again bid you welcome to our council hall.

¹ VĚN'ĪŠON (vēn'zn). The flesh of edible beasts of the chase, but usually restricted to the flesh of deer. ² PRĀI'RIĚ (prā'rē). An extensive tract of land, mostly level, bare of trees, and covered with grass.

* There is a statue of Washington, by Chantrey, in the State House, in Boston.

LIII. — THE IRREPARABLE PAST.

ROBERTSON.

[Rev. Frederick W. Robertson, pastor of Trinity Chapel, Brighton, England, was born in London, February 3, 1816, and died August 15, 1853. He was a clergyman of the Church of England. His writings are distinguished for their poetical beauty of expression, their vividness, and their stirring appeals to the religious element in man.]

1. TIME is the solemn inheritance to which every man is born heir, who has a life-rent of this world, — a little section cut out of eternity, and given us to do our work in; an eternity before, an eternity behind: and the small stream between, floating swiftly from the one into the vast bosom of the other. The man who has felt, with all his soul, the significance of time, will not be long in learning any lesson that this world has to teach him. Have you ever felt it? Have you ever realized how your own little streamlet is gliding away and bearing you along with it towards that awful other world of which all things here are but thin shadows, down into that eternity towards which the confused wreck of all earthly things is bound?

2. Let us realize, that, until that sensation of time, and the infinite meaning which is wrapped up in it, has taken possession of our souls, there is no chance of our ever feeling strongly that it is worse than madness to sleep that time away. Every day in this world has its work; and every day, as it rises out of eternity, keeps putting to each of us the question afresh, What will you do before to day has sunk into eternity and nothingness again?

3. And now what have we to say with respect to this strange, solemn thing — TIME? That men do with it through life just what the apostles did for one precious and irreparable² hour of it in the garden of Gethsemane — they go to sleep! Have you ever seen those marble statues, in some public square or garden, which art has so

finished into a perennial fountain that through the lips or through the hands the clear water flows in a perpetual stream on and on forever, and the marble stands there, — passive, cold, — making no effort to arrest the gliding water?

4. It is so that time flows through the hands of men — swift, never pausing till it has run itself out; and there is the man petrified³ into a marble sleep, not feeling what it is which is passing away forever! It is so, just so, that the destiny of nine men out of ten accomplishes itself, slipping away from them aimless, useless, till it is too late. And we are asked, with all the solemn thoughts which crowd around our approaching eternity, What has been our life, and what do we intend it shall be?

5. Yesterday, last week, last year, they are gone! Yesterday was such a day as never was before, and never can be again. Out of darkness and eternity it was born, a new, fresh day; into darkness and eternity it sank again forever. It had a voice, calling to us of its own, — its own work, its own duties. What were we doing yesterday? Idling, whiling away the time, in light and luxurious literature; not as life's relaxation, but as life's business? Thrilling our hearts with the excitement of life, contriving how to spend the day most pleasantly? Was that our day?

6. All this is but the sleep of the three apostles. And now let us remember this: There is a day coming when the sleep will be broken rudely, — with a shock; there is a day in our future lives when our time will be counted, not by years, nor by months, nor yet by hours, but by minutes, — the day when unmistakable symptoms⁴ shall announce that the messenger of death has come to take us.

7. That startling moment will come, which it is vain to attempt to realize now, when it will be felt that it is all over at last — that our chance and our trial are past. The moment that we have tried to think of, shrunk from, put away from us, here it is — going too, like all other mo-

ments that have gone before it; and then with eyes unsealed⁵ at last, we shall look back on the life which is gone by.

¹ SĒN-SĀ'TIŌN. Impression made up-
on the mind by something acting
on the bodily organs ; feeling.
² IR-RĒP'Ā-RA-BLE. That cannot be
repaired or recovered.

³ PĒT'RĪ-FĪED. Changed to a stone or
a stony substance.
⁴ SŶMP'TOM. Sign ; token.
⁵ ŪN-SĒALED'. Without a seal, or hav-
ing the seal broken ; open.

LIV.—THE COMBAT.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

[This piece is taken from the *Lady of the Lake*. King James V., of Scotland, under the assumed name of Fitz James, while alone in the wilds of the Highlands had come into the presence of Roderick Dhu, the chief of a rebellious clan, and had been hospitably entertained by him over night. In the morning, after Fitz James had been guided by Roderick Dhu beyond the hostile district, the following scene occurs.]

1. THE Chief in silence strode before,
And reached that torrent's sounding shore,
Which, daughter of three mighty lakes,
From Vennachar in silver breaks.
And here his course the chieftain stayed,
Threw down his target and his plaid¹,
And to the Lowland warrior said, —
2. "Bold Saxon²! to his promise just,
Vich-Alpine³ has discharged his trust.
This murderous chief, this ruthless⁴ man,
This head of a rebellious clan,
Hath led thee safe, through watch and ward,
Far past Clan-Alpine's outmost guard :
Now, man to man, and steel to steel,
A chieftain's vengeance thou shalt feel.
See here, all vantageless⁵ I stand,

Armed, like thyself, with single brand :
 For this is Coilantogle ford,
 And thou must keep thee with thy sword.”—

3. The Saxon paused : — “ I ne’er delayed
 When foeman bade me draw my blade ;
 Nay, more, brave Chief, I vowed thy death :
 Yet sure thy fair and generous faith,
 And my deep debt for life preserved,
 A better meed⁶ have well deserved :
 Can nought but blood our feud atone ?
 Are there no means ? ” — “ No, stranger, none !
 And hear, — to fire thy flagging zeal, —
 The Saxon cause rests on thy steel ;
 For thus spoke Fate, by prophet bred
 Between the living and the dead :
 ‘ Who spills the foremost foeman’s life,
 His party conquers in the strife.’ ” —

4. “ Then, by my word,” the Saxon said,
 “ The riddle is already read.
 Seek yonder brake beneath the cliff, —
 There lies Red Murdock,* stark and stiff.
 Thus Fate has solved her prophecy,
 Then yield to Fate, and not to me.
 To James, at Stirling, let us go,
 When, if thou wilt be still his foe,
 Or if the King shall not agree
 To grant thee grace and favor free,
 I plight mine honor, oath, and word,
 That, to thy native strengths restored,
 With each advantage shalt thou stand,
 That aids thee now to guard thy land.”

^{*}Red Murdock a treacherous guide, had been killed by Fitz James, the pre-
 vailing party.

5. Dark lightning flash'd from Roderick's eye —
"Soars thy presumption, then, so high,
Because a wretched kern⁷ ye slew,
Homage to name to Roderick Dhu⁸?
He yields not, he, to man nor Fate!
Thou add'st but fuel to my hate:
My clansman's blood demands revenge.
Not yet prepared! By Heaven, I change
My thought, and hold thy valor light
As that of some vain carpet-knight⁹,
Who ill deserved my courteous care,
And whose best boast is but to wear
A braid of his fair lady's hair."
6. "I thank thee, Roderick, for the word!
It nerves my heart, it steels my sword;
For I have sworn this braid to stain
In the best blood that warms thy vein.
Now, truce, farewell! and, ruth¹⁰, begone!
Yet think not that by thee alone,
Proud Chief! can courtesy be shown;
Though not from copse, or heath, or cairn¹¹,
Start at my whistle clansmen stern,
Of this small horn one feeble blast
Would fearful odds against thee cast.
But fear not — doubt not — which thou wilt —
We try this quarrel hilt to hilt."
7. Then each at once his falchion¹² drew,
Each on the ground his scabbard threw,
Each looked to sun, and stream, and plain,
As what they ne'er might see again;
Then foot, and point, and eye opposed,
In dubious strife they darkly closed.

8. Ill fared it then with Roderick Dhu,
That on the field his targe he threw,
Whose brazen studs and tough bull-hide
Had death so often dashed aside;
For, trained abroad his arms to wield,
Fitz-James's blade was sword and shield.
He practised every pass and ward,
To thrust, to strike, to feint, to guard;
While less expert, though stronger far,
The Gael¹³ maintained unequal war.
9. Three times in closing strife they stood,
And thrice the Saxon blade drank blood;
No stinted draught, no scanty tide,
The gushing flood the tartans¹⁴ dyed.
Fierce Roderick felt the fatal drain,
And shower'd his blows like wintry rain;
And, as firm rock, or castle roof,
Against the winter-shower is proof,
The foe, invulnerable still,
Foiled his wild rage by steady skill;
Till, at advantage ta'en, his brand
Forced Roderick's weapon from his hand,
And, backward borne upon the lea,
Brought the proud Chieftain to his knee.
10. "Now, yield ye, or, by Him who made
The world, thy heart's blood dyes my blade!"
"Thy threats, thy mercy, I defy!
Let recreant yield, who fears to die."
— Like adder darting from his coil,
Like wolf that dashes through the toil¹⁵,
Like mountain-cat who guards her young,
Full at Fitz-James's throat he sprung;

Received, but recked not of a wound,
And locked his arms his foeman round. —

11. Now, gallant Saxon, hold thine own !
No maiden's hand is round thee thrown !
That desperate grasp thy frame might feel
Through bars of brass and triple steel ! —
They tug, they strain ! down, down they go,
The Gael above, Fitz-James below.
The Chieftain's gripe his throat compressed ;
His knee was planted in his breast ;
His clotted locks he backward threw,
Across his brow his hand he drew,
From blood and mist to clear his sight,
Then gleamed aloft his dagger bright !

12. But hate and fury ill supplied
The stream of life's exhausted tide !
And all too late the advantage came,
To turn the odds of deadly game ;
For, while the dagger gleamed on high,
Reeled soul and sense, reeled brain and eye.
Down came the blow ! but in the heath
The erring blade found bloodless sheath.
The struggling foe may now unclasp
The fainting Chief's relaxing grasp ;
Unwounded from the dreadful close,
But breathless all, Fitz-James arose.

¹ PLĀID (*Scottish pronunciation* plād).
A striped or checkered cloth worn
by the Highlanders of Scotland,
and indicating by the variety of
its patterns the different Scottish
clans.

² SĀX'ON. The Scottish Highlander
calls himself *Gael*, and the Low-
landers *Saxons*.

³ VĪEH-ĀL'PĪNE (vēk-āl'pēn). A name

given to Roderick Dhu as head of
the clan, and meaning *descendant*
of *Alpine*.

⁴ RŪTH'LESS. Cruel ; pitiless.

⁵ VĀN'TAGE-LESS. Without any ad-
vantage.

⁶ MĒED. Reward ; recompense.

⁷ KĒRN. A vagrant ; a boor ; a per-
son of no consequence.

⁸ DHŪ. An epithet meaning *black*.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>⁹ CĀR'PĒT KNIGHT. A knight made at court for other than military services,—used as a term of reproach.</p> <p>¹⁰ RŪTH. Mercy; pity.</p> <p>¹¹ CĀIRN (kárn). A heap of stones.</p> | <p>¹² FĀL'CHĪŌN (fāl'shūn). Sword.</p> <p>¹³ GĀEL (gāl). A Highlander.</p> <p>¹⁴ TĀR'TAN. A kind of cloth checkered with threads of various colors.</p> <p>¹⁵ TŌIL. A net or snare to catch wild animals.</p> |
|---|---|

LV.—LESSONS OF SPRING.

GREENWOOD.

[Francis William Pitt Greenwood was born in Boston, February 5, 1797, and died August 2, 1843. He was the pastor of a church in Boston. His writings are marked by a beautiful clearness and simplicity of style, and a fervent, devotional spirit.]

1. LET us contemplate, for a few moments, the animated scene which is presented by our Spring. The earth, loosened by the victorious sun, springs from the hard dominion of winter's frost, and, no longer offering a bound-up, repulsive surface to the husbandman, invites his cultivating labors. The streams are released from their icy fetters, and spring forward on their unobstructed way, full of sparkling waters, which sing and rejoice as they run on.

2. "The trees of the Lord are full of sap," which now springs up into their before shrunken and empty vessels, causing the buds to swell, and the yet unclothed branches and twigs to lose their rigid appearance, and assume a fresher hue and a more rounded form. Beneath them, and in every warm and sheltered spot, the wild plants are springing.

3. Some of these are just pushing up their tender, crisp, and yet vigorous sprouts, thrusting aside the dead leaves with their folded heads, and finding their sure way out into the light; while others have sent forth their delicate foliage, and hung out their buds on slender stems; and

others still have unfolded their flowers, which look up into the air unsuspectingly and gayly, like innocence upon an untried world. The grass is springing for the scythe, and the grain for the sickle; for they grow by commandment, for the service of man, and death is every where the fate and issue of life.

4. But it is not only senseless things which are thus visibly springing at this their appointed season. The various tribes of animated nature show that it is spring also with them. The birds rise up on elastic wing, and make a joyous music for the growing plants to spring to. Animals, that have lain torpid through the benumbing winter, spring up from their secret beds and dormitories¹, and resume their habits of activity once more.

5. Innumerable insects spring up from the cells which they had formed beyond the reach of frost, and in new attire commence their winged existence. The hum of happy life is heard from myriads² of little creatures, who, born in the morning, will die ere night. In that short term, however, they will have accomplished the purposes of their living; and, if brought to this test, there are many human lives which are shorter and vainer than theirs; and what is any life, when past, but a day!

6. Let us go abroad amidst this general springing of the earth and nature, and we shall see and feel that God's blessing is there. The joy of recovery, the gladness of escape, the buoyancy of youth, the exultation of commencing or renewed existence, — these are the happiness and blessing which are given from above, and the praise and the hymn which ascend from beneath.

7. Another and a milder order of things seems to be beginning. The gales, though not the warm breathings of summer, flow to us as if they came from some distant summer clime, and were cooled and moderated on their way; while, at no distant intervals, the skies, in their

genial ministry, baptize the offspring of earth with their softest and holiest showers. "Thou visitest the earth and waterest it; thou makest it soft with showers; thou blessest the springing thereof."

8. Surely we cannot stand still in such a scene, and, when every thing else is springing, let it be winter in our souls. Let us rather open our hearts to the renovating influences of heaven, and sympathize⁴ with universal nature. If our love to God has been chilled by any of the wintry aspects of the world, it is time that it should be resuscitated³, and that it should spring up in ardent adoration to the Source of light and life.

9. It is time that our gratitude should be waked from its sleep, and our devotion aroused, and that all our pious affections, shaking off their torpor, should come out into the beams of God's presence, and receive new powers from their invigorating warmth. It is time, too, that our social charities, if any "killing frost" has visited them, should be cured of their numbness and apathy⁵, and go forth among the children and brethren of the great family, and feel, as they rise and move, that the blessing of the Almighty Father is upon their springing.

¹ DÖR'MI-TÖ-RIEŞ. Sleeping places.

² MÿR'I-ÂD. An immense number.

³ KĒ-SŪS'CĪ-TĀT-ĒD. Restored to life from seeming death; revived.

⁴ SÿM'PA-THĪZE. Feel as another feels; have a common feeling.

⁵ ÂP'Â-THÿ. Want of feeling; insensibility; indifference.

LVI. — BIRDS.

KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE.

1. WE love birds. When the first soft days of spring come in all their gentle sweetness, and woo us with their warmth, and soothe us with their smile, then come the birds. With us they, too, rejoice that winter's reign

(and snow) is ended. No one of the seasons that come to "rule the varied year," abdicates¹ his throne more to his subjects' joy than Winter. While he rules, we lose all respect for the mercury² in our thermometer³. When we remember how high it stood in our estimation only a few short months ago, we did not think that it could get so low. We resolve to have nothing more to do with it; for "there is a point beyond which forbearance ceases to be a virtue," and we conceive that point to be thirty-two degrees above zero⁴ at the very least.

2. How pleasant are the early hours of a day in spring! The air is laden with the perfect perfume of a thousand flowers, and leaves, and buds. And then, besides the pleasure of seeing jocund⁵ day go through that difficult gymnastic feat, described by Shakspeare, of standing "tip-toe on the misty mountain tops," we have a glorious morning concert, to which we have a season ticket; for

"Innumerable songsters in the freshening shade
Of new-sprung leaves their modulations mix
Mellifluous."

3. Such music! It seems the pure outpouring of the greatest gratitude to Him who made the morn so beautiful, so full of joy and light. It is the expression of most perfect praise, in ecstasy of song. Yes, indeed, we love birds!

4. There is a deal of pleasure as well as profit to be derived from studying the habits and the character of birds. Nor is the study burdensome. Of all the lower orders of creation, as they frequent most freely the haunts and homes of men, so they approach us nearest in intelligence. They have their labors and amusements, their conjugal relations, and, like us, they build with taste and skill their houses; they have society, moreover, and the opera⁶. In very many things they are our equals, in some, our superiors; and what in other

animals at best is only instinct, in birds is almost reason.

5. Among the first returning tourists⁷ from the south, in spring, are these pleasant little people, the bluebird, martin, and wren. They have particular confidence in man. Nor is their confidence misplaced; for every body hails with joy these harbingers⁸ of spring. Their company is peculiarly agreeable, and they seem to know it; for every year they come again to occupy the boxes, or perchance old hats, which were put up for them, and in them they build their nests, and there they live rent free; yet not exactly so, for they pay us with their notes.

6. Sometimes these little people have a deal of difficulty among themselves about these habitations. The martins come, and find the bluebirds have taken all these places, and there is a disturbance directly. After some considerable scolding, and twitting on facts, the martins take possession of a certain portion of the pigeon-cote, and keep it too, — for not a pigeon dare go near them, — while the smaller wrens content themselves with some spare corner of the portico, where they forthwith proceed to build their houses, with all the architectural skill derived from their great namesake, the builder of St. Paul's.* There is a spice of waggish mischief about the wren somewhat amusing.

7. Often when the bluebird has left his house, and gone to market or down town, the wren peeps in, and, finding no one there, proceeds to amuse himself by pulling out the straws and feathers in the nest; but should perchance the bluebird come in sight, the wren remembers that there is something very interesting going on around the corner of the barn, that demands his immediate attention.

8. These birds — the bluebird, martin, and the wren, together with the swallows (barn and chimney), and “honest robin,” who, as quaint old Walton has it, “loves

* The architect of St. Paul's, in London, was Sir Christopher Wren.

mankind, both alive and dead" — are half domesticated.⁹ They love to live near man. The bluebird and the robin are the only two among them who appear to have paid much attention to the cultivation of their vocal powers. They salute the morning with sweet songs. The wren and other small birds are in the garden, breakfasting on worms, or, as we sometimes express it, "getting their grub."

9. The martin, meanwhile, listens to the concert, as a critic, or as one of the audience;¹⁰ for he sits up in his private box, now and then uttering an approving note, as if of applause. Indeed, the martin is not very musical. Sometimes, in the bosom of his family, when he feels very social, he takes up his pipe, and then essays a song. But he never gets beyond the first few notes of "Hi Betty Martin," and then goes off on tiptoe.

¹ **ÄB'DI-CÄTE.** Relinquish as an office or station; give up; surrender.

² **MËR'CÜ-Rÿ.** A metal which is fluid at common temperatures; quicksilver.

³ **THEP-MÖM'Ë-TER.** An instrument for measuring degrees of heat.

⁴ **ZË'RÖ.** The figure naught; *here*, the point at which the numbering of the degrees on a thermometer commences. Zero, in the common

thermometer, is thirty-two degrees below the freezing point of water.

⁵ **JÖC'UND.** Merry; gay; joyous.

⁶ **ÖP'Ë-RA.** A musical drama.

⁷ **TÖUR'ÏST.** One who makes a tour or journey.

⁸ **HÄR'BIN-ÇËR.** A forerunner; a herald.

⁹ **DQ-MËS'TI-CÄT-ËD.** Tamed; living under the care of man.

¹⁰ **ÄU'DI-ËNCE.** Assembly of hearers.

LVII. — BIRDS, CONCLUDED.

1. But here we have a jolly little fellow, who makes up in sociability what he lacks in song. The small house-sparrow or, as he is generally known, the "chippin' bird," comes to our very doors. He hops along the piazza, gathering "crumbs of comfort" and of bread, and knows that not a soul within the house, not even that "unfeeling schoolboy," would harm a feather of his tail. He keeps a

careful eye, however, on the cat; for he is perfectly aware that she would consider him only a swallow, and he does not like to lose his identity.

2. There is in history a single instance where this bird seems to have forgotten his character, and to have been a destroyer, rather than, as he is called by boys, a "sparer." Every juvenile¹ of five years, who is at all read in the literature of his age, knows the tragic story of the death and burial of cock robin. That interesting individual was found one morning lying on the ground, with a murderous weapon through his heart. The horror-stricken birds assembled. A coroner's inquest was holden. The first inquiry was, of course, "Who killed cock robin?" There was a momentary silence; and then the sparrow, the last one in the crowd, perhaps, to be suspected, confessed the deed. He then proceeds to state how it was done, and owns he "did it with his bow and arrow."

3. "Caw! caw! caw!" The watchword and the signal of alarm or caution among crows; or else it is the "dreadful note of preparation" summoning the lawless legions² from the depths of the pine woods, from yonder hill, from far-off forests, to come and help pull up a field of corn, just beginning to put forth its tender blades. "All these and more come flocking," for there's no one around; the scarecrow was blown down last night; the gun is lent; the boys have gone to school; the farmer tumbled off the hay-mow yesterday and broke his leg: and so the crows proceed with the destruction,

"unmoved

With dread of death, to flight, or foul retreat."

4. The crow and blackbird both are arrant³ rogues. The last, indeed, renders somewhat of service in the early part of spring; for, following the furrows of the field, devouring countless worms and grubs, which would be most

destructive to the coming crop of corn, all day long he gleans behind the plough, a perfect little Ruth. But when the corn comes, he devotes himself to its destruction with a perfect ruthlessness⁴, and fills his own crop with the farmer's in a very short time.

5. Perchance, should any one appear on the premises, he gets upon the fence, and whistles very unconcernedly, just as if he hadn't been doing any thing. As for that bean pole, standing in the centre of the field, dressed in old clothes, and bearing some faint resemblance to a returned Californian,—ha! ha! ha! What fools men are to think that they can cheat the blackbird! Why, there are five of them at this moment pulling corn for dear life, to see who shall get through his row the first, who were born, bred, and educated in the very hat of that identical old scarecrow. To be sure, when it was first set up, the birds eyed it with curiosity, perhaps mistrust, but it never entered their heads that it was intended to resemble a man; or if it did, it soon became a standing joke with them.

6. Every farmer hates the crow, and we must acknowledge he is not a very lovable bird. He has neither beauty nor song; for his eternal caw! caw! is a note renewed so often as to be at a decided discount. Nor has he civility of manners; and his ideas concerning private property are extremely vague⁵. Yet of all the bird tribe, he is far the most intelligent. Nor is he a hypocrite⁶. There he is, on that old tree by the road side, clothed in a sable suit, and, as you go by, looks demure⁷, interesting, and melancholy. But should there be a gun in the bottom of the wagon, though it is covered carefully with a bundle of straw, a blanket over that, and a large fat boy sitting on top of all, he knows it is there, and, trusty sentinel, alarms the whole community⁸ of crows in the region round about; and away they wing, "over the hills and far away." Caw

caw! caw! You didn't catch him that time. He is very well aware that you intend to kill him—if you can. He just wants to see you try it—that's all.

¹ JŪ'VE-NĪLE. A young person.

² LĒ'QIŌN (lē'jun). A large body of soldiers; a great number.

³ ĀR'RAŊT. Very bad; notorious in a bad sense.

⁴ RŪTH-LESS-NĒSS. Want of pity; cruelty; hard-heartedness.

⁵ VĀGUE (vāg). Unfixed; unsettled.

⁶ HŪP'Q-CRĪTE. One who pretends to be what he is not; a dissembler.

⁷ DĒ-MŪRE'. Modest and pensive.

⁸ CŌM-MŪ'NĪ-TŪ. A society of individuals having common rights and interests.

LVIII.—AFTER MARRIAGE.

SHERIDAN.

[Richard Brinsley Sheridan, a celebrated orator and dramatic writer, was born in Dublin, Ireland, in 1751, and died in 1816. His principal plays are "The Rivals," "The Duenna," "The School for Scandal," and "The Critic." They are all marked by brilliant wit and pointed dialogue, and "The School for Scandal" is perhaps the most finished comedy in the language. He was a very effective speaker in Parliament. There was little that was estimable or respectable in Sheridan's character. He was always in a state of pecuniary embarrassment, and in his later years too often sought oblivion in that fatal source of alleviation, the bottle. The following scene is from "The School for Scandal."]

LADY TEAZLE and SIR PETER.

Sir Peter. Lady Teazle, Lady Teazle, I'll not bear it!

Lady Teazle. Sir Peter, Sir Peter, you may bear it or not, as you please; but I ought to have my own way in every thing; and what's more, I will too. What! though I was educated in the country, I know very well that women of fashion in London are accountable to nobody after they are married.

Sir P. Very well, ma'am, very well—so a husband is to have no influence, no authority?

Lady T. Authority! No, to be sure:—if you wanted authority over me, you should have adopted me, and not married me; I am sure you were old enough.

Sir P. Old enough!—ay—there it is. Well, well, Lady Teazle, though my life may be made unhappy by your temper, I'll not be ruined by your extravagance.

Lady T. My extravagance! I'm sure I'm not more extravagant than a woman ought to be.

Sir P. No, no, madam, you shall throw away no more sums on such unmeaning luxury. Indeed! to spend as much to furnish your dressing-room with flowers in winter as would suffice to turn the Pantheon* into a green-house!

Lady T. Why, Sir Peter! am I to blame, because flowers are dear in cold weather? You should find fault with the climate, and not with me. For my part, I'm sure, I wish it were spring all the year round, and that roses grew under our feet!

Sir P. Zounds! madam—if you had been born to this, I shouldn't wonder at your talking thus; but you forget what your situation was when I married you.

Lady T. No, no, I don't; 'twas a very disagreeable one, or I should never have married you.

Sir P. Yes, yes, madam, you were then in somewhat a humbler style,—the daughter of a plain country squire. Recollect, Lady Teazle, when I saw you first sitting at your tambour¹, in a pretty figured linen gown, with a bunch of keys at your side, your hair combed smooth over a roll, and your apartment hung round with fruits in worsted of your own working.

Lady T. O, yes! I remember it very well, and a curious life I led,—my daily occupation to inspect the dairy, superintend² the poultry, make extracts from the family receipt-book, and comb my aunt Deborah's lap-dog.

Sir P. Yes, yes, ma'am, 'twas so, indeed.

Lady T. And then, you know, my evening amusements;—to draw patterns for ruffles, which I had not

* PAN-THE'ON. A temple dedicated to all the gods. The Pantheon at Rome now comparatively in ruins, is one of the most splendid remains of the ancients.

materials to make up; to play Pope Joan³ with the curate; to read a novel to my aunt; or to be stuck down to an old spinet⁴ to strum my father to sleep after a fox-chase.

Sir P. I am glad you have so good a memory. Yes, madam, these were the recreations I took you from; but now you must have your coach — *vis-a-vis*⁵ — and three powdered footmen before your chair; and, in the summer, a pair of white cats to draw you to Kensington Gardens. No recollection, I suppose, when you were content to ride double, behind the butler, on a docked coach-horse.

Lady T. No — I never did that: I deny the butler and the coach-horse.

Sir P. This, madam, was your situation; and what have I done for you? I have made you a woman of fashion, of fortune, of rank; in short, I have made you my wife.

Lady T. Well, then; and there is but one thing more you can make me, to add to the obligation, and that is —

Sir P. My widow, I suppose?

Lady T. Hem! hem!

Sir P. I thank you, madam; but don't flatter yourself; for though your ill conduct may disturb my peace of mind, it shall never break my heart, I promise you: however, I am equally obliged to you for the hint.

Lady T. Then why will you endeavor to make yourself so disagreeable to me, and thwart me in every little elegant expense?

Sir P. Indeed, madam, had you any of these little elegant expenses when you married me?

Lady T. Why, Sir Peter! would you have me be out of the fashion?

Sir P. The fashion, indeed! What had you to do with the fashion before you married me?

Lady T. For my part, I should think you would like to have your wife thought a woman of taste.

Sir P. Ay; there again — taste. Zounds! madam, you had no taste when you married me!

Lady T. That's very true indeed, Sir Peter; and after having married you, I should never pretend to taste again, I allow. But now, Sir Peter, since we have finished our daily jangle, I presume I may go to my engagement at Lady Sneerwell's.

Sir P. Ay, there's another precious circumstance — a charming set of acquaintance you have made there.

Lady T. Nay, Sir Peter, they are all people of rank and fortune, and remarkably tenacious⁶ of reputation.

Sir P. Yes, they are tenacious of reputation with a vengeance; for they don't choose any body should have a character but themselves! — Such a crew! Ah! many a wretch has rid on a hurdle⁷ who has done less mischief than these utterers of forged tales, coiners of scandal, and clippers of reputation.

Lady T. What! would you restrain the freedom of speech?

Sir P. Ah! they have made you just as bad as and one of the society.

Lady T. Why, I believe I do bear a part with a tolerable grace.

Sir P. Grace, indeed!

Lady T. But I vow I bear no malice against the people I abuse. When I say an ill-natured thing, 'tis out of pure good-humor; and I take it for granted, they deal exactly in the same manner with me. But, Sir Peter, you know you promised to come to Lady Sneerwell's too.

Sir P. Well, well, I'll call in just to look after my own character.

Lady T. Then indeed you must make haste after me, or you'll be too late. So, good-by to you. [Exit LADY TREAZLE.

Sir P. So — I have gained much by my intended expostulation⁸: yet, with what a charming air she contra-

dicts every thing I say, and how pleasingly she shows her contempt for my authority! Well, though I can't make her love me, there is great satisfaction in quarrelling with her; and I think she never appears to such advantage, as when she is doing every thing in her power to plague me.

[Exit.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>¹ TĀM'BÔUR. A frame on which cloth is stretched for convenience of embroidery.</p> <p>² SŪ-PĒR-IN-TĒND'. Have the care or direction of; overlook.</p> <p>³ PŌPE JŌAN (-jōn). A game at cards.</p> <p>⁴ SPĪN'ET. A stringed musical instrument of the harp kind, formerly much in use.</p> <p>⁵ VIS'Ā-VIS (vīz'ā-vē). Face to face;</p> | <p><i>here</i>, a carriage for two persons who sit opposite to each other.</p> <p>⁶ TĒ-NĀ'CIOYS (-shys). Holding fast; retentive.</p> <p>⁷ HŪR'DLE. A sort of sledge on which criminals were drawn to execution.</p> <p>⁸ EX-PŌST'V-LĀ-TIŌN. Earnest remonstrance; act of reasoning earnestly with a person, on some impropriety of conduct.</p> |
|--|---|

LIX.—THE PASSAGE.

UHLAND.

[Johann Ludwig Uhland was born in Tübingen, April 26, 1787, and died November 13, 1862. Among the recent poets of Germany he holds a very high place. He wrote dramas, ballads, odes, and lyrical pieces. But few of his poems have been translated into English, and these have a dreamy and spiritual beauty, and much tenderness of feeling.]

1. MANY a year is in its grave
 Since I crossed this restless wave;
 And the evening, fair as ever,
 Shines on ruin, rock, and river.

2. Then in this same boat beside
 Sat two comrades old and tried;
 One with all a father's truth,
 One with all the fire of youth.

3. One on earth in silence wrought,
 And his grave in silence sought;

But the younger, brighter form
Passed² in battle and in storm.

4. So, whene'er I turn my eye
Back upon the days gone by,
Saddening thoughts of friends come o'er me—
Friends who closed their course before me.
5. But what binds us, friend to friend,
But that soul with soul can blend?
Soul-like were those days of yore—
Let us walk in soul once more.
6. Take, O boatman, thrice thy fee;
Take, I give it willingly;
For, invisible to thee,
Spirits twain have crossed with me.

¹ WRÖUGHT (râwt). Worked. | ² PÄSSED. Departed from life.

LX.—BINGEN ON THE RHINE.

MRS. CAROLINE NORTON:

[This poem was written by Mrs. Caroline Norton, an English lady, granddaughter of the celebrated R. B. Sheridan. Bingen is a beautiful town on the left bank of the Rhine, in Germany.]

1.

A SOLDIER of the Legion lay dying in Algiers,
There was lack of woman's nursing, there was dearth of woman's tears;
But a comrade stood beside him, while his life-blood ebbed away,
And bent, with pitying glances, to hear what he might say:
The dying soldier faltered, and he took that comrade's hand,
And he said, "I never more shall see my own, my native land:
Take a message, and a token, to some distant friends of mine,
For I was born at Bingen,* — at Bingen on the Rhine.

* *Pronounced Bîng'en.*

2.

“Tell my brothers and companions, when they meet and crowd around,
To hear my mournful story, in the pleasant vineyard¹ ground,
That we fought the battle bravely, and when the day was done,
Full many a corse lay ghastly pale, beneath the setting sun;
And, 'mid the dead and dying, were some grown old in wars, —
The death-wound on their gallant breasts, the last of many scars;
And some were young, and suddenly beheld life's morn decline,
And one had come from Bingen, — fair Bingen on the Rhine.

3.

“Tell my mother, that her other son shall comfort her old age;
For I was still² a truant bird, that thought his home a cage.
For my father was a soldier, and even as a child
My heart leaped forth to hear him tell of struggles fierce and wild;
And when he died, and left us to divide his scanty hoard³,
I let them take whate'er they would, — but kept my father's sword;
And with boyish love I hung it where the bright light used to shine,
On the cottage wall at Bingen, — calm Bingen on the Rhine.

4.

“Tell my sister not to weep for me, and sob with drooping head,
When the troops come marching home again, with glad and gallant tread;
But to look upon them proudly, with a calm and steadfast eye,
For her brother was a soldier, too, and not afraid to die:
And if a comrade seek her love, I ask her in my name,
To listen to him kindly, without regret or shame;
And to hang the old sword in its place (my father's sword and mine),
For the honor of old Bingen, — dear Bingen on the Rhine.

5.

“There's another — not a sister; in the happy days gone by;
You'd have known her by the merriment that sparkled in her eye;
Too innocent for co'quetry⁴, — too fond for idle scorning, —
O, friend! I fear the lightest heart makes sometimes heaviest mourning!
Tell her the last night of my life, — (for ere the moon be risen,
My body will be out of pain, my soul be out of prison), —
I dreamed I stood with *her*, and saw the yellow sunlight shine
On the vine-clad hills of Bingen, — fair Bingen on the Rhine.

6.

“I saw the blue Rhine sweep along, — I heard, or seemed to hear,
The German songs we used to sing, in chorus sweet and clear;

And down the pleasant river, and up the slanting hill,
 The echoing chorus sounded, through the evening calm and still ;
 And her glad blue eyes were on me, as we passed with friendly talk,
 Down many a path beloved of yore, and well-remembered walk !
 And her little hand lay lightly, confidingly in mine, —
 But we'll meet no more at Bingen, — loved Bingen on the Rhine.”

7.

His trembling voice grew faint and hoarse, — his grasp was childish weak, —

His eyes put on a dying look, — he sighed and ceased to speak ;
 His comrade bent to lift him, but the spark of life had fled, —
 The soldier of the Legion in a foreign land was dead !
 And the soft moon rose up slowly, and calmly she looked down
 On the red sand of the battle-field, with bloody corpses strewn ;
 Yes, calmly on that dreadful scene her pale light seemed to shine,
 As it shone on distant Bingen, — fair Bingen on the Rhine.

¹ VINE'YARD An enclosure for grape-
 vines.

² STILL. Always ; ever.

³ HŌARD. A store laid up ; a treasure.

⁴ CŌ QUĒT'RY (*here pronounced cō'-quet-ry*). The character and practice of a coquette ; deceit or trifling in love ; flirtation.

LXI.—THE VOICE OF THE WAVES.*

MRS. HEMANS.

1. “ANSWER, ye chiming¹ waves,
 That now in sunshine sweep ;
 Speak to me from thy hidden caves,
 Voice of the solemn deep !
2. “Hath man's lone spirit here
 With storms in battle striven ?
 Where all is now so calmly clear,
 Hath anguish cried to Heaven ?”
3. Then the sea's voice arose,
 Like an earthquake's under-tone, —

* Written near the scene of a recent shipwreck.

- “Mortal, the strife of human woes
Where hath not nature known ?
4. “Here to the quivering mast
Despair hath wildly clung ;
The shriek upon the wind hath past,
The midnight sky hath rung.
5. “And the youthful and the brave
With their beauty and renown,
To the hollow chambers of the wave
In darkness have gone down.
6. “They are vanished from their place, —
Let their homes and hearths make moan ;
But the rolling waters keep no trace
Of pang or conflict gone.”
7. “Alas ! thou haughty deep !
The strong, the sounding-far !
My heart before thee dies, — I weep
To think on what we are !
8. “To think that so we pass,
High hope, and thought, and mind,
E’en as the breath-stain from the glass,
Leaving no sign behind !
9. “Saw’st thou nought else, thou main,
Thou and the midnight sky, —
Nought, save the struggle, brief and vain,
The parting agony ?”
10. And the sea’s voice replied, —
“Here nobler things have been !
Power with the valiant² when they died,
To sanctify³ the scene :

11. Courage, in fragile⁴ form,
Faith, trusting to the last,
Prayer, breathing heavenward through the storm,—
But all alike have passed.”
12. “Sound on, thou haughty sea!
These have not passed in vain;
My soul awakes, my hope springs free
On victor wings again.
13. “Thou from thine empire driven,
May’st vanish with thy powers;
But, by the hearts that here have striven,
A loftier doom is ours!”

¹ CHĪM’ING. Sounding in harmony.

² VĀL’IANT (vāl’yant). Intrepid in
danger; heroic; brave.

³ SĀNC’TĪ-FŶ. To make holy or sacred;
to consecrate.

⁴ FRĀG’ILE. Frail; easily broken.

LXII.—CONTRAST BETWEEN ADAMS AND NAPOLEON.

SEWARD.

[William Henry Seward was born in Florida, New York, May 16, 1801. He was graduated at Union College in 1819, and admitted to the bar in 1822. He was chosen governor of New York by the whigs, and re-elected in 1846. In February, 1849, he was chosen to the Senate of the United States, and continued a member of that body till the election of President Lincoln, when he became a member of his cabinet as Secretary of State. He is a man of patient and persevering industry, and his speeches, which are always carefully prepared, are marked by great literary merit.

The following extract is from a eulogy on John Quincy Adams, delivered before the legislature of New York, February 23, 1848.]

1. ONLY two years after the birth of John Quincy Adams, there appeared on an island in the Mediterranean Sea, a human spirit, newly born, endowed with equal genius, without the regulating qualities of justice and benevolence

which Adams possessed in so eminent a degree. A like career opened to both. Born like Adams, a subject of a king, — the child of more genial skies, like him, became, in early life, a patriot, and a citizen of a new and great Republic. Like Adams, he lent his service to the state in precocious¹ youth, and in its hour of need, and won its confidence. But, unlike Adams, he could not wait the dull delays of slow and laborious, but sure advancement. He sought power by the hasty road that leads through fields of carnage; and he became, like Adams, a supreme magistrate, a consul².

2. But there were other consuls. He was not content. He thrust them aside, and was consul alone. Consular power was too short. He fought new battles, and was consul for life. But power, confessedly derived from the people, must be exercised in obedience to their will, and must be resigned to them again, at least in death. He was not content. He desolated Europe afresh, subverted the Republic, imprisoned the patriarch³ who presided over Rome's comprehensive see⁴, and obliged him to pour on his head the sacred oil that made the persons of kings divine, and their right to reign indefeasible.⁵ He was an Emperor.

3. But he saw around him a mother, brothers, and sisters, not ennobled, whose humble state reminded him and the world that he was born a plebeian⁶; and he had no heir to wait impatient for the imperial crown. He scourged the earth again; and again Fortune smiled on him, even in his wild extravagance. He bestowed kingdoms and principalities on his kindred; put away the devoted wife of his youthful days, and another, a daughter of Hapsburg's imperial house, joyfully accepted his proud alliance. Offspring gladdened his anxious sight; a diadem was placed on its infant brow, and it received the homage of princes, even in its cradle. Now he was indeed a monarch, — a legitimate monarch — a monarch by divine appointment,

— the first of an endless succession of monarchs. But there were other monarchs who held sway on the earth. He was not content. He would reign with his kindred alone.

4. He gathered new and greater armies from his own land, — from subjugated lands. He called forth the young and brave, — one from every household, — from the Pyrenees* to the Zuyder Zee†, — from Jura‡ to the ocean. He marshalled them into long and majestic columns, and went forth to seize that universal dominion which seemed almost within his grasp.

5. But Ambition had tempted Fortune too far. The nations of the earth resisted, repelled, pursued, surrounded him. The pageant was ended. The crown fell from his presumptuous head. The wife who had wedded him in his pride, forsook him in the hour when fear came upon him. His child was ravished⁷ from his sight. His kinsmen were degraded to their first estate⁸; and he was no longer emperor, nor consul, nor general, nor even a citizen, but an exile and a prisoner, on a lonely island, in the midst of the wild Atlantic.

6. Discontent attended him there. The wayward man fretted out a few long years of his yet unbroken manhood, looking off at the earliest dawn, and in evening's latest twilight, towards that distant world that had only just eluded his grasp. His heart became corroded.⁹ Death came, not unlooked for; though it came even then unwelcome. He was stretched on his bed within the fort which constituted his prison. A few fast and faithful friends stood around, with the guards who rejoiced that the hour of relief from long and wearisome watching was at hand.

7. As his strength wasted away, delirium stirred up the

* PÿR'E-NĒĒš. A range of mountains between France and Spain.

† ZUÿ'DĒR ZĒĒ. A large body of water in Holland.

‡ JÛ'RA. A range of mountains between France and Switzerland.

brain from its long and inglorious inactivity. The pageant of Ambition returned. He was again a lieutenant, a colonel, a general, an emperor of France. He filled again the throne of Charlemagne.* His kindred pressed around him, again invested with the pompous pageantry of royalty. The daughter of the long line of kings again stood proudly by his side, and the sunny face of his child shone out from beneath the diadem that encircled its flowing locks.

8. The Marshals¹⁰ of the Empire awaited his command. The legions of the Old Guard[†] were in the field; their scarred faces rejuvenated¹¹, and their ranks, thinned in many battles, replenished. Russia, Prussia, Austria, Denmark, and England gathered their mighty hosts to give him battle. Once more he mounted his impatient charger, and rushed forth to conquest. He waved his sword aloft, and cried, "*Tête d'Armée!*"¹² The feverish vision broke, — the mockery was ended. The silver cord was loosed, and the warrior fell back upon his bed a lifeless corpse! This was the END OF EARTH. THE CORSICAN WAS NOT CONTENT.

STATESMEN AND CITIZENS! The contrast suggests its own impressive moral.

¹ PRĒ-CŌ'CIOUS. Ripe or mature before the natural time.

² CŌN'SŪL. One of the three chief magistrates of France from 1799 to 1804.

³ PĀ'TRĪ-ĀRĒH. The father or head of a family among the ancient Israelites; *here*, applied to the Pope, the highest dignitary of the church.

⁴ SĒĒ. The jurisdiction of a bishop; the office or authority of the Pope.

⁵ ĪN-DE-FĒA'ŠĪ-BLE. Incapable of being defeated or made void.⁹

⁶ PLE-BĒ'IAN. One of the common people or lower order of citizens.

⁷ RĀV'ISHED. Taken away by violence.

⁸ ĒS-TĀTE'. Condition in life; state; property; fortune.

⁹ CŌR-RŌD'ĒD. Eaten away; consumed.

¹⁰ MĀR'SHĀL. In France, the highest military officer.

¹¹ RĒ-JŪ'VE-NĀT-ĒD. Made young again.

¹² TĒTE D'ARMÉE. (tāt-d'ār-mā'). French words, meaning "head of the army." They were said to have been spoken by Napoleon Bonaparte in his last moments.

* CHARLEMAGNE (shār'le-mān), or Charles the Great, a famous king of France, who ruled over the greater part of Europe in the eighth century.

† OLD GUARD. A select body of troops that bore a distinguished part in the campaigns of Napoleon.

LXIII — SALADIN AND MALEK ADHEL.

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

Attendant. A stranger craves admission to your Highness.

Saladin. Whence comes he ?

Att. That I know not.

Enveloped in a vestment of strange form,
His countenance is hidden, but his step,
His lofty port, his voice, in vain disguised,
Proclaim — if that I dared pronounce it —

Sal. Whom ?

Att. Thy royal brother.

Sal. Bring him instantly.

[Exit ATTENDANT.]

Now with his specious¹, smooth, persuasive tongue,
Fraught with some wily subterfuge², he thinks
To dissipate my anger — he shall die.

[Enter ATTENDANT and MALEK ADHEL.]

Sal. Leave us together. [Exit ATTENDANT.] [Aside.] I should
know that form.

Now summon all thy fortitude, my soul;
Nor, though thy blood cry for him, spare the guilty.
[Aloud.] Well, stranger, speak; but first unveil thyself,
For Saladin must view the form that fronts him.

Malek Adhel. Behold it, then !

Sal. I see a traitor's visage.

Mal. Ad. A brother's.

Sal. No —

Saladin owns no kindred with a villain.

Mal. Ad. O, patience, Heaven ! Had any tongue but thine
Uttered that word, it ne'er should speak another.

Sal. And why not now ? Can this heart be more pierced
By Malek Adhel's sword than by his deeds ?
O, thou hast made a desert of this bosom !
For open candor, planted sly disguise ;
For confidence, suspicion ; and the glow

Of generous friendship, tenderness and love,
Forever banished. Whither can I turn,
When he, by blood, by gratitude, by faith,
By every tie, bound to support, forsakes me?
Who, who can stand, when Malek Adhel falls?
Henceforth I turn me from the sweets of love,
The smiles of friendship; and this glorious world,
In which all find some heart to rest upon,
Shall be to Saladin a cheerless void:
His brother has betrayed him!

Mal Ad. Thou art softened;
I am thy brother, then; but late thou saidst —
My tongue can never utter the base title.

Sal. Was it traitor? True —
Thou hast betrayed me in my fondest hopes.
Villain? 'Tis just; the title is appropriate.
Dissembler³? 'Tis not written in thy face;
No, nor imprinted on that specious brow,
But on this breaking heart the name is stamped,
Forever stamped, with that of Malek Adhel.
Thinkest thou I'm softened? By Mohammed, these hands
Should crush these aching eyeballs, ere a tear
Fall from them at thy fate! — O monster, monster!
The brute that tears the infant from its nurse
Is excellent to thee, for in his form
The impulse of his nature may be read; —
But thou, so beautiful, so proud, so noble,
O, what a wretch art thou! O, can a term
In all the various tongues of man be found
To match thy infamy?

Mal. Ad. Go on, go on;
'Tis but a little while to hear thee, Saladin,
And, bursting at thy feet, this heart will prove
Its penitence at least.

Sal. That were an end

Too noble for a traitor; the bowstring⁴ is
A more appropriate finish — thou shalt die!

Mal. Ad. And death were welcome at another's mandate!
What, what have I to live for? Be it so,
If that in all thy armies can be found
An executing hand.

Sal. O, doubt it not!
They're eager for the office. Perfidy,
So black as thine, effaces from their minds
All memory of thy former excellence.

Mal. Ad. Defer not then their wishes. Saladin,
If e'er this form was joyful to thy sight,
This voice seemed grateful to thine ear, accede
To my last prayer — O, lengthen not this scene,
To which the agonies of death were pleasing —
Let me die speedily.

Sal. This very hour!
(*Aside.*) For — oh! the more I look upon that face,
The more I hear the accents of that voice,
The monarch softens, and the judge is lost
In all the brother's weakness; yet such guilt,
Such vile ingratitude! it calls for vengeance,
And vengeance it shall have! What, ho! who waits there?

[Enter ATTENDANT.]

Att. Did your Highness call?

Sal. Assemble quickly
My forces in the court! — tell them they come
To view the death of yonder bosom-traitor;
And bid them mark, that he who will not spare
His brother when he errs, expects obedience,
Silent obedience, from his followers. [Exit ATTENDANT.]

Mal. Ad. Now, Saladin,
The word is given — I have nothing more
To fear from thee, my brother. — I am not
About to crave a miserable life —

Without thy love, thy honor, thy esteem,
Life were a burden to me. Think not, either,
The justice of thy sentence I would question :
But one request now trembles on my tongue,
One wish still clinging round the heart, which soon
Not even that shall torture. — Will it then,
Thinkest thou, thy slumbers render quieter,
Thy waking thoughts more pleasing, to reflect,
That when thy voice had doomed a brother's death,
The last request which e'er was his to utter,
Thy harshness made him carry to the grave?

Sal. Speak, then ; but ask thyself if thou hast reason
To look for much indulgence here.

Mal. Ad. I have not !

Yet will I ask for it. We part forever ;
This is our last farewell ; the king is satisfied ;
The judge has spoken the irrevocable^s sentence ;
None sees, none hears, save that Omniscient Power,
Which, trust me, will not frown to look upon
Two brothers part like such. When in the face
Of forces once my own, I'm led to death,
Then be thine eye unmoistened ; let thy voice
Then speak my doom untrembling ; then,
Unmoved, behold this stiff and blackened corse.
But now I ask, — nay, turn not, Saladin, —
I ask one single pressure of thy hand,
From that stern eye one solitary tear —
O, torturing recollection ! one kind word
From the loved tongue which once breathed nought but
kindness.

Still silent ? Brother, — friend, beloved companion
Of all my youthful sports, — are they forgotten ?
Strike me with deafness, make me blind, O Heaven !
Let me not see this unforgiving man
Smile at my agonies, nor hear that voice

Pronounce my doom, which would not say one word,
One little word, whose cherished memory
Would soothe the struggles of departing life. —
Yet, yet thou wilt — O, turn thee, Saladin!
Look on my face; thou canst not spurn me then:
Look on the once-loved face of Malek Adhel
For the last time, and call him —

Sal. [Seizing his hand.] Brother! brother!

Mal. Ad. [Breaking away.] Now call thy followers.
Death has not now

A single pang in store. Proceed! I'm ready.

Sal. O, art thou ready to forgive, my brother, —
To pardon him who found one single error,
One little failing, 'mid a splendid throng
Of glorious qualities —

Mal. Ad. O, stay thee, Saladin!
I did not ask for life — I only wished
To carry thy forgiveness to the grave.
No, Emperor, the loss of Cæsarea
Cries loudly for the blood of Malek Adhel.
Thy soldiers, too, demand that he who lost
What cost them many a weary hour to gain,
Should expiate his offences with his life.
Lo, even now they crowd to view my death,
Thy just impartiality. I go —
Pleased by my fate to add one other leaf
To thy proud wreath of glory.

[Going.]

Sal. Thou shalt not.

[Enter ATTENDANT.]

Att. My lord, the troops assembled by your order,
Tumultuous throng the courts. The prince's death
Not one of them but vows he will not suffer. —
The mutes have fled; the very guards rebel;
Nor think I in this city's spacious round,
Can e'er be found a hand to do the office.

Mal. Ad. O, faithful friends! [To ATT.] Thine shalt.

Att. Mine? — Never! —

The other first shall lop it from the body.

Sal. They teach the Emperor his duty well.
Tell them he thanks them for it; tell them, too,
That ere their opposition reached our ears,
Saladin had forgiven Malek Adhel.

Att. O, joyful news!

I haste to gladden many a gallant heart,
And dry the tear on many a hardy cheek
Unused to such a visitor.

[Exit.]

Sal. These men, the meanest in society,
The outcasts of the earth, — by war, by nature
Hardened, and rendered callous⁶, — these, who claim
No kindred with thee, who have never heard
The accents of affection from thy lips, —
O, these can cast aside their vowed allegiance⁷,
Throw off their long obedience, risk their lives,
To save thee from destruction. While I,
I, who cannot, in all my memory,
Call back one danger which thou hast not shared,
One day of grief, one night of revelry,
Which thy resistless kindness hath not soothed,
Or thy gay smile and converse rendered sweeter; —
I, who have thrice in the ensanguined⁸ field,
When death seemed certain, only uttered — “Brother!”
And seen that form like lightning rush between
Saladin and his foes; and that brave breast,
Dauntless, exposed to many a furious blow
Intended for my own — I could forget
That ’twas to thee I owed the very breath
Which sentenced thee to perish! O, ’tis shameful!
Thou canst not pardon me.

Mal. Ad. By these tears I can —
O, brother! from this very hour, a new,

A glorious life commences — I am all thine.
 Again the day of gladness or of anguish
 Shall Malek Adhel share, and oft again
 May this sword fence thee in the bloody field.
 Henceforth, Saladin,
 My heart, my soul, my sword, are thine forever.

- | | |
|--|---|
| ¹ SPĒ'CIOUS. Plausible; showy; seemingly good. | ⁵ IR-RĒV'Q-ÇA-BLE. That which cannot be recalled. |
| ² SŪB'TĒR-FŪGE. An evasion; an artifice; a trick. | ⁶ ÇĀL'LOUS. Hard; insensible; unfeeling. |
| ³ DİS-SĒM'BLER. A hypocrite; one who conceals his opinions or disposition under a false appearance. | ⁷ ĀL-LĒ'ĞIANCE. Fidelity, or obedience which a citizen owes to his government. |
| ⁴ BŌW'STRİNG. A cord used by the Turks to strangle criminals. | ⁸ ĒN-SĀN'GUINED. Smeared or stained with blood. |

LXIV. — CITY AND COUNTRY.

O. W. HOLMES.

[Oliver Wendell Holmes, M. D., was born in Cambridge, in 1809, and was graduated at Harvard College in 1829. He is one of the most brilliant and popular of American writers. He is a professor in the medical department of Harvard College, and distinguished as a man of science. The following poem was read by him at a festival gathering of the sons of Berkshire, Mass.]

1. COME back to your Mother, ye children, for shame,
 Who have wandered like truants, for riches and fame!
 With a smile on her face, and a sprig in her cap,
 She calls you to feast from her bountiful lap.
2. Come out from your alleys, your courts, and your lanes,
 And breathe, like your eagles, the air of our plains;
 Take a whiff from our fields, and your excellent wives
 Will declare 'tis all nonsense insuring your lives.
3. Come, you of the law, who can talk, if you please,
 Till the man in the moon will allow it's a cheese,
 And leave "the old lady that never tells lies,"
 To sleep with her handkerchief over her eyes.

4. Ye healers of men, for a moment decline
Your feats in the rhubarb and ipecac¹ line;
While you shut up your turnpike, your neighbors can go
The old round-about road to the regions below.
5. You clerk, on whose ears are a couple of pens,
And whose head is an ant-hill of units and tens,
Though Plato* denies you, we welcome you still —
As a featherless biped, in spite of your quill.
6. Poor drudge of the city! how happy he feels
With the burrs on his legs and the grass at his heels!
No *dodger*² behind his bandannas³ to share, —
No constable grumbling, “You mustn’t walk there!”
7. In yonder green meadow, to memory dear,
He slaps a mosquito, and brushes a tear;
The dewdrops hang around him on blossoms and shoots,
He breathes but one sigh for his youth and his boots.
8. There stands the old school-house, hard by the old
church;
That tree by its side had the flavor of birch;
O, sweet were the days of his juvenile tricks,
Though the prairie of youth had so many “big licks!”
9. By the side of yon river he weeps and he slumps,
The boots fill with water, as if they were pumps,
Till, sated⁴ with rapture, he steals to his bed,
With a glow in his heart, and a cold in his head.
10. ’Tis past, — he is dreaming — I see him again;
The ledger returns as by legerdemain⁵;

* PLATO. A celebrated Greek philosopher, born about 430 years before Christ. His reported definition of *man*, — a biped without feathers, — is alluded to here.

His mustache is damp with an easterly flaw,
And he holds in his fingers an omnibus⁶ straw.

11. He dreams the chill gust is a blossoming gale,
That the straw is a rose from his dear native vale;
And murmurs, unconscious of space and of time,
“A 1⁷. — Extra super. — Ah! isn’t it prime!”
12. O, what are the prizes we perish to win,
To the first little “shiner” we caught with a pin?
No soil upon earth is so dear to our eyes
As the soil we first stirred in terrestrial⁸ pies!
13. Then come from all parties, and parts, to our feast;
Though not at the “Astor,”* we’ll give you at least
A bite at an apple, a seat on the grass,
And the best of old — water — at nothing a glass!

¹ ÍP’Ē-CĂC. A contraction of ipecacuanha, a South American plant used as an emetic.

² DŎDQ’ĒR. One guilty of sly, mean tricks; *here*, a sly thief.

³ BĂN-DĂN’NĂ. A kind of pocket handkerchief.

⁴ SĂT’ĒD. Filled or gratified to the extent of desire; gluttoned.

⁵ LĒQ-ĒR-DE-MĂIN’. Sleight of hand;

the art of performing tricks which depend chiefly on nimbleness of hand; a juggle.

⁶ ŌM’NĪ-BŪS. A large public carriage used in cities.

⁷ A 1. Signs used in insuring a vessel to denote that it is of the first class; *hence*, colloquially applied to any thing of the best quality.

⁸ TĒR-RĒS’TRĪ-ĀL. Earthy, or earthly.

LXV. — EXTRACT FROM EMMET’S SPEECH.

ROBERT EMMET.

[Robert Emmet was born at Dublín, Ireland, in the year 1780. Even in his boyhood he became prominent as an advocate of the independence of his native country. After the failure of the revolution of 1798, he escaped to France, but returned in 1803, and took an active part in an attack upon the castle and arsenals of Dublin. The effort was unsuccessful. Emmet was arrested, tried, and convicted of high treason. The following extract is from the speech deliv-

* A large hotel in New York city.

ered by him in reply to the question, "What have you, therefore, now to say why judgment of death and execution should not be awarded against you according to law?"

He was executed on the gallows, September 20, 1803. The eloquence and pathos evinced by his speech, as well as the courage with which he met his fate, won general admiration.]

1. MY LORDS: What have I to say, why sentence of death should not be pronounced on me, according to law? I have nothing to say that can alter your predetermination, or that it would become me to say, with any view to the mitigation¹ of that sentence which you are here to pronounce, and which I must abide. But I have much to say which interests me more than that life which you have labored to destroy. I have much to say, why my reputation should be rescued from the load of false accusation and calumny which has been heaped upon it.

2. Were I only to suffer death, after being adjudged guilty by *your tribunal*², I should bow in silence and meet the fate that awaits me, without a murmur. But the sentence of the law which delivers my body to the executioner, will, through the ministry of that law, labor in its own vindication to consign my character to obloquy³, for there must be guilt somewhere; whether in the sentence of the court or in the catastrophe, posterity must determine.

3. When my spirit shall be wafted to a more friendly port; when my shade shall have joined the bands of those martyred heroes who have shed their blood on the scaffold and in the field, in defence of their country and virtue, — this is my hope: I wish that my memory and name may animate those who survive me, while I look down with complacency on the destruction of that perfidious government, which upholds its domination by blasphemy of the Most High.

4. My lord, shall a dying man be denied the legal privilege of exculpating⁴ himself, in the eyes of the commu-

nity, from an undeserved reproach thrown upon him during his trial, by charging him with ambition, and attempting to cast away, for a paltry consideration, the liberties of his country? Why, then, insult me? or, rather, why insult justice, in demanding of me why sentence of death should not be pronounced?

5. I am charged with being an emissary^b of France! An emissary of France! And for what end? It is alleged that I wished to sell the independence of my country! And for what end? Was this the object of my ambition? and is this the mode by which a tribunal of justice reconciles contradictions? No, I am no emissary; and my ambition was to hold a place among the deliverers of my country; not in power, nor in profit, but in the glory of the achievement!

6. Sell my country's independence to France! And for what? Was it for a change of masters? No, but for ambition! O my country, was it personal ambition that could influence me? Had it been the soul of my actions, could I not by my education and fortune, by the rank and consideration of my family, have placed myself among the proudest of my oppressors? My country was my idol; to it I sacrificed every selfish, every endearing sentiment; and for it I now offer up my life.

7. No, my lord; I acted as an Irishman, determined on delivering my country from the yoke of a foreign and unrelenting tyranny; and from the more galling yoke of a domestic faction, which is its joint partner and perpetrator in the parricide^c, whose reward is the ignominy of existing with an exterior of splendor and a consciousness of depravity. It was the wish of my heart to extricate my country from this doubly-riveted despotism; I wished to place her independence beyond the reach of any power on earth; I wished to exalt her to that proud station in the world.

8. Let no man dare, when I am dead, to charge me with dishonor; let no man attain⁷ my memory by believing that I could have engaged in any cause but that of my country's liberty and independence; or that I could have become the pliant minion⁸ of power in the oppression or the miseries of my countrymen.

9. I would not have submitted to a foreign oppressor, for the same reason that I would resist the domestic tyrant: in the dignity of freedom, I would have fought upon the threshold of my country, and her enemy should enter only by passing over my lifeless corpse. Am I, who lived but for my country, and who have subjected myself to the vengeance of the jealous and watchful oppressor, and now to the bondage of the grave, only to give my countrymen their rights, — am I to be loaded with calumny, and not to be suffered to resent or repel it? No: God forbid!

10. If the spirits of the illustrious dead participate in the concerns and cares of those who are dear to them in this transitory life, O, ever dear and venerated shade of my departed father! look down with scrutiny on the conduct of your suffering son, and see if I have even for a moment deviated from those principles of morality and patriotism which it was your care to instil into my youthful mind, and for an adherence to which I am now to offer up my life!

11. My lords, you are impatient for the sacrifice. The blood which you seek is not congealed by the artificial terrors which surround your victim; it circulates warmly and unruffled, through the channels which God created for noble purposes, but which you are bent to destroy for purposes so grievous that they cry to Heaven! Be yet patient! I have but a few words more to say. I am going to my silent grave; my lamp of life is nearly extinguished; my race is run; the grave opens to receive me, and I sink into its bosom.

12. I have but one request to ask, at my departure from this world; — it is the charity of its silence. Let no man write my epitaph; for, as no one who knows my motives dares now vindicate them, let not prejudice⁹ or ignorance asperse¹⁰ them. Let them and me repose in obscurity and peace, and my tomb remain uninscribed, until other times, and other men, can do justice to my character. When my country shall take her place among the nations of the earth, — then, and not till then, — let my epitaph be written!

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1 MĪT-Ī-GĀ'TIŌN. Abatement of any thing painful or severe; a rendering less severe. | 6 PĀR/RĪ-CĪDE. The murder or the murder of a parent. |
| 2 TRĪ-BŪ'NĀL. Judgment-seat; court of justice. | 7 ĀT-TĀINT'. Cloud with infamy, stain; disgrace. |
| 3 ŌB'LQ-QUY. Censorious speech; blame; disgrace. | 8 MĪN'ĪŌN. A favorite in an ill sense; a low, base dependant. |
| 4 ĒX-CŪL'PĀT-ING. Clearing from guilt; excusing. | 9 PRĒJ'Ū-DĪCE. A leaning in favor of one side of a cause, for some reason other than its justice; previous bias or judgment. |
| 5 ĒM'IS-SA-RY. One sent on a mission; a private or secret agent. | 10 ĀS-PĒRSE'. Slander; defame. |

LXVI. — NATIONAL HYMN.

REV. S. F. SMITH, D D.

[Rev. Samuel F. Smith, D. D., is a native of Boston, and a graduate of Harvard College of the class of 1829. He is a clergyman of the Baptist denomination, and the editor of the publications of the American Baptist Missionary Union.]

1. MY country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.

2. My native country, thee —
Land of the noble free —
Thy name — I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.
 3. Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break —
The sound prolong.
 4. Our fathers' God, to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light,
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King.
-

LXVII. — LIMIT TO HUMAN DOMINION.

SWAIN.

[The following extract is a portion of a sermon of striking eloquence and beauty, by the Rev. Leonard Swain, of Providence, Rhode Island, published in the "Bibliotheca Sacra."]

1. MAN's dominion is the solid land. If the Old World speaks of man, to tell where he has been, so the New World seems to speak of him, and to tell where he shall be. In the forests of the Mississippi, a thousand miles

beyond the outmost cities, the sound of the axe and the gun declares that the all-conquering wave of civilization is coming; and a thousand miles farther on, where even these prophetic sounds have not been heard, there is that which speaks of human approach.

2. The stillness which is there is the stillness of fear and not of security. It tells that man is coming. The very silence is full of his name. The trees whisper it to one another. The fox and the panther utter it in their cry. The winds take up the secret, and give it to the hills, and these to the echoing vales. The fountains publish it to the brooks, and the brooks to the rivers, and the rivers spread it a thousand miles along their banks, and proclaim it at last to the northern seas—that man, the conqueror and king, is coming; that his footstep has been heard on the Atlantic shore; that the hills await him; that the vales expect him; that the forests bend their tremulous tops to listen for him; that the fear of him is upon the beasts of the wood, the fowl of the mountain, the cattle of a thousand hills; upon all rivers and plains, upon all quarries of rock and mines of precious ore¹; for all that is within the compass of land is given to his dominion, and he shall subdue its strength and appropriate its treasures, and scatter the refuse of it as the dust beneath his feet.

3. There man's empire stops. God has given the land to man, but the sea he has reserved to himself. "The sea is his, and he made it." He has given man "no inheritance in it; no, not so much as to set his foot on." If he enters its domain, he enters it as a pilgrim and a stranger. He may pass over it, but he can have no abiding place upon it. He cannot build his house, nor so much as pitch his tent, within it. He cannot mark it with his lines, nor subdue it to his uses, nor rear his monuments upon it. It steadfastly refuses to own him as its lord and

master. Its depths do not tremble at his coming. Its waters do not flee when he appeareth. All the strength of all his generations is to it as a feather before the whirlwind; and all the noise of his commerce, and all the thunder of his navies, it can hush in a moment within the silence of its impenetrable abysses.

4. Whole armies have gone down into that unfathomable darkness, and not a floating bubble marks the place of their disappearing. If all the populations of the world, from the beginning of time, were cast into its depths, the smooth surface of its oblivion² would close over them in an hour; and if all the cities of the earth, and all the structures and monuments ever reared by man, were heaped together over that grave for a tombstone, it would not break the surface of the deep, or lift back their memory to the light of the sun and the breath of the upper air. The sea would roll its billows in derision, a thousand fathoms deep, above the topmost stone of that mighty sepulchre.

5. The patient earth submits to the rule of man, and the mountains bow their rocky heads before the hammer of his power and the blast of his terrible enginery. The sea cares not for him; not so much as a single hair's breadth can its level be lowered or lifted by all the art, and all the effort, and all the enginery of all the generations of time. He comes and goes upon it, and a moment after it is as if he had never been there. He may engrave his titles upon the mountain top, and quarry his signature into the foundations of the globe, but he cannot write his name on the sea.

6. And thus, by its material uses and its spiritual voices, does the sea ever speak to us, to tell us that its builder and maker is God. He hewed its channels in the deep, and drew its barriers upon the sand, and cast its belted³ waters around the world. He fitted it to the earth and the sky, and poised⁴ them skilfully, the one against the other,

when he “measured the waters in the hollow of his hand, and meted out heaven with the span, and comprehended the dust of the earth in a measure, and weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance.” He gave the sea its wonderful laws, and armed it with its wonderful powers, and set it upon its wonderful work.

“O’er all its breadth his wisdom walks,
On all its waves his goodness shines.”

7. Let us give thanks, therefore, for the sea. Let us remember him that gave it such vast dominion, and made it to be not only the dwelling-place of his awful presence, but the beautiful garment of his love and the mighty instrument of his goodness. Let it speak to us of his unfathomable fulness. Let it teach us that he has made nothing in vain. Let it remind us that the powers of destruction and death are under his control, and that behind the cloud of darkness and terror that often invests them, they are working out immeasurable results of blessing and life for the future time, for distant regions, and for coming generations. Let it lead us to confide in Him who “ruleth the raging of the seas, who stilleth the noise of their waves, and the tumult of the people;” who has all the forces of the world at his control, and all the ages of time at his command; who knows how to build his kingdom beneath the sea of human opposition, as he built the continents beneath the ocean waters; who makes all the powers of dislocation⁵ and decay yield to that kingdom some element of strength or richness; and who, when the appointed hour shall come, will lift it irresistibly above the waves, and set its finished beauty beneath the heavens with the spoils of all time gathered upon its walls.

¹ ŌRE. A mineral body which is changed to the metallic state by the action of fire. ³ BĒLT’ĒD. Clapsed round like a belt; also, encircled by a belt.
² Q̄B-LĪV’I-Q̄N. Forgetfulness; cessation of remembrance. ⁴ PÖİŞE. Balance; weigh.
⁵ DĪS’LQ-CĀ’TĪQ̄N. Derangement of position; displacement.

LXVIII.—A MOSQUITO HUNT.

BASIL HALL.

[Basil Hall was born in Edinburgh, in 1788, and died in 1844. He was a post-captain in the British navy at the time of his death. He was a vigorous and entertaining writer, especially on subjects connected with his own profession. The following extract is from the third series of his *Fragments of Voyages and Travels*.]

1. IN the sleeping apartments of India, great care is taken to secure coolness. The beds, which are always large and hard, are generally placed as nearly as may be in the very middle of the apartment, in the line of the freest thorough draught which open doors and windows can command. Round each bed is suspended a gauze¹ curtain, without which sleep would be as effectually murdered as ever it was by any tragedy king. For, if even one mosquito contrives to gain admission into your fortress², you may, for that night, bid good-by not only to sleep, but to temper, and almost to health. I defy the most resolute, the most serene, or the most robust person that ever lived between the tropics, to pass the whole night in bed, within the curtains of which a single invader has entered, and not to be found, when the morning comes, in a high fever, with every atom of his patience exhausted.

2. The process of getting into bed, in India, is one requiring great dexterity, and not a little scientific engineering. As the curtains are carefully tucked in close under the mattress, all round, you must decide at once at what part of the bed you choose to make your entry. Having surveyed the ground, and clearly made up your mind on this point, you take in your right hand a kind of brush, or switch, made of a horse's tail; or, if you be tolerably expert, a towel may answer the purpose. With your left hand you then seize that part of the skirt of the curtain which is thrust under the bedding at the place you

intend to enter, and by the light of the cocoa-nut oil lamp you must drive away the mosquitoes from your immediate neighborhood by whisking round your horse-tail switch; and, before proceeding farther, you must be sure you have effectually driven the enemy back.

3. If you fail in this matter, your repose is effectually dashed for that night; for these provoking animals appear to know perfectly well what is going to happen, and assemble with the vigor and bravery of the flank companies³ appointed to head a storming party, ready in one instant to rush into the breach, careless alike of horses' tails and towels. Let it be supposed, however, that you have successfully beaten back the enemy. You next promptly form an opening, not a hair's breadth larger than your own person, into which you leap, like harlequin through a hoop, closing up, with all the speed of fear, the gap through which you have shot yourself into your sleeping quarters.

4. If all these arrangements have been well managed, you may amuse yourself for a while by scoffing at and triumphing over the clouds of baffled mosquitoes outside, who dash themselves against the meshes of the net, in vain attempts to enter your sanctum. If, however, for your sins, any one of their number has succeeded in entering the place along with yourself, he is not so silly as to betray his presence while you are flushed with victory, wide awake, and armed with the means of his destruction. Far from this, he allows you to chuckle over your fancied great doings, and to lie down with all the complacency and fallacious security of your conquest, and under the entire assurance of enjoying a tranquil night's rest. Alas, for such presumptuous hopes! Scarcely have you dropped gradually from these visions of the day to the yet more blessed visions of the night, and the last faint effort of your eyelids has been overcome by the gentle pressure of

sleep, when, in deceitful slumber, you hear something like the sound of trumpets.

5. Straightway your imagination is kindled, and you fancy yourself in the midst of a fierce fight, and struggling, not against petty insects, but against armed men and thundering cannon. In the excitement of the mortal conflict of your dream, you awake, not displeased, mayhap, to find that you are safe and snug in bed. But in the next instant what is your dismay, when you are again saluted by the odious notes of a mosquito close to your ear! The perilous fight of the previous dream, in which your honor had become pledged, and your life at hazard, is all forgotten in the pressing reality of this waking calamity. You resolve to do or die, and not to sleep, or even attempt to sleep, till you have finally overcome the enemy.

6. Just as you have made this manly resolve, and in order to deceive the foe, have pretended to be fast asleep, the wary mosquito is again heard, circling over you at a distance, but gradually coming nearer and nearer in a spiral⁴ descent, and at each turn gaining upon you one inch, till at length he almost touches your ear, and, as you suppose, is about to settle upon it. With a sudden jerk, and full of wrath, you bring up your hand, and give yourself such a box on the ear as would have staggered the best friend you have in the world, and might have crushed twenty thousand mosquitoes, had they been there congregated. Being convinced that you have now done for him, you lie down again.

7. In less than ten seconds, however, the very same felon⁵, whom you fondly hoped you had executed, is again within hail of you, and you can almost fancy there is scorn in the tone of his abominable hum. You, of course, watch his motions still more intently than before, but only by the ear, for you can never see him. We will suppose that you fancy he is aiming at your left

hand ; indeed, as you are almost sure of it, you wait till he has ceased his song, and then you give yourself another smack, which, I need not say, proves quite as fruitless as the first.

8. About this stage of the action you discover, to your horror, that you have been soundly bitten in one ear and in both heels, but when or how you cannot tell. These wounds, of course, put you into a fine rage, partly from the pain, and partly from the insidious⁶ manner in which they have been inflicted. Up you spring on your knees — not to pray, Heaven knows! — but to fight. You seize your horse's tail with spiteful rage, and after whisking it round and round, and cracking it in every corner of the bed, you feel pretty certain you must at last have demolished your friend.

9. In this unequal warfare you pass the livelong night, alternately scratching and cuffing yourself, fretting and fuming to no purpose, feverish, angry, sleepy, provoked, and wounded in twenty different places. At last, just as the long-expected day begins to dawn, you drop off, quite exhausted, into an unsatisfactory, heavy slumber, during which your triumphant enemy banquets upon your carcass at his convenient leisure. As the sun is rising, you awaken only to discover the bloated and satiated monster clinging to the top of your bed — an easy, but useless and inglorious prey.

¹ GÂUZE. A thin, transparent stuff of silk or linen.

² FÖR'TRESS. A stronghold ; a fortified place.

³ FLÄNK CÖM'PA-NİŞ. The companies which are on the extreme right and

left when the regiment is drawn up in line. One of them usually heads a storming party.

⁴ SPI'RAL. Winding or circular.

⁵ FËL'QN. A criminal ; a culprit.

⁶ İN-SİD'İ-OÛS. Deceitful ; sly.

LXIX. — NEW ENGLAND.

PERCIVAL.

1. HAIL to the land whereon we tread,
Our fondest boast !
The sepulchre¹ of mighty dead,
The truest hearts that ever bled,
Who sleep on glory's brightest bed,
A fearless host !
No slave is here ; our unchained feet
Walk freely as the waves that beat
Our coast.
2. Our fathers crossed the ocean's wave
To seek this shore :
They left behind the coward slave
To welter² in his living grave :
With hearts unbent, and spirits brave,
They sternly bore
Such toils as meaner souls had quelled³ ;
But souls like these such toils impelled
To soar.
3. Hail to the morn when first they stood
On Bunker's height,
And, fearless, stemmed the invading flood,
And wrote our dearest rights in blood,
And mowed in ranks the hireling⁴ brood,
In desperate fight !
O, 'twas a proud, exulting day,
For even our fallen fortunes lay
In light.
4. There is no other land like thee,
No dearer shore ;

Thou art the shelter of the free ;
 The home, the port of liberty,
 Thou hast been and shalt ever be,
 Till time is o'er.
 Ere I forget to think upon
 My land, shall mother curse the son
 She bore.

5. Thou art the firm, unshaken rock,
 On which we rest ;
 And, rising from thy hardy stock,
 Thy sons the tyrant's frown shall mock,
 And slavery's galling chains unlock,
 And free the oppressed ;
 All who the wreath of freedom twine,
 Beneath the shadow of their vine
 Are blessed.

6. We love thy rude and rocky shore,
 And here we stand —
 Let foreign navies hasten o'er
 And on our heads their fury pour,
 And peal their cannon's loudest roar,
 And storm our land ;
 They still shall find our lives are given
 To die for home ; and leant on Heaven
 Our hand.

¹ SĒP'ŪL-ĖHRE (-ker). A burial-place. | ³ QUĒLLED. Subdued ; tamed.

² WĒL'TĒR. Roll in, or as in water or blood ; wallow. | ⁴ HĪRE'LĪNG. Serving for hire ; mercenary.

LXX. — A MODEST WIT.

1. A SUPERCILIOUS¹ nabob² of the East —
 Haughty, being great — purse-proud, being rich —
 A governor, or general, at the least,
 I have forgotten which —
 Had in his family a humble youth,
 Who went from England in his patron's suite³,
 An unassuming boy, and in truth
 A lad of decent parts, and good repute.
2. This youth had sense and spirit ;
 But yet, with all his sense,
 Excessive diffidence
 Obscured his merit.
3. One day, at table, flushed with pride and wine,
 His honor, proudly free, severely merry,
 Conceived it would be vastly fine
 To crack a joke upon his secretary.
4. "Young man," he said, "by what art, craft, or trade,
 Did your good father gain a livelihood?" —
 "He was a saddler, sir, Modestus said,
 "And in his time was reckoned good."
5. "A saddler, eh? and taught you Greek,
 Instead of teaching you to sew!
 Pray, why did not your father make
 A saddler, sir, of you?"
6. Each parasite⁴ then, as in duty bound,
 The joke applauded, and the laugh went round.
 At length Modestus, bowing low,

Said (craving pardon, if too free he made),
 "Sir, by your leave, I fain would know
 Your father's trade."

7. "My father's trade! Come, come, sir! that's too bad;
 My father's trade! Why, blockhead, are you mad?
 My father, sir, did never stoop so low —
 He was a gentleman, I'd have you know."

8. "Excuse the liberty I take,"
 Modestus said, with archness on his brow, —
 "Pray, why did not your father make
 A gentleman of you?"

¹ SŪ-PER-CĪL'I-OŪS, (or sū-per-cīl'ioŭs).
 Lofty with pride; haughty; dictatorial.

² NĀ'BŌB. A prince or governor in the
 East Indies; a very rich man.

³ SUĪTE (swēt, here sūt). A company

of followers or attendants; a retinue.

⁴ PĀR'Ā-SĪTE. One who frequents the
 tables of the rich or the great, and
 earns his welcome by flattery; a
 sycophant.

LXXI.—ENCOUNTER BETWEEN AN EAGLE AND A SALMON.

LIFE IN THE WOODS.

1. I HAVE often been struck with the singular attachment hunters sometimes have for some bird or animal, while all the rest of the species they pursue with deadly hostility¹. About five hundred yards from Beach's hut stands a lofty pine tree, on which a gray eagle has built its nest annually during the nine years he has lived on the shores of the Raquette.* The Indian who dwelt there before him says that the same pair of birds made their nest

* A small lake in northern New York.

on that tree for ten years previous; making in all nineteen years they have occupied the same spot, and built on the same branch.

2. One day, however, Beach was near losing his bold eagle. He was lying at anchor, fishing, when he saw his favorite bird, high up in heaven, slowly sweeping round and round in a huge circle, evidently awaiting the approach of a fish to the surface. For an hour or more, he thus sailed with motionless wings above the water, when all at once he stopped and hovered a moment with an excited gesture, then, rapid as a flash of lightning, and with a rush of his broad pinions², like the passage of a sudden gust of wind, came to the still bosom of the lake.

3. He had seen a huge salmon trout swimming near the surface; and plunging from his high watchtower³, drove his talons⁴ deep in his victim's back. So rapid and strong was his swoop⁵, that he buried himself out of sight when he struck; but the next moment he emerged into view, and, flapping his wings, endeavored to rise with his prey.

4. But this time he had miscalculated his strength; in vain he struggled nobly to lift the salmon from the water. The frightened and bleeding fish made a sudden dive, and took eagle and all out of sight, and was gone a quarter of a minute. Again they rose to the surface, and the strong bird spread out his broad dripping pinions, and, gathering force with his rapid blows, raised the salmon half out of water. The weight, however, was too great for him, and he sank again to the surface, beating the water into foam about him. The salmon then made another dive, and they both went under, leaving only a few bubbles to tell where they had gone down.

5. This time they were absent a full half minute, and Beach said he thought it was all over with his bird. He soon, however, reappeared, with his talons still buried in the flesh of his foe, and again made a desperate effort to

rise. All this time the fish was shooting like an arrow through the lake, carrying his relentless ⁶ foe on his back. He could not keep the eagle down, nor the bird carry him up; and so, now beneath, and now upon the surface, they struggled on, presenting one of the most singular yet exciting spectacles that can be imagined. It was fearful to witness the blows of the eagle, as he lashed the lake with his wings into spray, and made the shores echo with the report.

6. At last the bird thinking, as they say in the West, that he had "waked the wrong passenger," gave it up, and loosening his clutch, soared heavily and slowly away to his lofty pine tree, where he sat for a long time sullen and sulky, the picture of disappointed ambition. So might a wounded and baffled lion lie down in his lair and brood over his defeat. Beach said that he could easily have captured them, but he thought he would see the fight out.

7. When, however, they both staid under half a minute or more, he concluded he should never see his eagle again. Whether the latter in his rage was bent on capturing his prize, and would retain his hold, though at the hazard of his life, or whether in his terrible swoop he had stuck his crooked talons so deep in the back of the salmon that he could not extricate ⁷ himself, the hunter said he could not tell. The latter, however, was doubtless the truth, and he would have been glad to have let go long before he did.

¹ HOS-TİL/İ-TY. Enmity; hatred.

² PİN'IONŞ (-yünş). Joints of the wing furthest from the body; wings.

³ WATCH'TÖW-ER (wöch-). A tower or high point for watching.

⁴ TÄL'ONŞ. The claws of birds of prey.

⁵ SWÔÔP. A sudden sweeping descent.

⁶ RE-LËNT'LËSS. Pitiless; cruel.

⁷ ÊX'TRİ-CÄTE. Disembarrass; free.

LXXII. — THE MOCKING BIRD.

ALEXANDER WILSON.

Alexander Wilson was born in Paisley, Scotland, in 1766, removed to this country in 1794, and died in 1813. The first volume of his *American Ornithology* was published in September, 1808. To collect the materials for this work he made extensive tours through all parts of the country, which were attended with severe toil and frequent exposure. It was much and deservedly admired for the brilliant execution of the plates and the admirable letter-press descriptions. Six additional volumes were published before Wilson's death, and two more volumes were completed and published by his friend, Mr. George Ord, in 1814.]

1. THE plumage of the mocking bird, though none of the homeliest, has nothing gaudy or brilliant in it, and had he nothing else to recommend him, would scarcely entitle him to notice; but his figure is well proportioned, and even handsome. The ease, elegance, and rapidity of his movements, the animation of his eye, and the intelligence he displays in listening, and laying up lessons from almost every species of the feathered creation within his hearing, are really surprising, and mark the peculiarity of his genius. To these qualities we may add that of a voice full, strong, and musical, and capable of almost every modulation, from the clear, mellow tones of the wood thrush to the savage screams of the bald eagle.

2. In measure and accent he faithfully follows his originals. In force and sweetness of expression he greatly improves upon them. In his native groves, mounted upon the top of a tall bush or half-grown tree, in the dawn of dewy morning, while the woods are already vocal with a multitude of warblers, his admirable song rises preëminent over every competitor. The ear can listen to *his* music alone, to which that of all the others seems a mere accompaniment. Neither is this strain altogether imitative.

3. His own native notes, which are easily distinguishable by such as are well acquainted with those of our various birds of song, are bold and full, and varied, seemingly,

beyond all limits. They consist of short expressions of two, three, or, at the most, five or six syllables, generally interspersed¹ with imitations, and all of them uttered with great emphasis and rapidity, and continued, with undiminished ardor, for half an hour or an hour at a time; his expanded wings and tail glistening with white, and the buoyant gayety of his action arresting the eye, as his song most irresistibly does the ear.

4. He sweeps round with enthusiastic ecstasy²; he mounts and descends, as his song swells or dies away; and, as my friend Mr. Bartram has beautifully expressed it, "he bounds aloft with the celerity³ of an arrow, as if to recover or recall his very soul, which expired in the last elevated strain." While thus exerting himself, a bystander, destitute of sight, would suppose that the whole feathered tribes had assembled together on a trial of skill, each striving to produce its utmost effect—so perfect are his imitations.

5. He very often deceives the sportsman, and sends him in search of birds that perhaps are not within miles of him, but whose notes he exactly imitates. Even birds themselves are frequently imposed on by this admirable mimic, and are decoyed by the fancied calls of their mates, or dive, with precipitation⁴, into the depths of thickets, at the scream of what they suppose to be the sparrow-hawk.

6. The mocking bird loses little of the power and energy of his song by confinement. In his domesticated state, when he commences his career of song, it is impossible to stand by uninterested. He whistles for the dog; Caesar starts up, wags his tail, and runs to meet his master. He squeaks out like a hurt chicken; and the hen hurries about, with hanging wings and bristled feathers, clucking to protect her injured brood. The barking of the dog, the mewing of the cat, the creaking of a passing wheelbarrow, follow with great truth and rapidity.

7. He repeats the tune taught him by his master, though of considerable length, fully and faithfully. He runs over the quiverings of the canary, and the clear whistlings of the Virginia nightingale or redbird, with such superior execution and effect, that the mortified songsters feel their own inferiority, and become altogether silent, while he seems to triumph in their defeat by redoubling his exertions.

8. This excessive fondness for variety, however, in the opinion of some, injures his song. His elevated imitations of the brown thrush are frequently interrupted by the crowing of cocks; and the warblings of the bluebird, which he exquisitely⁵ manages, are mingled with the screaming of swallows, or the cackling of hens; amidst the simple melody of the robin, we are suddenly surprised by the shrill reiterations⁶ of the whip-poor-will; while the notes of the killdeer, bluejay, martin, baltimore, and twenty others, succeed, with such imposing reality, that we look round for the originals, and discover, with astonishment, that the sole performer, in this singular concert, is the admirable bird now before us.

9. During this exhibition of his powers, he spreads his wings, expands his tail, and throws himself around the cage in all the ecstasy of enthusiasm, seeming not only to sing, but to dance, keeping time to the measure of his own music. Both in his native and domesticated state, during the solemn stillness of the night, as soon as the moon rises in silent majesty, he begins his delightful solo⁷, and serenades us the livelong night with a full display of his vocal powers, making the whole neighborhood ring with his inimitable melody.

¹ IN-TER-SPĒRSED'. Having some-thing else scattered in between; scattered here and there, so as to diversify; intermingled.

² ĒC'STĀ-SŶ. Overpowering emotion; excessive joy; rapture.

³ CĒ-LĒR'Ī-TŶ. Swiftmess.

⁴ PRĒ-CĪP-Ī-TĀ'TĪŌN. Rapid motion downwards; headlong haste

⁵ ĒX'QUI-SĪTE-LŶ. Most excellently.

⁶ RĒ-ĪT-ĒR-Ā'TĪŌN. A doing again and again; repetition.

⁷ SŌ'LŌ. A tune or air for a single voice or instrument.

LXXIII.—THE INQUIRY.

1.

TELL me, ye wingéd winds, that round my pathway roar,
Do ye not know some spot where mortals weep no more ?
Some lone and pleasant dell, some valley in the west,
Where, free from toil and pain, the weary soul may rest ?

The loud wind dwindled to a whisper low,
And sighed for pity, as it answered — “No.”

2.

Tell me, thou mighty deep, whose billows round me play,
Know'st thou some favored spot, some island far away,
Where weary man may find the bliss for which he sighs —
Where sorrow never lives, and friendship never dies ?

The loud waves, rolling in perpetual flow,
Stopped for a while, and sighed to answer — “No.”

3.

And thou, serenest moon, that, with such lovely face,
Dost look upon the earth asleep in night's embrace,
Tell me, in all thy round, hast thou not seen some spot
Where miserable man might find a happier lot ?

Behind a cloud the moon withdrew in woe,
And a voice, sweet but sad, responded — “No.”

4.

Tell me, my secret soul, O, tell me, Hope and Faith,
Is there no resting-place from sorrow, sin, and death ?
Is there no happy spot where mortals may be blessed,
Where grief may find a balm, and weariness a rest ?

Faith, Hope, and Love, best boons to mortals given,
Waved their bright wings, and whispered — “YES, IN
HEAVEN !”

LXXIV.—TUBAL CAIN.

MACKAY.

[Charles Mackay is a living English author, who has written well both in prose and verse.]

1. OLD Tubal Cain was a man of might
In the days when the earth was young,
By the fierce red light of his furnace bright,
The strokes of his hammer rung;
And he lifted high his brawny¹ hand
On the iron glowing clear,
Till the sparks rushed out in scarlet showers
As he fashioned the sword and spear.
And he sang, "Hurrah for my handiwork!
Hurrah for the spear and sword!
Hurrah for the hand that shall wield them well!
For he shall be king and lord."
2. To Tubal Cain came many a one,
As he wrought by his roaring fire,
And each one prayed for a strong steel blade,
As the crown² of his desire;
And he made them weapons sharp and strong,
Till they shouted loud in glee,
And gave him gifts of pearls and gold,
And spoils of forest free.
And they sang, "Hurrah for Tubal Cain,
Who hath given us strength anew!
Hurrah for the smith! hurrah for the fire!
And hurrah for the metal true!"
3. But a sudden change came o'er his heart
Ere the setting of the sun,

And Tubal Cain was filled with pain
For the evil he had done.
He saw that men, with rage and hate,
Made war upon their kind;
That the land was red with the blood they shed
In their lust³ for carnage blind.
And he said, "Alas, that ever I made,
Or that skill of mine should plan,
The spear and the sword, for men whose joy
Is to slay their fellow-man!"

4. And for many a day old Tubal Cain
Sat brooding o'er his woe;
And his hand forbore to smite the ore,
And his furnace smouldered⁴ low;
But he rose at last with a cheerful face,
And a bright, courageous eye,
And bared his strong right arm for work,
While the quick flames mounted high;
And he sang, "Hurrah for my handiwork⁵!"
And the red sparks lit the air —
"Not alone for the blade was the bright steel made," —
And he fashioned the first ploughshare.

5. And men, taught wisdom from the past,
In friendship joined their hands,
Hung the sword in the hall, the spear on the wall,
And ploughed the willing lands;
And sang, "Hurrah for Tubal Cain!
Our stanch⁶ good friend is he;
And, for the ploughshare and the plough,
To him our praise shall be.
But while oppression lifts its head,
Or a tyrant would be lord,

Though we may thank him for the plough,
We'll not forget the sword."

¹ BRÂWN'Y. Muscular ; strong.

² CRÖWN. A wreath-shaped or circular covering for the head, worn by sovereigns as a badge of regal power ; highest point ; chief object.

³ LÜST. Inordinate desire.

⁴ SMÖUL'DERED. Burned without flame or vent.

⁵ HÄND'F-WORK (-würk). Work of the hand ; manufacture.

⁶ STÄNCH. Firm ; sure.

LXXV.—THE APPROACH OF DAY.

EDWARD EVERETT.

[From an oration delivered at Albany, on the 28th of August, 1856, at the inauguration of the Dudley Astronomical Observatory.]

1. THE great object of all knowledge is to enlarge and purify the soul, to fill the mind with noble contemplations, and to furnish a refined pleasure. Considering this as the ultimate end of science, no branch of it can surely claim precedence¹ of astronomy. No other science furnishes such a palpable embodiment² of the abstractions which lie at the foundation of our intellectual system—the great ideas of time, and space, and extension, and magnitude, and number, and motion, and power.

2. How grand the conception of the ages on ages required for several of the secular equations* of the solar system ; of distances from which the light of a fixed star would not reach us in twenty millions of years ; of magnitudes compared with which the earth is but a football, of starry hosts, suns like our own, numberless as the sands on the shore ; of worlds and systems shooting

* The movements of the heavenly bodies are very nearly but not quite uniform. There are slight variations, which must be taken into account to secure accurate results. Some of these variations stretch over very long periods, even whole centuries. Secular equations are the corrections required by variations of this kind. *Secular* is derived from *seculum*, a Latin word, meaning an age or century.

through the infinite spaces, with a velocity compared with which the cannon ball is a way-worn, heavy-paced traveller.

3. Much, however, as we are indebted to our observatories³ for elevating our conceptions of the heavenly bodies, they present, even to the unaided sight, scenes of glory which words are too feeble to describe. I had occasion, a few weeks since, to take the early train from Providence to Boston, and for this purpose rose at two o'clock in the morning.

4. Every thing around was wrapped in darkness and hushed in silence, broken only by what seemed at that hour the unearthly clank and rush of the train. It was a mild, serene, midsummer's night; the sky was without a cloud; the winds were whist. The moon, then in the last quarter, had just risen, and the stars shone with a spectral lustre but little affected by her presence. Jupiter, two hours high, was the herald of the day; the Pleiades,* just above the horizon, shed their sweet influence in the east; Lyra† sparkled near the zenith; Andromeda‡ veiled her newly-discovered glories from the naked eye in the south; the steady Pointers⁴ far beneath the pole, looked meekly up from the depths of the north to their sovereign.

5. Such was the glorious spectacle as I entered the train. As we proceeded, the timid approach of twilight became more perceptible; the intense blue of the sky began to soften; the smaller stars, like little children, went first to rest; the sister-beams of the Pleiades soon melted together; but the bright constellations⁵ of the west and north remained unchanged. Steadily the wondrous transfiguration⁶ went on. Hands of angels, hidden from mortal eyes, shifted the scenery of the heavens; the glories of night dissolved into the glories of the dawn.

6. The blue sky now turned more softly gray; the

* PLĒ'IA-DĒŞ (plē'yā-dēz).

† LY'RA.

‡ AN-DRŌM'Ē-DA

great watch-stars shut up their holy eyes ; the east began to kindle. Faint streaks of purple soon blushed along the sky ; the whole celestial concave⁷ was filled with the in-flowing tides of the morning light, which came pouring down from above in one great ocean of radiance ; till at length, as we reached the Blue Hills, a flash of purple fire blazed out from above the horizon, and turned the dewy tear-drops of flower and leaf into rubies and diamonds. In a few seconds, the everlasting gates of the morning were thrown wide open, and the lord of day, arrayed in glories too severe for the gaze of man, began his course.

7. I do not wonder at the superstition of the ancient Magians, who in the morning of the world went up to the hill-tops of Central Asia, and, ignorant of the true God, adored the most glorious work of his hand. But I am filled with amazement, when I am told that in this enlightened age, and in the heart of the Christian world, there are persons who can witness this daily manifestation of the power and wisdom of the Creator, and yet say in their hearts, "There is no God."

- | | |
|--|---|
| ¹ PRĒ-CĒ'DENCE. Foremost place or rank ; priority ; superiority. | ways point in nearly a right line with the north star. |
| ² ĒM-BŎD'Ī-MĒNT. Collection into a body or mass. | ⁵ CŎN-STĒL-LĀ'TIŌN. A group of fixed stars. |
| ³ ŌB-ŞĒRV'Ā-TŌ-RİŞ. Places or buildings for making observations on the heavenly bodies. | ⁶ TRĀNS-FĪG-Ū-RĀ'TIŌN. Change of form ; transformation. |
| ⁴ PŎIN'TĒRŞ. Two stars in the constellation Ursa Major, which al- | ⁷ CŎN'ĒĀVE. A hollow without angles, as the inner surface of a bow, or sphere. |

LXXVI. — EDINBURGH AFTER FLODDEN.

WILLIAM EDMONDSTOUNE AYTOUN.

[William Edmondstoun Aytoun was born in Scotland, in 1813, and died August 4, 1865. In 1845 he was elected to the professorship of rhetoric and belles-lettres in the University of Edinburgh, which he held till the time of his death.

The battle of Flodden was fought in the year 1513, between the Scotch army under King James IV., and the English, commanded by the Earl of Surrey. The defeat of the Scotch was most disastrous. Their king was killed, and the greater part of their army destroyed. The loss of life among the gentry was especially severe, so that there was hardly a noble family in the kingdom that was not thrown into mourning.]

1. NEWS of battle !—news of battle !

Hark ! 'tis ringing down the street :
And the archways and the pavement
Bear the clang of hurrying feet.
News of battle ! — who hath brought it ?
News of triumph ! — who should bring
Tidings from our noble army,
Greetings from our gallant King ?

2. 'All last night we watched the beacons'

Blazing on the hills afar,
Each one bearing, as it kindled,
Message of the opened war.
All night long the northern streamers
Shot across the trembling sky :
Fearful lights, that never beckon
Save when kings or heroes die.

3. News of battle ! who hath brought it ?

All are thronging to the gate ;
"Warder² — warder ! open quickly !
Man — is this a time to wait ?"
And the heavy gates are opened :
Then a murmur long and loud,
And a cry of fear and wonder
Bursts from out the bending crowd.

For they see in battered harness³
Only one hard-stricken man;
And his weary steed is wounded,
And his cheek is pale and wan:
Spearless hangs a bloody banner
In his weak and drooping hand —
What! can that be Randolph Murray,
Captain of the city band?

4. Round him crush the people, crying,
“Tell us all — O, tell us true!
Where are they who went to battle,
Randolph Murray, sworn to you?
Where are they, our brothers — children?
Have they met the English foe?
Why art thou alone, unfollowed?
Is it weal or is it woe?”

5. Like a corpse the grisly warrior
Looks from out his helm of steel;
But no word he speaks in answer —
Only with his arméd heel
Chides his weary steed, and onward
Up the city streets they ride;
Fathers, sisters, mothers, children,
Shrieking, praying by his side.
“By the God that made thee, Randolph!
Tell us what mischance hath come.”
Then he lifts his riven⁴ banner,
And the asker's voice is dumb.

6. The elders of the city
Have met within their hall —
The men whom good King James had charged
To watch the tower and wall.

“Your hands are weak with age,” he said,
“Your hearts are stout and true ;
So bide ye in the Maiden Town,*
While others fight for you.
My trumpet from the Border-side
Shall send a blast so clear,
That all who wait within the gate
That stirring sound may hear.

7. Or, if it be the will of Heaven
That back I never come,
And if, instead of Scottish shouts,
Ye hear the English drum, —
Then let the warning bells ring out,
Then gird you to the fray,
Then man the walls like burghers⁵ stout,
And fight while fight you may.
’Twere better that in fiery flame
The roof should thunder down,
Than that the foot of foreign foe
Should trample in the town!”
8. Then in came Randolph Murray, —
His step was slow and weak,
And as he doffed his dinted helm,
The tears ran down his cheek :
They fell upon his corselet⁶,
And on his mailéd hand,
As he gazed around him wistfully,
Leaning sorely on his brand⁷.
9. And none who then beheld him
But straight were smote with fear,
For a bolder and a sterner man
Had never couched a spear.

* Edinburgh.

They knew so sad a messenger
Some ghastly news must bring,
And all of them were fathers,
And their sons were with the King.

10. And up then rose the Provost⁸—
A brave old man was he,
Of ancient name, and knightly fame,
And chivalrous degree.

O, woful now was the old man's look,
And he spake right heavily:
“Now, Randolph, tell thy tidings,
However sharp they be!
Woe is written on thy visage⁹,
Death is looking from thy face:
Speak! though it be of overthrow —
It cannot be disgrace!”

11. Right bitter was the agony
That wrung that soldier proud:
Thrice did he strive to answer,
And thrice he groaned aloud.
Then he gave the riven banner
To the old man's shaking hand,
Saying, “That is all I bring ye
From the bravest of the land!
Ay! ye may look upon it —
It was guarded well and long,
By your brothers and your children,
By the valiant and the strong.
One by one they fell around it,
As the archers laid them low,
Grimly dying, still unconquered,
With their faces to the foe.

12. Ay! ye well may look upon it —
 There is more than honor there,
 Else be sure, I had not brought it
 From the field of dark despair.
 Never yet was royal banner
 Steeped in such a costly dye;
 It hath lain upon a bosom
 Where no other shroud shall lie.
 Sirs! I charge you, keep it holy,
 Keep it as a sacred thing,
 For the stain ye see upon it
 Was the life-blood of your King!”
13. Woe, woe, and lamentation!
 What a piteous cry was there!
 Widows, maidens, mothers, children,
 Shrieking, sobbing in despair!
14. O, the blackest day for Scotland
 That she ever knew before!
 O our King! the good, the noble,
 Shall we see him never more?
 Woe to us, and woe to Scotland!
 O our sons, our sons and men!
 Surely some have 'scaped the Southron,*
 Surely some will come again?”
 Till the oak that fell last winter
 Shall uprear its shattered stem —
 Wives and mothers of Dunedin — †
 Ye may look in vain for them!

¹ BEA'CON. A fire lighted on a height as a signal.

² WÂRD'ER. Keeper; guard.

³ HÂR'NESS. Defensive armor; equipment of an ancient knight.

⁴ RIV'EN. Torn or rent asunder.

⁵ BÜRGH'ER (bür'ger). A townsman.

⁶ CÖRSE'LET. A breastplate or light armor for the fore part of the body.

⁷ BRÄND. Sword.

⁸ PRÖV'OST. The chief or head. In Scotland, a provost corresponds to a *mayor* elsewhere.

⁹ VIŞ'AGE. Face.

* SOUTH'RON. Englishman. † DÜN-ËD'IN. Gaelic name for Edinburgh.

LXXVII — DIALOGUE BETWEEN ANTONY AND VENTIDIUS.

DRYDEN.

[John Dryden, a celebrated English poet, was born in 1631, and died in 1700. He was a voluminous writer, his works comprising tragedies, comedies, satires, didactic poems, narrative poems, odes, and occasional pieces. His is an eminent name in English literature. No writer is a greater master in the use of the heroic measure, and no one possesses in so high a degree the power of reasoning in verse. He was also a forcible and animated prose writer.]

The following scene is from the tragedy of "All for Love." Mark Antony, a distinguished Roman, despairing of further success in the field, after his defeat at Actium, gives himself up to inglorious ease. Ventidius is one of his generals. Octavius Cæsar (afterwards the Emperor Augustus) has taken up arms against Antony. Cleopatra is the Queen of Egypt, for whom Antony has abandoned his wife Octavia, the sister of Octavius Cæsar.]

Antony. Art thou Ventidius?

Ventidius. Are you Antony?

I'm liker what I was, than you to him

I left you last.

Ant. I'm angry.

Ven. So am I.

Ant. I would be private: leave me.

Ven. Sir, I love you,
And therefore will not leave you.

Ant. Will not leave me!

Where have you learnt that answer? Who am I?

Ven. My Emperor: the man I love next Heaven.
If I said more, I think 'twere scarce a sin;
You're all that's good and noble.

Ant. All that's wretched.

You will not leave me, then?

Ven. 'Twas too presuming
To say I would not: but I dare not leave you;
And 'tis unkind in you to chide me hence
So soon, when I so far have come to see you.

Ant. Now thou hast seen me, art thou satisfied?

For, if a friend, thou hast beheld enough ;
 And, if a foe, too much.

Ven. Look, Emperor, this is no common dew :
 I have not wept these forty years ; but now
 My mother comes afresh into my eyes ;
 I cannot help her softness.

Ant. Sure there's contagion ¹ in the tears of friends ;
 See, I have caught it too. Believe me, 'tis not
 For my own griefs, but thine — nay, father —

Ven. Emperor.

Ant. Emperor ! why that's the style of victory.
 The conquering soldier, red with unfelt wounds,
 Salutes his general so : but never more
 Shall that sound reach my ears.
 I lost a battle.

Ven. So has Julius* done.

Ant. Thou favor'st me, and speak'st not half thou
 think'st ;

For Julius fought it out, and lost it fairly :
 But Antony —

Ven. Nay, stop not.

Ant. Antony —

(Well, thou wilt have it) — like a coward fled,
 Fled while his soldiers fought ; fled first, Ventidius.
 Thou long'st to curse me, and I give thee leave.
 I know thou cam'st prepared to rail.

Ven. I did.

Ant. I'll help thee — I have been a man, Ventidius.

Ven. Yes, and a brave one : but —

Ant. I know thy meaning,
 But I have lost my reason, have disgraced
 The name of soldier, with inglorious ease.
 In the full vintage ² of my flowing honors
 Sate still, and saw it pressed by other hands.

* Julius Cæsar.

Fortune came smiling to my youth, and wooed it,
And purple greatness met my ripened years.
When first I came to empire I was borne
On tides of people, crowding to my triumphs³.
I was so great, so happy, so beloved,
Fate could not ruin me; till I took pains,
And worked against my fortune, chid her from me,
And turned her loose: yet still she came again.
My careless days, and my luxurious nights,
At length have wearied her, and now she's gone,
Gone, gone, divorced⁴ forever.

Ven. You are too sensible already
Of what you've done, too conscious of your failings;
And, like a scorpion, whipped by others first
To fury, sting yourself in mad revenge.

Ant. Dost thou think me desperate
Without just cause? No, when I found all lost
Beyond repair, I hid me from the world,
And learnt to scorn it here; which now I do
So heartily, I think it is not worth
The cost of keeping.

Ven. Cæsar thinks not so;
He'll thank you for the gift he could not take.
You would be killed like Tully,* would you? Do
Hold out your throat to Cæsar, and die tamely.

Ant. No, I can kill myself; and so resolve.

Ven. I can die with you, too, when time shall serve;
But fortune calls upon us now to live,
To fight, to conquer.

Ant. Sure thou dream'st, Ventidius.

Ven. No, 'tis you dream; you sleep away your hours
In desperate sloth, miscalled philosophy.
Up, up, for honor's sake; twelve legions wait you,

* Marcus Tullius Cicero, a distinguished Roman orator, was born 106 B. C. He was slain by a party of soldiers, agents of Antony, B. C. 43.

And long to call you Chief. By painful journeys
I led them, patient both of heat and hunger,
Down from the Parthian marches⁵ to the Nile.
'Twill do you good to see their sun-burnt faces,
Their scarred cheeks, and chapped hands; there's virtue in
them.

Ant. Where left you them?

Ven. In Lower Syria.

Ant. Bring them hither;

There may be life in these.

Ven. They will not come.

Ant. Why didst thou mock my hopes with promised aids,
To double my despair? They're mutinous?

Ven. Most firm and loyal.

Ant. Yet they will not march

To succor me. O, trifle!

Ven. They petition

You would make haste to head them.

Ant. I am besieged.

Ven. There's but one way shut up — how came I hither!

Ant. I will not stir.

Ven. They would perhaps desire

A better reason.

Ant. I have never used

My soldiers to demand a reason of

My actions. Why did they refuse to march?

Ven. They said they would not fight for Cleopatra.

Ant. What was't they said?

Ven. They said they would not fight for Cleopatra.

Why should they fight, indeed, to make her conquer,
And make you more a slave?

Ant. You grow presumptuous.

Ven. I take the privilege of plain love to speak,

Ant. Plain love! Plain arrogance⁶, plain insolence!

Thy men are cowards; thou an envious traitor;

Who, under seeming honesty, hast vented
The burden of thy rank, o'erflowing gall.
O, that thou wert my equal; great in arms
As the first Cæsar was, that I might kill thee,
Without stain to my honor!

Ven. You may kill me :
You have done more already, — called me traitor.

Ant. Art thou not one ?

Ven. For showing you yourself,
Which none else durst have done. But had I been,
That name, which I disdain to speak again,
I needed not have sought your abject fortunes,
Come to partake your fate, to die with you.
What hindered me to have led my conquering eagles,
To fill Octavius' bands ? I could have been
A traitor then — a glorious, happy traitor !
And not have been so called.

Ant. Forgive me, soldier;
I've been too passionate.

Ven. You thought me false ;
Thought my old age betrayed you. Kill me, sir ;
Pray kill me ; yet you need not — your unkindness
Has left your sword no work.

Ant. I did not think so ;
I said it in my rage : pr'ythee, forgive me.
Why didst thou tempt my anger, by discovery ?
Of what I could not hear ?

Ven. No prince but you
Could merit that sincerity I used ;
Nor durst another man have ventured it.

Ant. Thou shalt behold me once again in iron ;
And, at the head of our old troops, that beat
The Parthians, cry aloud, Come, follow me !

Ven. O, now I hear my Emperor ! In that word
Octavius fell. Methinks you breathe

Another soul; your looks are most divine;
You speak a hero.

Ant. O, thou hast fired me! my soul's up in arms,
And mans each part about me. Once again
The noble eagerness of fight has seized me.
Come on, my soldier;
Our hearts and arms are still the same. I long
Once more to meet our foes; that thou and I,
Like Time and Death, marching before our troops,
May taste fate to them; mow them out a passage,
And entering where the foremost squadrons yield,
Begin the noble harvest of the field.

¹ CŌN-TĀ'QIŌN. The communication of disease from one person to another by contact; communication of a like quality or feeling.

² VIN'TAGE. The produce of the vine for the season.

³ TRĪ'ŪMPHS. Processions or ceremonies, at Rome, in honor of victorious generals.

⁴ DI-VÖRCED'. Separated by a legal process, as a husband and wife; separated or disunited, as things closely connected.

⁵ MĀRCH'ES. Frontiers; borders.

⁶ ĀR'RQ-GANCE. Conceited presumption; haughtiness.

⁷ DIS-CÖV'ER-Y. Act of finding out; here, disclosure.

LXXVIII.—THE DEATH OF THE LITTLE SCHOLAR.

DICKENS.

[This piece is taken from *Master Humphrey's Clock*. A poor, feeble old man and his little grandchild, Nell, the stay and comfort of his life, are homeless wanderers. One evening, in their wanderings, they come to a village, and are offered shelter for the night by the schoolmaster.]

1. WITHOUT further preface, he conducted them into his little school-room, which was parlor and kitchen likewise, and told them they were welcome to remain under his roof till morning. The child looked round the room as she took her seat. The chief ornaments of the walls were certain moral sentences, fairly copied in good round text, and well-worked sums in simple addition and multi-

plication, evidently achieved¹ by the same hand, which were plentifully pasted around the room; for the double purpose, as it seemed, of bearing testimony to the excellence of the school, and kindling a worthy emulation in the bosoms of the scholars.

2. "Yes," said the schoolmaster, observing that her attention was caught by these specimens, "that's beautiful writing, my dear." "Very, sir," replied the child, modestly; "is it yours?" "Mine!" he returned, taking out his spectacles, and putting them on, to have a better view of the triumphs so dear to his heart; "I couldn't write like that nowadays. No: they are all done by one hand; a little hand it is; not so old as yours, but a very clever² one."

3. As the schoolmaster said this, he saw that a small blot of ink had been thrown upon one of the copies; so he took a penknife from his pocket, and going up to the wall, carefully scratched it out. When he had finished, he walked slowly backward from the writing, admiring it as one might contemplate³ a beautiful picture, but with something of sadness in his voice and manner, which quite touched the child, though she was unacquainted with its cause.

4. "A little hand, indeed," said the poor schoolmaster. "Far beyond all his companions, in his learning and his sports too. How did he ever come to be so fond of me! That I should love him is no wonder, but that he should love me —" And there the schoolmaster stopped, and took off his spectacles to wipe them, as though they had grown dim. "I hope there is nothing the matter, sir," said Nell, anxiously.

5. "Not much, my dear," returned the schoolmaster; "I hoped to have seen him on the green to-night. He was always foremost among them. But he'll be there to-morrow." "Has he been ill?" asked the child with a child's quick sympathy.

6. "Not very. They said he was wandering in his

head yesterday, dear boy, and so they said the day before. But that's a part of that kind of disorder; it's not a bad sign — not at all a bad sign." The child was silent. He walked to the door, and looked wistfully out. The shadows of night were gathering, and all was still.

7. "If he could lean on somebody's arm, he would come to me, I know," he said, returning into the room. "He always came into the garden to say good night. But perhaps his illness has only just taken a favorable turn, and it's too late for him to come out, for it's very damp, and there's a heavy dew. It's much better he shouldn't come to-night."

.

8. The next day, towards night, an old woman came tottering up the garden as speedily as she could, and meeting the schoolmaster at the door, said he was to go to Dame West's directly, and had best run on before her. He and the child were on the point of going out together for a walk, and without relinquishing her hand, the schoolmaster hurried away, leaving the messenger to follow as she might.

9. They stopped at a cottage door, and the schoolmaster knocked softly at it with his hand. It was opened without loss of time. They passed into an inner room, where his infant friend, half dressed, lay stretched upon a bed.

10. He was a very young boy; quite a little child. His hair still hung in curls about his face, and his eyes were very bright; but their light was of heaven, not earth. The schoolmaster took a seat beside him, and stooping over the pillow, whispered his name. The boy sprang up, threw his wasted arms around his neck, crying out that he was his dear, kind friend.

11. "I hope I always was. I meant to be, God knows," said the poor schoolmaster. "Who is that?" said the boy,

seeing Nell. "I am afraid to kiss her, lest I should make her ill. Ask her to shake hands with me."

12. The sobbing child came closer up, and took the little languid hand in hers. Releasing his again after a time, the sick boy laid him gently down.

13. "You remember the garden, Harry," whispered the schoolmaster, anxious to rouse him, for a dulness seemed gathering upon the child, "and how pleasant it used to be in the evening? You must make haste to visit it again, for I think the very flowers have missed you, and are less gay than they used to be. You will come soon, my dear, very soon now, won't you?"

14. The boy smiled faintly, — so very, very faintly, — and put his hand upon his friend's gray head. He moved his lips, too, but no voice came from them, no, not a sound. In the silence that ensued, the hum of distant voices, borne upon the evening air, came floating through the open window.

15. "What's that?" said the sick child, opening his eyes. "The boys at play upon the green." He took a handkerchief from his pillow, and tried to wave it above his head. But the feeble arm dropped powerless down. "Shall I do it?" said the schoolmaster.

16. "Please wave it at the window," was the faint reply. "Tie it to the lattice⁴. Some of them may see it there. Perhaps they'll think of me, and look this way."

17. He raised his head, and glanced from the fluttering signal to his idle bat, that lay, with slate and book, and other boyish property, upon a table in the room. And then he laid him down softly once more, and asked if the little girl were there, for he could not see her.

18. She stepped forward and pressed the passive hand that lay upon the coverlet. The two old friends and companions — for such they were, though they were man and child — held each other in a long embrace, and then the

little scholar turned his face towards the wall, and fell asleep.

19. The poor schoolmaster sat in the same place, holding the small, cold hand in his, and chafing it. It was but the hand of a dead child. He felt that; and yet he chafed it still, and could not lay it down.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>¹ A-CHIĒVED'. Performed; completed; done.</p> <p>² CLĒV'ER. Skilful; dexterous; able.</p> <p>³ CQN-TĒM'PLĀTE. Consider closely.</p> | <p>⁴ LĀT'TICE. A window blind or screen made by strips and bars crossing each other and forming open spaces like net-work.</p> |
|---|---|

LXXIX.—BREAK, BREAK, BREAK.

TENNYSON.

[Alfred Tennyson, a living poet of England, was born in 1810. He is a man of fine genius, whose poetry is addressed to refined and cultivated minds. The music of his verse, and his skill in the use of language, are alike excellent. He has an uncommon power of presenting pictures to the eye, and often in a very few words.]

1. BREAK, break, break,
 On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!
 And I would that my tongue could utter
 The thoughts that arise in me.
2. O, well for the fisherman's boy,
 That he shouts with his sister at play!
 O, well for the sailor lad,
 That he sings in his boat on the bay!
3. And the stately ships go on
 To their haven under the hill;
 But, O, for the touch of the vanished hand,
 And the sound of a voice that is still!

4. Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.
-

LXXX.—THE CHARACTER OF GREENE.

HEADLEY.

1. NEXT to Washington, Greene was the ablest commander in the revolutionary army. In person he was above the middle height, and strongly made. He had a fine face, a florid¹ complexion, and brilliant blue eyes. His natural expression was frank and benevolent. In battle it assumed a sternness that showed, beneath his easy and gentle manners, a strength of purpose not easily overcome. When highly excited, or absorbed in intense thought, he had a habit of rubbing violently his upper lip with his forefinger.

2. Inured to exposure and toil, his frame possessed a wonderful power of endurance, rendered still greater by an indomitable² will. He rose from the ranks, and became a major-general solely by his own genius and force. Ignorant of military tactics³, he applied himself with such diligence to the subject, that he mastered the science in less time than many employ on the rudiments.

3. He had an almost intuitive perception of character. Like Washington, he seemed to take the exact measure of every man who approached him. Many of his actions in the field were based upon this knowledge of his adversaries.

4. In the southern campaign⁵ against Cornwallis, his movements were sometimes considered rash by those who

judged of them merely from the relative position and strength of the armies. But to him, who could judge more correctly from his knowledge of men's views and character than from their transient movements, what course they would take, his plans appeared the wisest he could adopt.

5. A more fearless man never led an army; and his courage was not the result of sudden enthusiasm or excitement, but of a well-balanced and strong character. He was never known to be thrown from his perfect self-possession by any danger, however sudden; he was as calm and collected when his shattered army tossed in a perfect wreck around him, as in his tent at night. The roar of artillery and the tumult of a fierce battle could not disturb the natural action of his mind; his thoughts were as clear, and his judgment as correct, in the midst of a sudden and unexpected overthrow, as in planning a campaign.

6. This was the secret of his power, and explains why, when beaten, he was never utterly routed. No matter how superior his antagonist, or how unexpected the panic of his troops, he was never, like Gates, driven a fugitive from the field. He possessed qualities seldom found united, — great caution and great rapidity. Nothing escaped his glance; he seemed to forecast all the contingencies that did or could happen. His fortitude was wonderful. All exposures, all privations, all embarrassments, toils, and sufferings, he bore with a patience that filled his soldiers with astonishment and admiration.

7. The southern army, when he took command, consisted of a mere handful of destitute, undisciplined, and ragged troops. With these he entered the field against one of the best generals of the age, supported by an army of veteran soldiers. With his raw recruits, he immediately began the offensive, and, before his powerful enemy

penetrated his plans, smote him a terrible blow at Cowpens.*

8. Compelled to retreat, he completely foiled, by a series of skilful manœuvres⁶ and forced marches, every attempt to reach him. Unable to cope with his adversary in the open field, he retired, like the lion, slowly and resolutely. His pursuer was ever kept in view, and could not make a mistake without receiving a blow.

9. He thus led his enemy through the entire State of North Carolina; and the moment he turned, followed him, and dealt him such a staggering blow at Guilford, that he was compelled to a precipitate flight. No sooner was Cornwallis beyond his reach, than he turned upon the enemy's posts in South Carolina, and carrying them one after another, brought the war to Charleston itself. His combinations were admirable, and succeeded beyond the most sanguine expectations.

10. The resources of his mind were inexhaustible⁷: there was no plan too hopeless for him to attempt. Without a dollar from government, and penniless himself, he managed to keep an army in the field, and to conquer with it.

11. His soldiers loved him with devotion, and having seen him extricate himself so often from apparently inevitable ruin, they came, at length, to regard him as invincible. Sharing all their toils and dangers, and partaking of all their sufferings, he so won their affections that they would go wherever he commanded.

12. His patriotism⁸ was of the purest kind. His own reputation and life he regarded as nothing in the cause of freedom. Next to his country he loved Washington; and no mean ambition, or envy of his great leader, ever sullied his noble character.

13. That affection was returned, and the two heroes

* CŌW'PĒNŞ. A post village in South Carolina.

moved side by side, as tried friends, through the revolutionary struggle. He was a man whose like is seldom seen; and placed in any country, opposed to any commander, would have stood first in the rank of military chieftains.

¹ FLÖR'ID. Flushed with red.

² İN-DÖM'I-TA-BLE. Not to be subdued; invincible.

³ TAC'TİCS. The science of military and naval movements and positions for battle.

⁴ İN-TŪ'I-TİVE. Perceived by the mind immediately, without reasoning or testimony.

⁵ CÄM-PÄIGN'. The time during which an army keeps the field in one year; the movements or operations of an army for a certain time or purpose.

⁶ MA-NÖÖ'VREŞ (-nū'vurş). Military or naval movements or evolutions.

⁷ İN-EḂ-HÄUST'I-BLE. That cannot be exhausted or spent; unfailling.

⁸ PÄ'TRI-OT-IŞM. Love of one's country.

LXXXI.—HORATIUS AT THE BRIDGE.

MACAULAY.

[Thomas Babington Macaulay was born in England, in the year 1800, and died in 1859. In 1830 he became a member of Parliament, and took an active part in the debates on the Reform Bill. He was created a peer of England, with the title of Baron Macaulay of Rothley, in 1857. His writings consist of a history of England, in five volumes, "Lays of Ancient Rome" and other poems, numerous essays, and parliamentary speeches. They are all remarkable for brilliant rhetorical power, animation, energy, and affluence of illustration.]

The ballad, from which the following is an extract, commemorates a legend of early Roman history. Lars Porsena (pör'sę-nä), king of the town of Clusum in Etruria, or Tuscany, having declared war against Rome, suddenly appeared with his army on the opposite bank of the Tiber. The safety of the city depended upon the destruction of the bridge across the river. At this juncture, three Roman citizens volunteered to defend the head of the bridge until it should be demolished.]

1.

THE Consul's¹ brow was sad, and the Consul's speech was low,
And darkly looked he at the wall, and darkly at the foe.
"Their van will be upon us before the bridge goes down;
And if they once may win the bridge, what hope to save the town?"

2.

Then out spake brave Horatius, the Captain of the gate:
"To every man upon this earth death cometh soon or late.

And how can man die better than facing fearful odds,
For the ashes of his fathers, and the temples of his gods?

3.

"Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul, with all the speed ye may;
I, with two more to help me, will hold the foe in play.
In yon strait path a thousand may well be stopped by three.
Now, who will stand on either hand, and keep the bridge with me?"

4.

Then out spake Spurius Lartius* — a Ramnian proud was he:
"Lo, I will stand on thy right hand, and keep the bridge with thee."
And out spake strong Herminius, of Titian† blood was he:
"I will abide on thy left side, and keep the bridge with thee."

5.

"Horatius," quoth² the Consul, "as thou sayest, so let it be."
And straight against that great array forth went the dauntless Three;
For Romans in Rome's quarrel spared neither land nor gold,
Nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life, in the brave days of old.

6.

Meanwhile the Tuscan army, right glorious to behold,
Came flashing back the noonday light,
Rank behind rank, like surges bright
Of a broad sea of gold.
Four hundred trumpets sounded a peal of warlike glee,
As that great host, with measured tread,
And spears advanced, and ensigns spread,
Rolled slowly towards the bridge's head,
Where stood the dauntless Three.

7.

The Three stood calm and silent, and looked upon the foes,
And a great shout of laughter from all the vanguard⁴ rose:
And forth three chiefs came spurring before that mighty mass!
To earth they sprang, their swords they drew
And lifted high their shields, and flew
To win the narrow pass;

* SPŪ'RĪ-ŪS LĀR'TĪ-ŪS (-shē-ŭs).

† TĪSH'Ē-ĀN.

8.

Aunus from green Tifernum, Lord of the Hill of Vines;
 And Seius,* whose eight hundred slaves sicken in Ilva's mines;
 And Picus, long to Clusium † vassal in peace and war,
 Who led to fight his Umbrian powers
 From that gray crag where, girt with towers,
 The fortress of Nequinum lowers
 O'er the pale waves of Nar.

9.

Stout Lartius hurled down Aunus into the stream beneath;
 Herminius struck at Seius, and clove him to the teeth;
 At Picus brave Horatius darted one fiery thrust,
 And the proud Umbrian's gilded arms clashed in the bloody dust.

10.

Then Ocnus of Falerii ‡ rushed on the Roman Three;
 And Lausulus of Urgo, the rover of the sea;
 And Aruns § of Volsinium, who slew the great wild boar,
 The great wild boar that had his den
 Amidst the reeds of Cosa's fen,
 And wasted fields and slaughtered men
 Along Albinia's shore.

11.

Herminius smote down Aruns; Lartius laid Ocnus low:
 Right to the heart of Lausulus, Horatius sent a blow.
 "Lie there," he cried, "fell⁶ pirate! No more, aghast and pale,
 From Ostia's walls the crowd shall mark
 The track of thy destroying bark.
 No more Campania's hinds⁶ shall fly
 To woods and caverns when they spy
 Thy thrice accurséd sail."

12.

But now no sound of laughter was heard amongst the foes.
 A wild and wrathful clamor from all the vanguard rose.
 Six spears' lengths from the entrance halted that deep array,
 And for a space no man came forth to win the narrow way.

* SĒ'I-ŪS or SĒ'IYŪS.

† CLŪ'SI-ŪM.

‡ FA-LE'RĪ-I.

§ A'RUNS.

13.

But hark ! the cry is Astur : And lo ! the ranks divide ;
And the great Lord of Luna comes, with his stately stride.
Upon his ample shoulders clangs loud the fourfold shield,
And in his hand he shakes the brand which none but he can wield.

14.

He smiled on those bold Romans, a smile serene and high ;
He eyed the flinching Tuscans, and scorn was in his eye.
Quoth he, " The she-wolf's litter stand savagely at bay ⁷ :
But will ye dare to follow, if Astur clears the way ? "

15.

Then whirling up his broadsword with both hands to the height,
He rushed against Horatius, and smote with all his might.
With shield and blade, Horatius right deftly ⁸ turned the blow.
The blow, though turned, came yet too nigh ;
It missed his helm, but gashed his thigh :
The Tuscans raised a joyful cry
To see the red blood flow.

16.

He reeled, and on Herminius he leaned one breathing-space ;
Then, like a wildcat mad with wounds, sprang right at Astur's
face.
Through teeth, and skull, and helmet, so fierce a thrust he sped,
The good sword stood a hand-breadth out behind the Tuscan's head.

17.

And the great Lord of Luna fell at that deadly stroke,
As falls on Mount Alvernus a thunder-smitten oak.
Far o'er the crashing forest the giant arms lie spread ;
And the pale augurs ⁹, muttering low, gaze on the blasted head.

18.

On Astur's throat Horatius right firmly pressed his heel,
And thrice and four times tugged amain ¹⁰, ere he wrenched out the
steel.
" And see," he cried, " the welcome, fair guests, that waits you here !
What noble Lucumo comes next to taste our Roman cheer ? "

19.

But at his haughty challenge a sullen murmur ran,
Mingled of wrath, and shame, and dread, along that glittering van.
There lacked not men of prowess, nor men of lordly race;
For all Etruria's noblest were round the fatal place.

20.

But all Etruria's noblest felt their hearts sink to see
On the earth the bloody corpses, in the path the dauntless Three :
And, from the ghastly entrance where those bold Romans stood,
All shrank, like boys who, unaware, ranging the woods to start a hare,
Come to the mouth of the dark lair, where, growling low, a fierce
old bear
Lies amidst bones and blood.

21.

But meanwhile axe and lever have manfully been plied,
And now the bridge hangs tottering above the boiling tide.
"Come back, come back, Horatius!" loud cried the Fathers ¹¹ all.
"Back, Lartius! back, Herminius! back ere the ruin fall!"

22.

Back darted Spurius Lartius; Herminius darted back :
And, as they passed, beneath their feet they felt the timbers crack.
But when they turned their faces, and on the farther shore
Saw brave Horatius stand alone, they would have crossed once more.

23.

But with a crash like thunder fell every loosened beam,
And, like a dam the mighty wreck lay right athwart ¹² the stream :
And a long shout of triumph rose from the walls of Rome,
As to the highest turret-tops was splashed the yellow foam.

24.

Alone stood brave Horatius, but constant still in mind;
Thrice thirty thousand foes before, and the broad flood behind.
"Down with him!" cried false Sextus, with a smile on his pale face.
"Now yield thee," cried Lars Porsena, "now yield thee to our grace."

25.

Round turned he, as not deigning those craven ranks to see;
Naught spake he to Lars Porsena, to Sextus naught spake he;

But he saw on Palatinus * the white porch of his home ;
And he spake to the noble river that rolls by the towers of Rome.

26.

“ O Tiber ! father Tiber ! to whom the Romans pray,
A Roman’s life, a Roman’s arms, take thou in charge this day ! ”
So he spake, and speaking, sheathed the good sword by his side,
And, with his harness on his back, plunged headlong in the tide.

27.

No sound of joy or sorrow was heard from either bank ;
But friends and foes, in dumb surprise,
With parted lips and straining eyes,
Stood gazing where he sank ;
And when above the surges they saw his crest appear,
All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,
And even the ranks of Tuscany
Could scarce forbear to cheer.

28.

But fiercely ran the current, swollen high by months of rain ;
And fast his blood was flowing ; and he was sore in pain,
And heavy with his armor, and spent with changing blows :
And oft they thought him sinking, but still again he rose.

29.

And now he feels the bottom ; now on dry earth he stands,
Now round him throng the Fathers to press his gory hands ;
And now with shouts and clapping, and noise of weeping loud,
He enters through the River-gate, borne by the joyous crowd.

¹ CŌN’SŪL. One of the two chief magistrates of the ancient Roman republic.

² QUŌTH. Said.

³ DĀUNT’LESS. Incapable of being intimidated ; fearless.

⁴ VĀN’GUĀRD. That part of an army which goes before the main body on a march, to guard against a surprise.

⁵ FĒLL. Cruel ; inhuman.

⁶ HĪND. A countryman ; a rustic ; also, the female of the red deer.

⁷ BĀY. The state of being obliged to face one’s enemies, through impossibility of escape.

⁸ DĒFT’LY. Dexterously.

⁹ ĀU’GŪR. A soothsayer.

¹⁰ Ā-MĀIN’. Violently ; with might.

¹¹ FĀTH’ĒRŞ. Members of the Roman senate.

¹² Ā-THWĀRT’. Across ; transverse to-

* PĀL-Ā-TĪ’NŪS. Palatine, one of the seven hills of Rome.

LXXXII. — PETER THE GREAT.

MACAULAY.

[Peter the First, Czar of Russia, commonly called Peter the Great, was born in 1672, and died in 1725. He was a man of remarkable ability, both as a statesman and a warrior. Through his efforts for the civilization of his people, his internal improvements, and his conquests in war, Russia emerged from a position of comparative obscurity to one in the first rank among the nations of the world.]

Peter the Great visited London in 1698, in the reign of William III.]

1. ON the 10th of January a vessel from Holland anchored off Greenwich,* and was welcomed with great respect. Peter the First, Czar of Muscovy,† was on board. He took boat with a few attendants, and was rowed up the Thames ‡ to Norfolk Street, where a house overlooking the river had been prepared for his reception. His journey is an epoch¹ in the history not only of his own country, but of ours, and of the world. To the polished nations of Western Europe, the empire which he governed had till then been what Bokhara § or Siam || is to us. That empire, indeed, though less extensive than at present, was the most extensive that had ever obeyed a single chief.

2. On the Baltic, Russia had not then a single port. Her maritime² trade with the other nations of Christendom was entirely carried on at Archangel,¶ a place which had been created and was supported by adventurers from our island. In the days of the Tudors,** a ship from England, seeking a north-east passage to the land of silk and spice, had discovered the White Sea. The barbarians who dwelt on the shores of that dreary gulf had never before

* Pronounced GRĒN'IJ.

† MŪS'CO-VY. A name sometimes applied to Russia.

‡ Pronounced TĒMZ.

§ BŌK-HĀ'RĀ. A state of Central Asia.

|| SI-ĀM'. An extensive kingdom in the south-east of Asia.

¶ ĀRĖH-ĀN'GĒL. A seaport town in the northern part of Russia.

** The Tudor dynasty of English sovereigns began with Henry VII. (proclaimed king in 1485), the son of Edmund Tudor, and ended with Queen Elizabeth, who died in 1603.

seen such a portent³ as a vessel of a hundred and sixty tons burden. They fled in terror; and, when they were pursued and overtaken, prostrated themselves before the chief of the strangers, and kissed his feet. He succeeded in opening a friendly communication with them, and from that time there had been a regular commercial intercourse between our country and the subjects of the Czar.

3. The commercial intercourse between England and Russia made some diplomatic⁴ intercourse necessary. The diplomatic intercourse, however, was only occasional. Three or four times in a century extraordinary embassies⁵ were sent from Whitehall * to the Kremlin, † and from the Kremlin to Whitehall. The English embassies had historians, whose narratives may still be read with interest. Those historians described vividly, and sometimes bitterly, the savage ignorance and the squalid⁶ poverty of the barbarous country in which they had sojourned⁷. In that country, they said, there was neither literature nor science, neither school nor college. The best educated men could barely read and write. The arithmetic was the arithmetic of the Dark Ages. Even in the imperial treasury the computations were made by the help of balls strung on wires.

4. Round the person of the sovereign there was a blaze of gold and jewels; but even in his most splendid palaces were to be found the filth and misery of an Irish cabin. So late as the year 1663 the gentlemen of the retinue⁸ of the Earl of Carlisle were, in the city of Moscow, thrust into a single bed-room, and were told that, if they did not remain together, they would be in danger of being devoured by rats.

* WHITEHALL was a celebrated palace in London, for a long time the principal residence of English sovereigns.

† THE KRÉM'LIN is the central part and most elevated site of the city of Moscow (formerly the capital of Russia), of which it formed the original nucleus. It is separated from the rest of the city by a high wall, and contains the most important public edifices.

5. Our ancestors, therefore, were not a little surprised to learn that a young barbarian, who had, at seventeen years of age, become the autocrat of the immense region stretching from the confines of Sweden to those of China, and whose education had been inferior to that of an English farmer or shopman, had planned gigantic improvements, had learned enough of some languages of Western Europe to enable him to communicate with civilized men, had begun to surround himself with able adventurers from various parts of the world, had sent many of his young subjects to study languages, arts, and sciences in foreign cities, and, finally, had determined to travel as a private man, and to discover, by personal observation, the secret of the immense prosperity and power enjoyed by some communities whose whole territory was far less than the hundredth part of his dominions.

6. His empire was of all empires the least capable of being made a great naval power. On the ocean he had only a single port — Archangel; and the whole shipping of Archangel was foreign. There did not exist a Russian vessel larger than a fishing-boat. Yet, from some cause, which cannot now be traced, he had a taste for maritime pursuits which amounted to a passion, indeed almost to a monomania⁹. His imagination was full of sails, yard-arms, and rudders. That large mind, equal to the highest duties of the general and the statesman, contracted itself to the most minute details of naval architecture and naval discipline. The chief ambition of the great conqueror and legislator was to be a good boatswain and a good ship's carpenter.

7. He repaired to Amsterdam, took a lodging in the dockyard, assumed the garb of a pilot, put down his name on the list of workmen, wielded with his own hand the calking-iron and the mallet, fixed the pumps, and twisted the ropes. Ambassadors, who came to pay their respects

to him, were forced, much against their will, to clamber up the rigging of a man-of-war, and found him enthroned on the cross-trees.

8. Such was the prince whom the populace of London now crowded to behold. His stately form, his intellectual forehead, his piercing black eyes, his Tartar nose and mouth, his gracious smile, his frown, black with all the stormy rage and hate of a barbarian tyrant, and, above all, a strange nervous convulsion which sometimes transformed his countenance, during a few moments, into an object on which it was impossible to look without terror, the immense quantities of meat which he devoured, the pints of brandy which he swallowed, the fool who jabbered at his feet, the monkey which grinned at the back of his chair, — were, during some weeks, popular topics of conversation.

9. He, meanwhile, shunned the public gaze with a haughty shyness which inflamed curiosity. He went to a play; but, as soon as he perceived that pit, boxes, and galleries were staring, not at the stage, but at him, he retired to a back bench, where he was screened from observation by his attendants. He was desirous to see a sitting of the House of Lords; but, as he was determined not to be seen, he was forced to climb up to the leads, and to peep through a small window.

10. William judiciously humored the whims of his illustrious guest, and stole to Norfolk Street, so quietly that nobody in the neighborhood recognized his majesty in the thin gentleman who got out of the modest-looking coach at the Czar's lodgings. The Czar returned the visit with the same precautions, and was admitted into Kensington House by a back door. It was afterwards known that he took no notice of the fine pictures with which the palace was adorned. But over the chimney of the royal sitting-room was a plate which, by an ingenious machinery, indicated the direction of the wind, and with this plate he was in raptures.

11. He soon became weary of his residence. He found that he was too far from the objects of his curiosity, and too near to the crowds to which he was himself an object of curiosity. He accordingly removed to Deptford, and was there lodged in the house of John Evelyn, a house which had long been a favorite resort of men of letters, men of taste, and men of science. Here Peter gave himself up to his favorite pursuits. He navigated a yacht¹⁰ every day, up and down the river. His apartment was crowded with models of three-deckers and two-deckers, frigates, sloops, and fire-ships¹¹.

12. But Evelyn does not seem to have formed a favorable opinion of his august¹² tenant. It was, indeed, not in the character of tenant that the Czar was likely to gain the good word of civilized men. With all the high qualities which were peculiar to himself, he had all the filthy habits which were then common among his countrymen. To the end of his life, while disciplining armies, founding schools, framing codes, organizing tribunals, building cities in deserts, joining distant seas by artificial rivers, he lived in his palace like a hog in a sty. Evelyn's house was left in such a state that the Treasury quieted his complaints with a considerable sum of money.

13. Towards the close of March the Czar visited Portsmouth, saw a sham sea-fight at Spithead, watched every movement of the contending fleets with intense interest, and expressed in warm terms his gratitude to the hospitable government which had provided so delightful a spectacle for his amusement and instruction. After passing more than three months in England, he departed in high good humor.

<p>¹ ЁР'ОЄН (ěp'øk, or ē'pŭk). A point of time made remarkable by some event, and from which dates are sometimes computed.</p>	<p>² МАР'І-ТІМЕ. Relating to the sea; marine.</p> <p>³ ПОР-ТЕНТ'. An omen of ill.</p> <p>⁴ ДІП-ЛО-МАТ'ІС. Relating to the art</p>
---	--

of conducting negotiations, &c., between nations.	⁹ MÖN-Q-MĀ'NĪ-Ā. Insanity upon one particular subject.
⁵ ĒM'BAS-SY. One or more persons sent from one government to another on business of state.	¹⁰ YACHT (yŏt). A small pleasure vessel.
⁶ SQUAL'ID (skwŏl'id). Filthy.	¹¹ FIRE'-SHĪPS. Ships filled with combustibles, to set fire to an enemy's vessels.
⁷ SŌ'JOURED. Dwelt for a time.	¹² ĀU-GŪST'. Impressing awe; grand; majestic.
⁸ RĒT'Ī-NŪE (-nā). Train of attendants; a suite.	

LXXXIII.—THE BUNKER HILL MONUMENT.

WEBSTER.

[Daniel Webster, an eminent patriot, lawyer, and statesman, was born in Salisbury, New Hampshire, January 18, 1782, and died October 24, 1852. For the last thirty years of his life he was in the public service as a Representative in Congress, or Senator, or Secretary of State. He was a man of great intellectual powers, and of striking and commanding personal appearance. The following extract is taken from an oration delivered at the celebration of the completion of the Bunker Hill Monument in 1843.]

1. THE Bunker Hill Monument is finished! Here it stands! Fortunate in the natural eminence on which it is placed, higher, infinitely higher, in its objects and purpose, it rises over the land, and over the sea; and, visible at their homes to three hundred thousand citizens of Massachusetts, it stands, a memorial¹ of the past, and a monitor² to the present and all succeeding generations.

2. I have spoken of the loftiness of its purpose. If it had been without any other design than the creation of a work of art, the granite of which it is composed would have slept in its native bed. It has a purpose; and that purpose gives it character. That purpose enrobes it with dignity and moral grandeur. That well-known purpose it is which causes us to look up to it with a feeling of awe.

3. It is itself the orator of this occasion. It is not from my lips, it is not from any human lips, that that strain of eloquence is this day to flow, most competent to move and excite the vast multitudes around. The potent³ speaker

stands motionless before them. It is a plain shaft. It bears no inscriptions fronting to the rising sun, from which the future antiquarian ⁴ shall wipe the dust. Nor does the rising sun cause tones of music to issue from its summit. But at the rising of the sun, and at the setting of the sun, in the blaze of noonday, and beneath the milder effulgence ⁵ of lunar light, it looks, it speaks, it acts, to the full comprehension ⁶ of every American mind, and the awakening of glowing enthusiasm in every American heart.

4. Its silent but awful utterance ⁷, its deep pathos, as it brings to our contemplation the 17th of June, 1775, and the consequences which have resulted to us, to our country, and to the world from the events of that day, and which we know must continue to rain influence on the destinies of mankind to the end of time, — the elevation with which it raises us high above the ordinary feelings of life, — surpass all that the study of the closet or even the inspiration of genius, can produce.

5. To-day it speaks to us. Its future auditories ⁸ will be through successive generations of men, as they rise up before it, and gather round it. Its speech will be of patriotism and courage; of civil and religious liberty; of free government; of the moral improvement and elevation of mankind, and of the immortal memory of those who, with heroic devotion, have sacrificed their lives for their country.

¹ ME-MŌ'RĪ-ĀL. That which calls to remembrance; a monument.

² MŌN'Ī-TŌR. That which warns or admonishes.

³ PŌ'TĒNT. Powerful.

⁴ ĀN-TĪ-QUĀ'RĪ-ĀN. One versed in the remains or records of ancient times.

⁵ EF-FŪL'ĠENCE. Lustre; brightness; radiance.

⁶ CŌM-PRE-HĒN'SIŌN. Act or power of understanding.

⁷ ŪT'TĒR-ANCE. Speech; speaking.

⁸ ĀU'DĪ-TŌ-RĪEŞ. Assemblages of hearers; audiences.

LXXXIV.—THE ARSENAL AT SPRINGFIELD.

LONGFELLOW.

[Henry Wadsworth Longfellow is a native of Portland, Maine, and was graduated at Bowdoin College in 1825. He was Professor of Modern Languages at Bowdoin College for several years, and held a similar professorship in the University at Cambridge from 1836 to 1854. Mr. Longfellow holds a very high rank among the authors of America, and is one of the most popular of living poets.]

1. THIS is the Arsenal.¹ From floor to ceiling,
Like a huge organ, rise the burnished arms;
But from their silent pipes no anthem² pealing
Startles the villagers with strange alarms.
2. Ah, what a sound will rise, how wild and dreary,
When the Death-Angel touches those swift keys!
What loud lament and dismal Miserere³
Will mingle with their awful symphonies⁴!
3. I hear, even now, the infinite fierce chorus,
The cries of agony, the endless groan,
Which, through the ages that have gone before us,
In long reverberations⁵ reach our own.
4. On helm and harness rings the Saxon hammer,
Through Cimbric* forest roars the Norseman's† song,
And loud amid the universal clamor,
O'er distant deserts, sounds the Tartar‡ gong.
5. I hear the Florentine, who from his palace
Wheels out his battle-bell with dreadful din,
And Aztec§ priests, upon their teocallis⁶,
Beat the wild war-drums made of serpent's skin.

* CĪM'BRĪ. An ancient people of Denmark.

† NÖRSE'MĒN. Ancient inhabitants of Denmark, Sweden, and Norway

‡ TĀR'TA-RŸ. A name applied to a vast region of Central Asia, and sometimes to a portion of Eastern Europe.

§ ĀZ'TĒCS. The nation of the Aztecas was one of the native tribes or nations inhabiting Mexico previous to the invasion of the Spaniards.

6. The tumult of each sacked and burning village;
The shout, that every prayer for mercy drowns;
The soldiers' revels in the midst of pillage,
The wail of famine in beleaguered⁷ towns.
7. The bursting shell, the gateway wrenched asunder,
The rattling musketry, the clashing blade;
And ever and anon, in tones of thunder,
The diapason⁸ of the cannonade.
8. Is it, O Man, with such discordant noises,
With such accursed instruments as these,
Thou drownest Nature's sweet and kindly voices,
And jarrest the celestial harmonies!
9. Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals and forts.
10. The warrior's name would be a name abhorred!
And every nation that should lift again
Its hand against its brother, on its forehead
Would wear for evermore the curse of Cain!
11. Down the dark future, through long generations,
The echoing sounds grow fainter, and then cease:
And, like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,
I hear once more the voice of Christ say, "Peace!"
12. Peace! and no longer from its brazen portals
The blast of War's great organ shakes the skies!
But beautiful as songs of the Immortals,
The holy melodies of love arise.

⁷ AR'SE-NAL. A place where arms and
military stores are kept.

⁸ AN'THEM. A piece of sacred music;
a holy song or poem.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>³ MİŞ-Ē-RĒ'RE. A psalm or hymn of supplication; a musical composition to words of supplication. It is a Latin word, meaning <i>have mercy</i>.</p> <p>⁴ SŶM'PHQ-NŶ. Harmony of mingled sounds; a musical composition for a full band of instruments.</p> <p>⁵ RE-VĒR-BĒR-Ā'TIŦN. Act of beat-</p> | <p>ing back, as sound; echo; sound beaten back.</p> <p>⁶ TĒ-Q-CĀL'LIS. Buildings in the form of pyramids, erected for religious worship by the ancient Mexicans.</p> <p>⁷ RE-LĒA'GUĒRED. Besieged.</p> <p>⁸ DĪ-A-PĀ'ŞON. A chord which includes all the tones; the compass of a voice or an instrument.</p> |
|---|--|

LXXXV. — THE WHITE-HEADED EAGLE.

ALEXANDER WILSON.

1. FORMED by nature for braving the severest cold; feeding equally on the produce of the sea and of the land; possessing powers of flight capable of outstripping even the tempests themselves; unawed by anything but man; and, from the ethereal ¹ heights to which he soars, looking abroad, at one glance, on an immeasurable expanse of forests, fields, lakes, and ocean below him, the white-headed eagle appears indifferent to the change of seasons, as, in a few minutes, he can pass from summer to winter, from the lower to the higher regions of the atmosphere, — the abode of eternal cold, — and thence descend, at will, to the torrid, or to the arctic regions of the earth. He is, therefore, found at all seasons in the countries he inhabits, but from the great partiality he has for fish, he prefers to live near the ocean.

2. In procuring fish, he displays, in a very singular manner, the genius and energy of his character, which is fierce, contemplative ², daring, and tyrannical — attributes exerted only on particular occasions, but when put forth, overpowering all opposition. Elevated on the high dead limb of some gigantic tree that commands a wide view of the neighboring shore and ocean, he seems calmly to contemplate the motions of the various feathered tribes that

pursue their busy avocations below, — the snow-white gulls slowly winnowing³ the air; the busy shore-birds, coursing⁴ along the sands; trains of ducks, streaming over the surface; silent and watchful cranes, intent and wading; clamorous crows, and all the winged multitudes that subsist by the bounty of this vast liquid magazine⁵ of Nature.

3. High over all these hovers one whose action instantly arrests his whole attention. By his wide curvature of wing, and sudden suspension in air, he knows him to be the fish-hawk, settling over some devoted victim of the deep. His eye kindles at the sight, and, balancing himself, with half-opened wings, on the branch, he watches the result.

4. Down, rapid as an arrow from heaven, descends the distant object of his attention, the roar of its wings reaching the ear as it disappears in the deep, making the surges foam around. At this moment the watchful eagle is all ardor; and, levelling his neck for flight, he sees the fish-hawk emerge, struggling with his prey, and mounting in the air with screams of exultation.

5. These are the signal for our hero, who, launching into the air, instantly gives chase, and soon gains on the fish-hawk; each exerts his utmost to mount above the other, displaying in these rencounters⁶ the most elegant and sublime aerial⁷ evolutions. The unencumbered eagle rapidly advances, and is just on the point of reaching his opponent, when, with a sudden scream, probably of despair and honest execration⁸, the latter drops his fish; the eagle, poising⁹ himself for a moment, as if to take a more certain aim, descends like a whirlwind, snatches it in his grasp ere it reaches the water, and bears his ill-gotten booty silently away to the woods.

¹ È-THĒ'RE-AL. Relating to ether, or the refined air supposed to occupy the heavenly space above the atmosphere; here, far above the surface of the earth.

² CŌN-TĒM'PLA-TĪVE. Thoughtful;

³ WĪN'NŌW-ĪNG. Beating with wings.	⁷ A-Ē'RĪ-ĀL. Belonging to the air.
⁴ CŌURS'ING. Running.	⁸ ĒX-Ē-CRĀ'TIŌN. A declaration of a
⁵ MĀG-Ā-ZĪNE'. A store-house.	wish of evil against some one;
⁶ RĒN-CŌŪNT'ĒR. A meeting in con-	malediction; curse.
test; a casual combat.	PŌİŝ'ING. Balancing.

LXXXVI.—THE SCHOLAR'S MISSION.

GEORGE PUTNAM.

[Rev. George Putnam, D. D., was born in Sterling, Massachusetts, in 1807. He was graduated at Harvard University in 1826, and in 1829 was settled over the First Congregational Church in Roxbury. The following extract is from an oration before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard.]

1. THE wants of our time and country, the constitution of our modern society, our whole position, personal and relative, forbid a life of mere scholarship or literary pursuits to the great majority of those who go out from our colleges. However it may have been in other times and other lands, here and now but few of our educated men are privileged

“ From the loopholes of retreat
To look upon the world, to hear the sound
Of the great Babel, and not feel its stir.”

2. Society has work for us, and we must go forth to do it. Full early and hastily we must gird on the manly gown,* gather up the loose leaves and scanty fragments of our youthful lore, and go out among men, to act with them and for them. It is a practical age; and our wisdom, such as it is, “must strive and cry, and utter her voice in the streets, standing in the places of the paths, crying in the chief place of concourse¹, at the entry of the city, at the coming in at the doors.”

3. This state of things, though not suited to the tastes

* The *toga virilis* (manly gown) was put on by the young men of Rome, on coming to maturity.

and qualities of all, is not, on the whole, to be regretted by educated men as such. It is not in literary production only, or chiefly, that educated mind finds fit expression, and fulfils its mission in honor and beneficence². In the great theatre of the world's affairs there is a worthy and a sufficient sphere. Society needs the well-trained, enlarged, and cultivated intellect of the scholar in its midst; needs it, and welcomes it, and gives it a place, or, by its own capacity, it will take a place of honor, influence, and power.

4. The youthful scholar has no occasion to deplore the fate that is soon to tear him from his studies, and cast him into the swelling tide of life and action. None of his disciplinary³ and enriching culture will be lost, or useless, even there. Every hour of study, every truth he has reached, and the toilsome process by which he reached it; the heightened grace, or vigor of thought or speech he has acquired, — all shall tell fully, nobly, if he will give heed to the conditions. And one condition — the prime one — is, that he be a true man, and recognize the obligation of a man, and go forth with heart, and will, and every gift and acquirement dedicated, lovingly and resolutely, to the true and the right. These are the terms: and apart from these there is no success, no influence to be had, which an ingenuous mind can desire, or which a sound and far-seeing mind would dare to ask.

5. Indeed, it is not an easy thing, nay, it is not a possible thing, to obtain a substantial success and an abiding influence, except on these terms. A factitious⁴ popularity, a transient notoriety, or, in the case of shining talents, the doom of a damning *fame*, may fall to bad men. But an honored name, enduring influence, a sun brightening on through its circuit, more and more, even to its serene setting — this boon of a true success goes never to intellectual qualities alone. It gravitates⁵ slowly, but surely,

to weight of character, to intellectual ability rooted in principle.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>¹ CŌN'CŌURSE (kōng'kōrs). The coming together of many persons or things; a flocking together.</p> <p>² BẸ-NẸF'Ī-CĒNCE. Active goodness.</p> <p>³ DĪS'CĪ-PLĪ-ŅA-RẸ. Relating to disci-</p> | <p>pline, or to a regular course of education.</p> <p>⁴ FĀC-TĪ''TIOVS. Unnatural; made by art; artificial.</p> <p>⁵ GRĀV'Ī-TĀTES. Is attracted.</p> |
|---|---|

LXXXVII.—THE BATTLE FIELD.

BRYANT.

[William Cullen Bryant was born in Cummington, Massachusetts, November 3, 1794. He has resided for many years in or near the city of New York. His poetry is distinguished for its high finish, its lofty moral tone, and its admirable descriptions of American scenery.]

1. ONCE this soft turf, this rivulet's sands,
 Were trampled by a hurrying crowd,
 And fiery hearts and arméd hands
 Encountered in the battle-cloud.
2. Ah, never shall the land forget
 How gushed the life-blood of her brave,—
 Gushed, warm with hope and valor yet,
 Upon the soil they fought to save.
3. Now all is calm, and fresh, and still;
 Alone the chirp of flitting bird,
 And talk of children on the hill,
 And bell of wandering kine¹, are heard.
4. No solemn host goes trailing by
 The black-mouthed gun and staggering wain;
 Men start not at the battle-cry;—
 O, be it never heard again!

5. Soon rested those who fought ; but thou,
 Who minglest in the harder strife
 For truths which men receive not now, —
 Thy warfare only ends with life.
6. A friendless warfare ! lingering long
 Through weary day and weary year ;
 A wild and many-weaponed throng
 Hang on thy front, and flank, and rear.
7. Yet nerve thy spirit to the proof,
 And blench not at thy chosen lot !
 The timid good may stand aloof,
 The sage may frown — yet faint thou not !
8. Nor heed the shaft too surely cast,
 The hissing, stinging bolt of scorn,
 For with thy side shall dwell at last
 The victory of endurance born.
9. Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again ;
 The eternal years of God are hers ;
 But Error, wounded, writhes with pain,
 And dies among his worshippers.
10. Yea, though thou lie upon the dust,
 When those who helped thee flee in fear, —
 Die full of hope and manly trust,
 Like those who fell in battle here.
11. Another hand thy sword shall wield³,
 Another hand the standard wave,
 Till from the trumpet's mouth is pealed⁴
 The blast of triumph o'er thy grave !

¹ KINE. Cows.² WAIN. A wagon³ WIELD. Use with the hand ; handle.⁴ PEALD. Rung ; sounded loudly.

LXXXVIII.—THE DEATH SCENE IN ION.

TALFOURD.

[Sir Thomas Noon Talfourd, an English writer, lawyer, and judge, was born in 1795, and died in 1854. He was made a judge of the Court of Common Pleas in 1849. He was the author of several dramatic poems, and of a biography of Charles Lamb. His plays are characterized by smooth versification, high-toned sentiment, and abundant imagery. The following is the closing scene of "Ion," the most popular of his dramas, the plot of which is taken from the mythology of ancient Greece. Ion is introduced in the beginning of the play, as a youth in attendance upon a temple of Apollo in Argos, of which Medon is high priest. Argos is wasted by a pestilence, which the oracle has declared will not cease till the line of the reigning king, Adrastus, shall have become extinct. Ion proves to be the son of Adrastus; and having assumed the crown upon the death of the latter, devotes himself to self-destruction for his country's sake. Clemanthe is the daughter of Medon, and Phocion is his son. The other characters are sages and soldiers of Argos.]

The Procession. Enter MEDON, AGENOR, PHOCION, TIMOCLES, CLEON, SAGES, and PEOPLE — ION, last, in royal robes. He advances amidst shouts

Ion. I thank you for your greeting.—Shout no more,
But in deep silence raise your hearts to Heaven,
That it may strengthen one so young and frail
As I am, for the business of this hour.
Must I sit here?

Medon. Permit thy earliest friend,
Who has so often propped thy tottering steps,
To lead thee to thy throne,—and thus fulfil
His fondest vision.

Ion. Thou art still most kind—

Medon. Nay, do not think of me.—My son! my son!
What ails thee? When thou shouldst reflect the joy
Of Argos, the strange paleness of the grave
Marbles thy face.

Ion. Am I indeed so pale?
It is a solemn office I assume;
Yet thus, with Phœbus'* blessing, I embrace it.

[Sits on the throne

Stand forth, Agenor! †

* PHŒBUS. Another name for Apollo, one of the ancient heathen deities.

† Pronounced A-ğē'nqr.

Agenor. I await thy will.

Ion. To thee I look as to the wisest friend
Of this afflicted people. Thou must leave
Awhile the quiet which thy life hath earned,
To rule our councils ; fill the seats of justice
With good men, — not so absolute in goodness,
As to forget what human frailty is ; —
And order my sad country.

Agen. Pardon me —

Ion. Nay, I will promise 'tis my last request :
Thou never couldst deny me what I sought
In boyish wantonness¹, and shall not grudge
Thy wisdom to me, till our state revive
From its long anguish. It will not be long
If Heaven approve me here. Thou hast all power,
Whether I live or die.

Agen. Die ! I am old —

Ion. Death is not jealous of thy mild decay,
Which gently wins thee his ; exulting Youth
Provokes the ghastly monarch's sudden stride,
And makes his horrid fingers quick to clasp
His shivering prey at noontide. Let me see
The captain of the guard.

Crythes. I kneel to crave
Humbly the favor which thy sire bestowed
On one who loved him well.

Ion. I cannot thank thee,
That wak'st the memory of my father's weakness ;
But I will not forget that thou hast shared
The light enjoyments of a noble spirit,
And learned the need of luxury. I grant
For thee and thy brave comrades, ample share
Of such rich treasures as my stores contain,
To grace thy passage to some distant land,
Where, if an honest cause engage thy sword,

May glorious laurels wreath it ! In our realm,
We shall not need it longer.

Cry. Dost intend
To banish the firm troops before whose valor
Barbarian millions shrink appalled, and leave
Our city naked to the first assault
Of reckless foes !

Ion. No, Crythes ! In ourselves,
In our own honest hearts and chainless hands,
Will be our safeguard. — While we seek no use
Of arms we would not have our children blend
With their first innocent wishes ; while the love
Of Argos and of justice shall be one .
To their young reason ; while their sinews grow
Firm 'midst the gladness of heroic sports, —
We shall not ask, to guard our country's peace,
One selfish passion, or one venal² sword.
I would not grieve thee ; but thy valiant troop —
For I esteem them valiant — must no more,
With luxury which suits a desperate camp,
Infect us. See that they embark, Agenor,
Ere night.

Cry. My lord —

Ion. No more — my word hath passed.
Medon, there is no office I can add
To those thou hast grown old in. — Thou wilt guard
The shrine of Phæbus, and within thy home —
Thy too delightful home — befriend the stranger
As thou didst me. — There sometimes waste a thought
On thy spoiled inmate !

Medon. Think of thee, my lord ?
Long shall we triumph in thy glorious reign —

Ion. Prithee³ no more. Argives,* I have a boon
To crave of you. — Whene'er I shall rejoin

* ÄR'QĪVES. Inhabitants of Argos.

In death the father from whose heart in life
 Stern fate divided me, think gently of him!
 For ye, who saw him in his full-blown pride,
 Knew little of affections crushed within,
 And wrongs which frenzied⁴ him; yet never more
 Let the great interests of the state depend
 Upon the thousand chances that may sway
 A piece of human frailty! Swear to me
 That ye will seek hereafter in yourselves
 The means of sovereign rule. — Our narrow space,
 So happy in its confines, so compact,
 Needs not the magic of a single name
 Which wider regions may require to draw
 Their interests into one; but, circled thus,
 Like a blessed family, by simple laws,
 May tenderly be governed; all degrees
 Moulded together as a single form
 Of nymph-like loveliness, which finest chords
 Of sympathy pervading shall suffuse⁵,
 In times of quiet, with one bloom, and fill
 With one resistless impulse, if the hosts
 Of foreign power should threaten. Swear to me
 That ye will do this!

Medon. Wherefore ask this now?
 Thou shalt live long! The paleness of thy face
 Which late appalled me, is grown radiant now,
 And thine eyes kindle with the prophecy
 Of lustrous⁶ years.

Ion. The gods approve me, then!
 Yet will I use the function⁷ of a king,
 And claim obedience. Promise, if I leave
 No issue⁸, that the sovereign power shall live
 In the affections of the general heart,
 And in the wisdom of the best.

Medon and others. [Kneeling.] We swear it!

Ion. Hear and record the oath, Immortal Powers!
 Now give me leave a moment to approach
 That altar, unattended. [He goes to the altar.
 Gracious gods!

In whose mild service my glad youth was spent,
 Look on me now; and if there is a Power, —
 As at this solemn time I feel there is, —
 Beyond ye, that hath breathed through all your shapes
 The spirit of the beautiful that lives
 In earth and heaven, — to ye I offer up
 This conscious being, full of life and love,
 For my dear country's welfare. Let this blow
 End all her sorrows! [Stabs himself and falls. CTESIPHON
 rushes to support him.

Enter IRUS.

Irus. I bring you glorious tidings — Ha! no joy
 Can enter here.

Ion. Yes — is it as I hope?

Irus. The pestilence abates.

Ion. [Springs on his feet.] Do ye not hear?
 Why shout ye not? — Ye are strong — think not of me.
 Harken! The curse my ancestry had spread
 O'er Argos, is dispelled. Agenor, give
 This gentle youth his freedom, who hath brought
 Sweet tidings that I shall not die in vain! —
 And, Medon! cherish him as thou hast one
 Who, dying, blesses thee. — My own Clemanthe!
 Let this console thee also — Argos lives —
 The offering is accepted — All is well! [Dies.

¹ WAN'TON-NĒSS (wŏn-). Sportiveness;
 negligence of restraint.

² VĒ'NAL. That may be bought and
 sold; hireling

³ PRĪTH'ĒE. A corruption of *pray*
thee.

⁴ FRĒN'ZIED. Affected with madness.

⁵ SŪF-FŪŖE'. Overspread as with a
 vapor, fluid or color.

⁶ LŪS'TROUS. Bright; shining.

⁷ FŪNC'TIŌN, Office; faculty.

⁸ IS'SŪE (is'shŭ). Offspring; children.

LXXXIX. — NATIONAL MONUMENT TO WASHINGTON.

WINTHROP.

[Robert Charles Winthrop is a native and resident of Boston. He was for several years a member of the House of Representatives in Congress, and Speaker of the House from December, 1847, to March, 1849. In 1856, he served for a short time in the Senate of the United States, by appointment of the Governor of Massachusetts. During his public life he was a leading member of the Whig party. The following piece is taken from an oration delivered by him, July 4, 1848, on the occasion of laying the corner-stone of the National Monument to Washington.]

1. FELLOW-CITIZENS of the United States: We are assembled to take the first step towards the fulfilment of a long deferred obligation. In this eight and fortieth year since his death, we have come together to lay the corner-stone of a national monument to WASHINGTON.

2. Other monuments to this illustrious person, have, long ago, been erected. By not a few of the great States of our Union, by not a few of the great cities of our states, the chiselled statue, or the lofty column, has been set up in his honor. The highest art of the Old World — of France, of Italy, and of England, successively — has been put in requisition for the purpose. Houdon* for Virginia, Canova† for North Carolina, Sir Francis Chantrey‡ for Massachusetts, have severally signalized their genius by portraying and perpetuating the form and features of the Father of his Country.

3. One tribute to his memory is left to be rendered. One monument remains to be reared, — a monument which shall bespeak the gratitude, not of states, or of cities, or of governments; not of separate communities, or of official bodies, but of the people, the whole people of the nation, — a National Monument, erected by the citizens of the United States of America.

* HỒU'DON.

† CÀ-NỒ'VÃ.

‡ CHÂN'TREY.

4. Of such a monument we have come to lay the corner-stone, here and now. On this day, on this spot, in this presence, and at this precise epoch in the history of our country and of the world, we are about to commence this crowning work of commemoration¹.

5. Yes, to-day, fellow-citizens, at this very moment when the extension of our boundaries and the multiplication of our territories are producing, directly and indirectly, among the different members of our political system, so many marked and mourned centrifugal² tendencies,—let us seize the occasion to renew to each other our vows of allegiance and devotion to the American Union; and let us recognize, in our common title to the name and the fame of Washington, and in our common veneration for his example and his advice, the all-sufficient centripetal³ power, which shall hold the thick clustering stars of our confederacy in one glorious constellation forever!

6. Let the column which we are about to construct be at once a pledge and an emblem of perpetual union! Let the foundations be laid, let the superstructure be built up and cemented, let each stone be raised and riveted in a spirit of national brotherhood! And may the earliest ray of the rising sun—till that sun shall set to rise no more—draw forth from it daily, as from the fabled statue* of antiquity, a strain of national harmony, which shall strike a responsive chord in every heart throughout the republic.

7. Proceed, then, fellow-citizens, with the work for which you have assembled. Lay the corner-stone of a monument which shall adequately⁴ bespeak the gratitude of the whole American people to the illustrious Father of his Country! Build it to the skies: you cannot outreach the loftiness of his principles! Found it upon the massive and eternal rock: you cannot make it more enduring than

* There was a statue at Thebes said to utter at sunrise a sound like the twanging of a harp string or of a metallic wire.

his fame! Construct it of the peerless Parian marble⁵: you cannot make it purer than his life! Exhaust upon it the rules and principles of ancient and of modern art: you cannot make it more proportionate than his character!

8. But let not your homage⁶ to his memory end here. Think not to transfer to a tablet or a column the tribute which is due from yourselves. Just honor to Washington can only be rendered by observing his precepts and imitating his example. He has built his own monument. We, and those who come after us, are its appointed, its privileged guardians. The wide-spread Republic is the true monument to Washington. Maintain its independence. Uphold its constitution. Preserve its union. Defend its liberty. Let it stand before the world in all its original strength and beauty, securing peace, order, equality, and freedom to all within its boundaries, and shedding light, and hope, and joy upon the pathway of human liberty throughout the world;—and Washington needs no other monument. Other structures may fitly testify our veneration for him; this, this alone can adequately illustrate his services to mankind.

9. Nor does he need even this. The Republic may perish; the wide arch of our ranged union may fall; star by star its glories may expire; stone by stone its columns and capital may moulder and crumble; all other names which adorn its annals may be forgotten; but as long as human hearts shall any where pant, or human tongues shall any where plead, for a true, rational, constitutional⁷ liberty, those hearts shall enshrine the memory, and those tongues prolong the fame, of GEORGE WASHINGTON!

¹ ÇOM-MÊM-Ö-RÂ'TIÖN. A calling to remembrance by some public act.

² ÇEN-TRİF'Ü-GÂL. Tending to fly from the centre.

³ ÇEN-TRİP'Ë-TÂL. Tending towards the centre.

⁴ ÂD'Ë-QUÂTE-Lÿ. In just proportion; sufficiently.

⁵ PÂ'Rİ-ÂN MÂR'BLE. A fine white marble from the Island of Paros, much used by ancient sculptors.

⁶ HÖM'ÂQE. Reverence; respect; deference.

⁷ CÖN-STİ-TÛ'TIÖN-ÂL. Consistent with the fundamental laws, or civil constitution of a government.

XC. — ARNOLD WINKELRIED.

JAMES MONTGOMERY

[James Montgomery was born in Scotland, in 1771, and died in 1854. He wrote numerous poems, which are distinguished for their religious tone, purity of feeling, and gentle, sympathetic spirit. Many of his shorter pieces are alike beautiful in sentiment and style. The incident narrated in the following poem occurred in the battle of Sempach, in which the Swiss, fighting for their independence, totally defeated the Austrians, in the fourteenth century.]

1. "MAKE way for Liberty!" he cried, —
Made way for Liberty, and died!

In arms the Austrian phalanx¹ stood,
A living wall, a human wood! —
A wall, where every conscious stone
Seemed to its kindred thousands grown;
A rampart all assaults to bear,
Till time to dust their frames should wear.
So still, so dense the Austrians stood,
A living wall, a human wood!
Impregnable their front appears,
All horrent² with projected spears,
Whose polished points before them shine,
From flank to flank, one brilliant line,
Bright as the breakers' splendors run
Along the billows, to the sun.

2. Opposed to these a hovering band
Contended for their father-land;
Peasants, whose new-found strength had broke
From manly necks the ignoble³ yoke,
And beat their fetters into swords,
On equal terms to fight their lords;
And what insurgent⁴ rage had gained,
In many a mortal fray maintained:

Marshall'd, once more, at Freedom's call,
They came to conquer or to fall, —
When he who conquered, he who fell,
Was deemed a dead or living Tell !

3. Such virtue had that patriot breathed,
So to the soil his soul bequeathed,
That wheresoe'er his arrows flew,
Heroes in his own likeness grew,
And warriors sprang from every sod
Which his awakening footstep trod.
4. And now the work of life and death
Hung on the passing of a breath ;
The fire of conflict burned within, —
The battle trembled to begin.
Yet, while the Austrians held their ground,
Point for attack was nowhere found ;
Where'er the impatient Switzers gazed,
The unbroken line of lances blazed ;
The line 'twere suicide to meet,
And perish at their tyrants' feet ; —
How could they rest within their graves,
And leave their homes, the haunts of slaves ?
Would they not feel their children tread,
With clanging chains above their head ?
5. It must not be : — this day, this hour,
Annihilates the invader's power.
All Switzerland is in the field ; —
She will not fly, — she cannot yield, —
She must not fall : her better fate
Here gives her an immortal date.
Few were the numbers she could boast,
Yet every freeman was a host,
And felt, as 'twere, a secret known,

That one should turn the scale alone,
While each unto himself was he
On whose sole arm hung victory.

6. It did depend on *one*, indeed ;
Behold him, — Arnold Winkelried !
There sounds not to the trump of fame
The echo of a nobler name.
Unmarked he stood amid the throng,
In rumination^s deep and long,
Till you might see with sudden grace,
The very thought come o'er his face,
And by the motion of his form
Anticipate the bursting storm ;
And by the uplifting of his brow
Tell where the bolt would strike, and how.
7. But 'twas no sooner thought than done,
The field was in a moment won ; —
“Make way for Liberty!” he cried,
Then ran with arms extended wide,
As if his dearest friend to clasp ; —
Ten spears he swept within his grasp : —
“Make way for Liberty!” he cried :
Their keen points crossed from side to side ; —
He bowed amidst them like a tree,
And thus made way for Liberty.
8. Swift to the breach his comrades fly :
“Make way for Liberty!” they cry,
And through the Austrian phalanx dart,
As rushed the spears through Arnold's heart ;
While, instantaneous as his fall,
Rout, ruin, panic seized them all : —
An earthquake could not overthrow
A city with a surer blow

Thus Switzerland again was free :
Thus death made way for Liberty !

- | | |
|---|---|
| ¹ PHĀ'LĀNX (<i>or</i> phāl'anx). A body of troops or men in close array.
² HÖR'RENT. Pointed outwards like bristles; bristling. | ³ IG-NÖ'BLE. Dishonorable; base.
⁴ IN-SÜR'QENT. Rebellious.
⁵ RŮ-MĪ-NĀ'TIŦN. Musing; meditation; reflection. |
|---|---|

XCI. — SPEECH OF MARULLUS.

SHAKSPEARE.

[William Shakspeare was born at Stratford-upon-Avon, in England, April 23, 1564, and died April 23, 1616. He married young, went to London soon after his marriage, became an actor, a dramatic author, and a shareholder in one of the London theatres; acquired considerable property, and retired to his native place a few years before his death, and there lived in ease and honor. He was the author of thirty-five plays, written between 1590 and 1613, besides poems and sonnets.

This extract is taken from Julius Cæsar. A citizen tells Flavius and Marullus, Tribunes of Rome, that the rabble seen in the street "make holiday to see Cæsar and to rejoice in his triumph." The following is the reply of Marullus:]

WHEREFORE rejoice? what conquest brings he home?
 What tributaries follow him to Rome,
 To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels?
 You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things;
 O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
 Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft
 Have you climbed up to walls and battlements,
 To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
 Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
 The livelong day, with patient expectation,
 To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome:
 And when you saw his chariot but appear,
 Have you not made a universal shout,
 That Tiber trembled underneath her banks,
 To hear the replication ¹ of your sounds,
 Made in her concave shores?
 And do you now cull out a holiday?
 And do you now strew flowers in his way,
 That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?

Be gone :

Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,

Pray to the gods to intermit² the plague

That needs must light on this ingratitude.

¹ RĒP-LĪ-CĀ'TIŌN. A rolling back; | ² ĪN-TĒR-MĪT'. Cause to cease for a
reverberation. | time; suspend; interrupt.

CXII.—ELEVATING INFLUENCE OF A LIBERAL EDUCATION.

WALKER.

[Rev. James Walker, D. D., a native of Burlington, Massachusetts, is a graduate of Harvard College of the class of 1814. He was pastor of a church in Charlestown, Massachusetts, from 1818 to 1839, when he was appointed Alford Professor of Moral and Intellectual Philosophy at Harvard College, which office he held till 1853, when he was elected President. He resigned this post in 1860, and has since lived in Cambridge. The following extract is from an address delivered by him before the Alumni of Harvard College, in July, 1863.]

1. TIME would fail me to speak of the eminent men who have carried into a long life of public service the principles and the spirit inculcated¹ here. I cannot speak, as I would, even of him* who has so many titles to our notice on this occasion, who stands alone for his years, and for the veneration that is felt for him, — chiefly known to this generation as the honored head of the university, but long before that, and long before a large proportion of this audience were born, actively and earnestly engaged in matters of state — the scholar, the statesman, and the patriot. He has lived to see the best and the worst days of the republic, and *still* lives, — may we not hope, in order that his last look may be on his country, redeemed and renovated² by the trials through which it is now passing, and with every vestige of rebellion and bondage swept away.

2. And let no one dream that public virtue and devo-

* Josiah Quincy, Senior, a graduate of the class of 1790.

tion to country are principles which are dying out in this place. We have referred to what the fathers did; let us now see what the children are doing. When the southern insurgents took up arms against the freest and best government on earth, and it became necessary to repel force by force, the recent graduates of this college, and some who had not yet graduated, were among the first to obey the call. More than four hundred and fifty of our number either now are, or have been, in the loyal service, making a larger quota³, after the proper deductions are made, than any other class of citizens has furnished.

3. It was presumed that their education would be of advantage to them, so far as thought, and skill, and personal influence were required; but it has been of advantage to them in other ways. It has given a substance and body⁴ to their characters, which only needed the inspiration of a lofty purpose in order to become the foundation of the highest courage, and even of great powers of physical endurance.

4. They went because they were called. It was not military glory, nor political ambition, nor schemes of reform which moved them, but an inflexible⁵ purpose to preserve the integrity of a great nation, and maintain the supremacy of the laws. How they have performed this duty appears from the large and constantly increasing number of those who have fallen at their posts. Our necrology⁶ for the past year reveals the remarkable fact that more than half of the deaths have occurred in the public service. It has been sorrow and desolation to many hearts and many homes; but it will make the name of Harvard dear to every patriot in the land.

5. Alas, that so many young lives, the hope of the country, should be cut off in their early promise! But with the longest life what better, what more, could they have done? Sooner or later a monument will be erected in the

college grounds to commemorate their heroism. Do not cover it over with a glorification of our institutions, or of our people, or even with a studied eulogy on the dead: thus to have offered up their lives is glory enough. Write on it these few simple words: "In memory of the Sons of Harvard who died for their Country." And there let it stand, among the good and gracious influences of the place, the best and most gracious of them all.

6. There let it stand. While your children, and your children's children, are here preparing themselves for life, it will teach them that the pursuit of pleasure, the blandishments⁷ of society, and literary rivalships, are poor things, when compared with devotion to principle. There let it stand. If under the influence of great material prosperity, or in the hard competitions of the world, the public heart should again grow cold, and educated men forget their duty, it will still teach the same lesson. In all coming time, when the alumni⁸ of this college revisit, as we do to-day, the scenes of their early studies and friendships, the old feeling will be revived, and touched by the inspiration of a noble example, they will renew their vows to be faithful to their country and the laws.

¹ [N-CŪL' CĀT-ĒD. Taught or enforced by repetition; impressed on the mind by frequent admonition.

² RĒN'Ų-VĀT-ĒD. Restored to the first state; made new again.

³ QUŌ'TA. Proportional share; share assigned to each; contingent.

⁴ BŌD'Ų. Here, strength; solidity; consistency.

⁵ [N-FLĒX'Ī-BLE. That cannot be bent; firm; unyielding; constant.

⁶ NĒ-CRŌL'Ų-ŲŲ. A list or register of deaths; a collection of biographical notices of deceased persons.

⁷ BLĀN'DĪSH-MĒNTS. Soft words or caresses; kind treatment.

⁸ A-LŪM'NĪ. Foster children; graduates of a college or university.

XCIII. — PALESTINE.

WHITTIER.

[John Greenleaf Whittier was born in Haverhill, Massachusetts, in 1808, and now resides at Amesbury, in the same State. He is a well-known and popular writer in prose and verse, especially the latter. His poetry is distinguished for its humane and generous spirit, as well as for the fidelity with which it depicts the scenery of New England and the peculiar habits of its people.]

1. BLEST land of Judea! thrice hallowed of song,
Where the holiest of memories, pilgrim-like, throng
In the shade of thy palms, by the shores of thy sea,
On the hills of thy beauty — my heart is with thee.
With the eye of a spirit I look on that shore,
Where pilgrim and prophet have lingered before;
With the glide of a spirit I traverse the sod
Made bright by the steps of the angels of God.
2. Blue sea of the hills! in my spirit I hear
Thy waters, Gennesaret¹, chime on my ear;
Where the Lowly and Just with the people sat down,
And thy spray on the dust of his sandals was thrown.
Beyond are Bethulia's² mountains of green,
And the desolate hills of the wild Gadarene³;
And I pause on the goat-crag of Tabor⁴ to see
The gleam of thy waters, O dark Galilee!
3. There sleep the still rocks and the caverns which rang
To the song which the beautiful prophetess* sang,
When the princes of Issachar⁵ stood by her side,
And the shout of a host in its triumph replied.
Lo! Bethlehem's⁶ hill-site before me is seen,
With the mountains around and the valleys between;
There rested the shepherds of Judah⁷, and there
The song of the angels rose sweet on the air.

* Judges, chapter v.

4. And Bethany's⁸ palm-trees in beauty still throw
 Their shadows at noon on the ruins below ;
 But where are the sisters who hastened to greet
 The lowly Redeemer, and sit at his feet ?
 I tread where the TWELVE in their wayfaring trod ;
 I stand where they stood with the CHOSEN of God ;
 Where his blessing was heard, and his lessons were
 taught ;
 Where the blind were restored, and the healing was
 wrought.
5. But wherefore this dream of the earthly abode
 Of Humanity clothed in the brightness of God !
 Were my spirit but turned from the outward and dim,
 It could gaze, even now, on the presence of Him !
 Not in clouds and in terrors, but gentle as when
 In love and in meekness, he moved among men ;
 And the voice which breathed peace to the waves of
 the sea,
 In the hush of my spirit, would whisper to me.

- ¹ ĠĠN-NĒS'Ā-RĒT. A sea or lake in Palestine, the borders of which, in the time of Christ, were covered with numerous towns and villages ; *called also*, Sea of Galilee.
- ² BĒTH-Ū-LĪ'Ā (or bē-thū'-lī-ā). A city which appears to have overlooked the plain of Esdrae'lon, and to have guarded one of the passes to Jerusalem.
- ³ GĀD-Ā-RĒNE'. An inhabitant of Gadera, a city in a mountainous region near the Sea of Galilee.
- ⁴ TĀ'BŌR. An isolated mountain, of a conical form, a few miles south-west of the Sea of Galilee.
- ⁵ IS'SĀ-ĠHĀR. A son of Jacob and Leah ; also, the tribe named after him.
- ⁶ BĒTH'LE-HĒM. A celebrated city near Jerusalem.
- ⁷ JŪ'DĀH. The name of one of the tribes of Israel, afterwards applied to the whole nation.
- ⁸ BĒTH'Ā-NŪ. A town near Jerusalem, the residence of Martha and Mary.

XCIV.—THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.

HOOD.

[Thomas Hood was born in London in 1798, and died in 1845. His life was one of severe toil and much suffering, always sustained, however, with manly resolution and a cheerful spirit. He wrote much, both in prose and verse. He was a man of peculiar and original genius, which manifested itself with equal power and ease in humor and pathos.

The following remarkable piece of poetry appeared in the London Punch only a short time before the death of the lamented author. It was written at a time when the attention of benevolent persons in London had been awakened to the inadequate wages paid to poor needlewomen, and their consequent distress; and from the seasonableness of its appearance, as well as its high literary merit, it produced a great effect. It is valuable, as an expression of that deep and impassioned sympathy with suffering, which was a leading trait in Hood's nature, and forms an attractive element in his writings.]

1. WITH fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread —
Stitch — stitch — stitch !
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still, with a voice of dolorous¹ pitch,
She sang the "Song of the Shirt!"
2. "Work — work — work !
While the cock is crowing aloof² !
And work — work — work !
Till the stars shine through the roof !
It's O, to be a slave
Along with the barbarous Turk,
Where woman has never a soul to save,
If THIS is Christian work
3. "Work — work — work !
Till the brain begins to swim ;
Work — work — work !
Till the eyes are heavy and dim !

Seam, and gusset, and band,
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
And sew them on in my dream.

4. "O men with sisters dear!
O men with mothers and wives!
It is not linen you're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives!
Stitch — stitch — stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
Sewing at once, with a double thread,
A SHROUD as well as a shirt!
5. "But why do I talk of death,
That phantom of grisly bone?
I hardly fear his terrible shape,
It seems so like my own —
It seems so like my own,
Because of the fast I keep:
O God! that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap!
6. "Work — work — work!
My labor never flags;
And what are its wages? A bed of straw,
A crust of bread — and rags:
A shattered roof — and this naked floor —
A table — a broken chair —
And a wall so blank my shadow I thank
For sometimes falling there!
7. "Work — work — work!
From weary chime to chime;
Work — work — work!
As prisoners work for crime!

Band, and gusset, and seam,
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Till the heart is sick and the brain benumbed^s,
As well as the weary hand !

8. "Work — work — work !
In the dull December light ;
And work — work — work !
When the weather is warm and bright ;
While underneath the eaves
The brooding swallows cling,
As if to show me their sunny backs,
And twit me with the spring.

9. "O, but to breathe the breath
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet,
With the sky above my head,
And the grass beneath my feet !
For only one short hour
To feel as I used to feel,
Before I knew the woes of want,
And the walk that costs a meal !

10. "O, but for one short hour !
A respite⁴, however brief !
No blessed leisure for love or hope,
But only time for grief !
A little weeping would ease my heart —
But in their briny bed
My tears must stop, for every drop
Hinders needle and thread !"

11. With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread —

Stitch — stitch — stitch —

In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still, with a voice of dolorous pitch, —
Would that its tone could reach the rich! —
She sang this “Song of the Shirt!”

¹ DŎL'Ŏ-ROŬS. Sorrowful; painful.

² A-LŎŎF'. At a distance; apart.

³ BĚ-NŬMBED'. Made torpid.

⁴ RĚS'PĪTE. Delay; pause; interval.

XCV.—A CURTAIN LECTURE OF MRS. CAUDLE.

JERROLD.

[Douglas William Jerrold was born in London in 1803, and died in 1857. He was first a midshipman in the navy, then a printer, and lastly, a man of letters by profession. His “Caudle Lectures” were published in the London Punch, and extensively read in England and America.]

1. BAH! that's the third umbrella gone since Christmas. — What were you to do? Why, let him go home in the rain, to be sure. I'm very certain there was nothing about him that could spoil. — Take cold, indeed! He doesn't look like one of the sort to take cold. Besides, he'd have better taken cold than taken our umbrella. — Do you hear the rain, Mr. Caudle? I say, do you hear the rain? And, as I'm alive, if it isn't St. Swithin's day! * Do you hear it against the window?

2. Nonsense: you don't impose upon me; you can't be asleep with such a shower as that! Do you hear it, I say? O, you *do* hear it! — Well, that's a pretty flood, I think, to last for six weeks; and no stirring all the time out of the house. Pooh! don't think me a fool, Mr. Caudle; don't insult me! *he* return the umbrella! Any body would think you were born yesterday. As if any body ever did return an umbrella!

* There is an old superstition in England that if it rains on St. Swithin's day (15th July), not one of the next forty days will be wholly without rain.

3. There: do you hear it? Worse and worse. Cats and dogs, and for six weeks: always six weeks; and no umbrella! I should like to know how the children are to go to school to-morrow. They shan't go through such weather; I am determined. No; they shall stop at home, and never learn any thing, the blessed creatures! sooner than go and get wet! And when they grow up, I wonder who they'll have to thank for knowing nothing; who, indeed, but their father! People who can't feel for their own children ought never to be fathers.

4. But I know why you lent the umbrella: O, yes, I know very well. I was going out to tea at dear mother's to-morrow: you knew that, and you did it on purpose. Don't tell me; you hate to have me go there, and take every mean advantage to hinder me. But don't you think it, Mr. Caudle; no, sir: if it comes down in buckets' full, I'll go all the more.

5. No; and I won't have a cab!¹ Where do you think the money's to come from? You've got nice high notions at that club of yours? A cab, indeed! Cost me sixteen-pence, at least: sixteen-pence! two-and-eight-pence; for there's back again. Cabs, indeed! I should like to know who's to pay for 'em; for I'm sure you can't, if you go on as you do, throwing away your property, and beggaring your children, buying umbrellas!

6. Do you hear the rain, Mr. Caudle? I say, do you hear it? But I don't care; I'll go to mother's to-morrow—I will; and what's more, I'll walk every step of the way; and you know that will give me my death.—Don't call me a foolish woman; it's you that's the foolish man. You know I can't wear clogs²; and with no umbrella, the wet's sure to give me a cold—it always does. But what do you care for that? Nothing at all. I may be laid up for all you care, as I dare say I shall; and a pretty doctor's bill there'll be. I hope there will. It will teach

you to lend your umbrellas again. I shouldn't wonder if I caught my death: yes, and that's what you lent the umbrella for. Of course!

7. Nice clothes I get, too, traipsing³ through weather like this! My gown and bonnet will be spoiled quite. — I needn't wear 'em then. Indeed, Mr. Caudle, I *shall* wear 'em. No, sir; I am not going out a dowdy to please you or any body else. Gracious knows! it isn't often that I step over the threshold; indeed, I might as well be a slave at once: better, I should say; but when I do go out, Mr. Caudle, I choose to go as a lady. O, that rain! if it isn't enough to break in the windows.

8. Ugh! I look forward with dread to to-morrow! How I am to go to mother's, I am sure I can't tell, but if I die, I'll do it. — No, sir; I won't borrow an umbrella: no; and you shan't *buy* one. (*With great emphasis.*) Mr. Caudle, if you bring home another umbrella, I'll throw it into the street.

9. Ha! and it was only last week I had a new nozzle put to that umbrella. I'm sure if I'd have known as much as I do now, it might have gone without one. Paying for new nozzles for other people to laugh at you! O, it's all very well for you; you can go to sleep. You've no thought of your poor patient wife, and your own dear children; you think of nothing but lending umbrellas!

10. Men, indeed! Call themselves lords of the creation! pretty lords, when they can't even take care of an umbrella!

11. I know that walk to-morrow will be the death of me, but that's what you want: then you may go to your club, and do as you like; and then nicely my poor dear children will be used; but then, sir, then you'll be happy. — O, don't tell me! I know you will: else you'd never have lent the umbrella!

12. The children, dear things! they'll be sopping wet;

for they shan't stay at home; they shan't lose their learning; it's all their father will leave them, I'm sure.—But they *shall* go to school. Don't tell me they needn't: you are so aggravating⁴, Caudle, you'd spoil the temper of an angel; they *shall* go to school! mark that: and if they get their deaths of cold, it's not my fault; I didn't lend the umbrella.

13. "Here," says Caudle, in his manuscript, "I fell asleep, and dreamed that the sky was turned into green calico, with whalebone ribs: that, in fact, the whole world revolved under a tremendous umbrella!"

¹ CĀB. A kind of carriage, with two or four wheels, drawn by one horse.

² CLŌGS. A kind of overshoes, worn to keep the feet dry.

³ TRĀIPS'ING. A colloquial or low word, *meaning*, running about idly or carelessly.

⁴ ĀG'GRĀ-VĀT-ING. Making worse; *also colloquially*, provoking; irritating

XCVI.—BERNARDO DEL CARPIO.

MRS. HEMANS.

[The celebrated Spanish champion, Bernardo del Carpio, having made many ineffectual efforts to procure the release of his father, the Count Saldana, who had been imprisoned by King Alfonso of Asturias, at last took up arms in despair. The war which he maintained proved so destructive that the men of the land gathered round the king, and united in demanding Saldana's liberty. Alfonso, accordingly, offered Bernardo immediate possession of his father's person in exchange for his castle of Carpio. Bernardo, without hesitation, gave up his stronghold, with all his captives, and being assured that his father, was then on his way from prison, rode forth with the king to meet him. "And when he saw his father approaching, he exclaimed," says the ancient chronicle, "O God! is the Count of Saldana indeed coming?" "Look where he is," replied the cruel king; "and now go and greet him whom you have so long desired to see." The remainder of the story will be found related in the ballad. The chronicles and romances leave us nearly in the dark as to Bernardo's history after this event.]

1.

THE warrior bowed his crested head, and tamed his heart of fire,
And sued the haughty king to free his long imprisoned sire:
"I bring thee here my fortress keys, I bring my captive train;
I pledge my faith, my liege¹: my lord, O, break my father's chain!"

2.

“Rise, rise! even now thy father comes, a ransomed² man this day;
Mount thy good horse, and thou and I will meet him on his way.”
Then lightly rose that loyal son, and bounded on his steed,
And urged, as if with lance in rest, the charger’s³ foamy speed.

3.

And, lo! from far, as on they pressed, there came a glittering band,
With one that ’midst them stately rode, as a leader in the land.
“Now haste, Bernardo, haste! for there, in very truth, is he,
The father, whom thy faithful heart hath yearned⁴ so long to see.”

4.

His dark eye flashed, his proud breast heaved, his cheeks’ hue came
and went; [bent;
He reached that gray-haired chieftain’s side, and, there dismounting,
A lowly knee to earth he bent, his father’s hand he took —
What was there in its touch that all his fiery spirit shook?

5.

That hand was cold! a frozen thing! — it dropped from his like lead:
He looked up to the face above — the face was of the dead!
A plume waved o’er the noble brow — the brow was fixed and white!
He met, at length, his father’s eyes — but in them was no sight!

6.

Up from the ground he sprang, and gazed; but who could paint that gaze!
They hushed their very hearts, that saw its horror and amaze:
They might have chained him, as before that stony form he stood;
For the power was stricken from his arm, and from his lip the blood.

7.

“Father!” at length he murmured low, and wept like childhood then—
Talk not of grief till thou hast seen the tears of warlike men! —
He thought on all his glorious hopes, on all his young renown;
Then flung his falchion from his side, and in the dust sat down;

8.

And covering with his steel-gloved hands his darkly mournful brow,
“No more, there is no more,” he said, “to lift the sword for now:
My king is false! my hope betrayed! my father — O, the worth,
The glory, and the loveliness are passed away from earth!”

9.

Then from the ground he sprang once more, and seized the monarch's rein,
Amidst the pale and wildered looks of all the courtier train ;
And with a fierce, o'ermastering grasp, the rearing war-horse led,
And sternly set them face to face — the king before the dead !

10.

" Came I not forth, upon thy pledge, my father's hand to kiss ?
Be still, and gaze thou on, false king ! and tell me, what is this ?
The voice, the glance, the heart I sought — give answer, where are they ?
If thou wouldst clear thy perjured⁵ soul, send life through this cold clay !

11.

" Into these glassy eyes put light — be still ! keep down thine ire ;
Bid these white lips a blessing speak — this earth is not my sire !
Give me back him for whom I strove, for whom my blood was shed —
Thou canst not ? — and a king ! — his dust be mountains on thy head ! "

12.

He loosed the steed — his slack hand fell ; — upon the silent face
He cast one long, deep, troubled look, then turned from that sad place ;
His hope was crushed, his after-fate untold in martial strain ;
His banner led the spears no more amidst the hills of Spain !

¹ LIËGE. Sovereign.

² RAN'SQMED. Redeemed from captivity of imprisonment by the payment of a ransom or price.

³ CHÄRG'ER. A war-horse.

⁴ YËARNED. Desired earnestly; longed.

⁵ PËR/JURED. Guilty of taking a false oath.

XCVII.—CLARENCE'S DREAM.

SHAKSPEARE.

[The following lesson is taken from the tragedy of "Richard III." The scene occurs in an apartment in the Tower of London, between George, Duke of Clarence, brother of Richard, Duke of Gloster (afterwards Richard III.), and Sir Robert Brakenbury, keeper of the Tower.]

SCENE IV. An Apartment in the Tower. Enter CLARENCE and BRAKENBURY.

Brakenbury. Why looks your Grace so heavily ' to-day !

Clarence. O, I have passed a miserable night,
So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights,

That, as I am a Christian faithful man,
I would not spend another such a night,
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days;
So full of dismal terror was the time.

Brak. What was your dream, my lord? I pray you
tell me.

Clar. Methought that I had broken from the Tower,*
And was embarked to cross to Burgundy; †
And, in my company, my brother Gloster,
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
Upon the hatches; thence we looked toward England,
And cited up ² a thousand heavy times,
During the wars of York and Lancaster,
That had befallen us. As we paced along
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
Methought that Gloster stumbled, and, in falling,
Struck me, that thought to stay him, overboard
Into the tumbling billows of the main.
O Lord, methought, what pain it was to drown!
What dreadful noise of water in mine ears!
What sights of ugly death within mine eyes!
Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;
A thousand men, that fishes gnawed upon;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
All scattered in the bottom of the sea:
Some lay in dead men's skulls; and in those holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept
(As 'twere in scorn of eyes) reflecting gems,
That wooed the slimy bottom of the deep,
And mocked the dead bones that lay scattered by.

Brak. Had you such leisure, in the time of death,
To gaze upon these secrets of the deep?

* The Tower of London is an assemblage of buildings on the north bank of the Thames, formerly used as a state prison.

† BŪR'GUN-DY. A province in the northern part of France.

Clar. Methought I had: and often did I strive
To yield the ghost; but still the envious flood
Stopped in my soul, and would not let it forth
To seek the empty, vast, and wandering air;
But smothered it within my panting bulk,
Which almost burst to belch³ it in the sea.

Brak. Awaked you not with this sore agony?

Clar. O, no, my dream was lengthened after life;
O, then began the tempest to my soul!
I passed, methought, the melancholy flood,
With that grim ferryman* which poets write of,
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
The first that there did greet my stranger soul,
Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick;
Who cried aloud, "What scourge for perjury
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?"
And so he vanished. Then came wandering by
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
Dabbled in blood; and he shrieked out aloud,
"Clarence is come! — false, fleeting⁴, perjured Clarence —
That stabbed me in the field by Tewkesbury:
Seize on him, Furies! take him to your torments!" —
With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
Environed⁵ me, and howled in mine ears
Such hideous cries, that, with the very noise,
I trembling waked, and, for a season after,
Could not believe but that I was in Hell:
Such terrible impression made my dream.

Brak. No marvel⁶, lord, though it affrighted you;
I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.

Clar. Ah, Keeper, Keeper! I have done these things,
That now give evidence against my soul, —

* The shades of the dead were believed, by the ancient heathen, to be conveyed across the rivers of the lower world by a ferryman whom they named Charon.

For Edward's sake ; and, see, how he requites⁷ me ?
 O God ! if my deep prayers cannot appease Thee,
 But Thou wilt be avenged on my misdeeds,
 Yet execute⁸ Thy wrath on me alone :
 O, spare my guiltless wife, and my poor children !
 I pray thee, gentle keeper, stay by me ;
 My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

Brak. I will, my lord ; God give your Grace good rest

¹ HĒAV'Ī-LŲ. Dejectedly ; gloomily.

² CĪT'ĒD ŪP. Called up ; mentioned.

³ BĒLCH. Throw out ; eject.

⁴ FLĒĒT'ING. *Here*, changing sides frequently.

⁵ ĒN-VĪ'RŌNED. Surrounded ; encompassed.

⁶ MĀR'VEĻ. Wonder.

⁷ RĒ-QUĪTES'. Repays ; rewards

⁸ ĒX'Ē-CŪTE. Effect ; perform.

XCVIII.—DUTY OF AMERICAN CITIZENS.

DOUGLAS.

[Stephen Arnold Douglas was born in Brandon, Vermont, April 13, 1813, and died June 3, 1861. At the age of twenty he removed to Illinois, and was soon after admitted to the bar. In 1832 he was elected state attorney, and from that time till his death he was constantly in the public service,—being, in succession, state attorney, member of the legislature, secretary of state, and judge of the Supreme Court of Illinois ; registrar of the land office of the United States, member of the House of Representatives, and member of the Senate. He was a man of great energy, ability, and self-reliance. The following extract is from a speech delivered by him at Chicago, Illinois, June 1, 1861.]

1. But this is no time for a detail of causes. The conspiracy¹ is now known. Armies have been raised, war is levied² to accomplish it. There are only two sides to the question. Every man must be for the United States or against it. There can be no neutrals in this war: *only patriots* or — *traitors*.

2. We cannot close our eyes to the sad and solemn fact that war does exist. The government must be maintained, its enemies overthrown ; and the more stupendous our preparations the less the bloodshed, and the shorter the struggle will be. But we must remember certain restraints on our action even in time of war. We are a Christian

people, and the war must be prosecuted³ in a manner recognized by Christian nations.

3. We must not invade constitutional rights. The innocent must not suffer, nor women and children be the victims. Savages must not be let loose. But while I sanction⁴ no war on the rights of others, I will implore my countrymen not to lay down their arms until our own rights are recognized.

4. The constitution and its guarantees are our birth-right, and I am ready to enforce that inalienable right to the last extent. We cannot recognize secession. Recognize it once, and you have not only dissolved government, but you have destroyed social order, and upturned the foundations of society. You have inaugurated anarchy in its worst form, and will shortly experience all the horrors of the French Revolution.

5. Then we have a solemn duty, — to maintain the government. The greater our unanimity⁵, the speedier the day of peace. We have prejudices to overcome from a fierce party contest waged a few short months since. Yet these must be allayed. Let us lay aside all criminations⁶ and re-criminations as to the origin of these difficulties. When we shall have again a country, with the United States flag floating over it, and respected on every inch of American soil, — it will then be time enough to ask who and what brought all this upon us.

6. I have said more than I intended to say. It is a sad task to discuss questions so fearful as civil war: but sad as it is, bloody and disastrous as I expect the war will be, I express it as my conviction, before God, that it is the duty of every American citizen to rally round the flag of his country.

¹ CŌN-SPĪR'Ā-CŲ. A combination of persons for an evil purpose; a plot against a government.

² LĒV'ĪED. Raised; begun.

³ PRŌS'Ē-CŪT-ĒD. Continued; carried on.

⁴ SĀNC'TIŌN (sāngk'-). Give validity or authority to; justify; approve.

⁵ Ū-NA-NĪM'Ī-TŲ. State of being of one mind; agreement in opinion.

⁶ CRĪM-Ī-NĀ'TIŌN. Accusation; charge of crime or wrong.

XCIX.—LIBERTY AND UNION.

WEBSTER.

[The following piece is from a speech delivered in the Senate of the United States, in January, 1830, in reply to Mr. Hayne of South Carolina.]

1. MR. PRESIDENT : I have thus stated the reasons of my dissent to the doctrines which have been advanced and maintained. I am conscious of having detained you and the Senate much too long. I was drawn into the debate, with no previous deliberation, such as is suited to the discussion of so grave and important a subject. But it is a subject of which my heart is full, and I have not been willing to suppress the utterance of its spontaneous sentiments.

2. I cannot, even now, persuade myself to relinquish it, without expressing, once more, my deep conviction, that, since it respects nothing less than the Union of the States, it is of most vital and essential importance to the public happiness. I profess, sir, in my career hitherto, to have kept steadily in view the prosperity and honor of the whole country, and the preservation of our Federal Union. It is to that Union we owe our safety at home, and our consideration and dignity abroad. It is to that Union that we are chiefly indebted for whatever makes us most proud of our country. That Union we reached only by the discipline of our virtues in the severe school of adversity.

3. It had its origin in the necessities of disordered finance¹, prostrate commerce, and ruined credit. Under its benign² influences, these great interests immediately awoke, as from the dead, and sprang forth with newness of life. Every year of its duration has teemed with fresh proofs of its utility and its blessings; and, although our territory has stretched out wider and wider, and our population spread farther and farther. they have not outrun its

protection or its benefits. It has been to us all a copious fountain of national, social, personal happiness.

4. I have not allowed myself, sir, to look beyond the Union, to see what might lie hidden in the dark recess^s behind. I have not coolly weighed the chances of preserving liberty, when the bonds that unite us together shall be broken asunder. I have not accustomed myself to hang over the precipice of disunion, to see whether, with my short sight, I can fathom the depth of the abyss below; nor could I regard him as a safe counsellor in the affairs of this government, whose thoughts should be mainly bent on considering, not how the Union might be best preserved, but how tolerable might be the condition of the people when it shall be broken up and destroyed.

5. While the Union lasts, we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread out before us, for us and our children. Beyond that I seek not to penetrate the veil. God grant, that, in my day at least, that curtain may not rise! God grant that on my vision never may be opened what lies behind! When my eyes shall be turned to behold, for the last time, the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent⁴; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal⁵ blood!

6. Let their last feeble and lingering glance, rather, behold the gorgeous⁶ ensign⁷ of the Republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original lustre, not a stripe erased⁸ or polluted, nor a single star obscured, — bearing for its motto, no such miserable interrogatory⁹ as “What is all this worth?” nor those other words of delusion and folly, “Liberty first, and Union afterwards,” — but every where, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on its ample folds, as they float over the sea

and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart, — *LIBERTY and UNION, now and forever, ONE AND INSEPARABLE !*

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>¹ Fĭ-NĀNCE'. Public revenue of a government ; income or means.</p> <p>² BE-NĪGN'. Kind ; favorable.</p> <p>³ RE-CĒSS'. A niche or space formed by the receding of the wall of a room.</p> <p>⁴ BĒL-LĪQ'ĒR-ĒNT. Engaged in war ; carrying on war.</p> | <p>⁵ FRĀ-TĒR'NĀL. Belonging to brothers ; brotherly.</p> <p>⁶ GÖR'ĠEOŪS (-jūs). Splendid ; showy ; magnificent.</p> <p>⁷ ĒN'SĪGN. The national flag.</p> <p>⁸ Ē-RĀSED'. Effaced ; scratched out or rubbed out.</p> <p>⁹ ĪN-TER-RÖG'Ā-TQ-RY. Question.</p> |
|---|--|
-

C.—SOLILOQUY OF THE DYING ALCHEMIST.*

WILLIS.

1. THE night wind with a desolate moan swept by ;
And the old shutters of the turret swung,
Screaming upon their hinges ; and the moon,
As the torn edges of the clouds flew past,
Struggled aslant the stained and broken panes
So dimly, that the watchful eye of death
Scarcely was conscious when it went and came.

2. The fire beneath his crucible¹ was low ;
Yet still it burned ; and ever as his thoughts
Grew insupportable, he raised himself
Upon his wasted arm, and stirred the coals
With difficult energy ; and when the rod
Fell from his nerveless fingers, and his eye
Felt faint within its socket, he shrunk back
Upon his pallet, and with unclosed lips
Muttered a curse on death !

* An alchemist is one versed in the science of chemistry as practised in former times. The object of alchemy was to change the baser metals into gold, to find an elixir by which disease and death were to be avoided, &c.

Night's better beauty, feeling, fancy, thought,
All that we have and are — for this — for naught !

8. Grant me another year,
God of my spirit ! — but a day, — to win
Something to satisfy this thirst within !
 I would *know* something here !
Break for me but one seal that is unbroken !
Speak for me but one word that is unspoken !

9. Vain — vain ! — my brain is turning
With a swift dizziness, and my heart grows sick,
And these hot temple-throbs come fast and thick,
 And I am freezing — burning —
Dying ! O God ! if I might only live !
My vial ——— Ha ! it thrills me ! — I revive.

10. O, but for time to track
The upper stars into the pathless sky, —
To see the invisible spirits, eye to eye, —
 To hurl the lightning back, —
To tread unhurt the sea's dim-lighted halls, —
To chase day's chariot to the horizon-walls, —

11. And more, much more, — for now
The life-sealed fountains of my nature move
To nurse and purify this human love ;
 To clear the godlike brow
Of weakness and mistrust, and bow it down
Worthy and beautiful, to the much-loved one.

12. This were indeed to feel
The soul-thirst slaken at the living stream, —
To live — O God ! that life is but a dream !
 And death ——— Aha ! I reel —
Dim — dim — I faint — darkness comes o'er my eye ; —
Cover me ! save me ! ——— God of heaven ! I die !

13. Twas morning, and the old man lay alone.
 No friend had closed his eyelids, and his lips,
 Open and ashy pale, the expression wore
 Of his death-struggle. His long, silvery hair
 Lay on his hollow temples thin and wild,
 His frame was wasted, and his features wan
 And haggard as with want, and in his palm
 His nails were driven deep, as if the throe⁶
 Of the last agony had wrung him sore.
14. The fire beneath the crucible was out ;
 The vessels of his mystic⁶ art lay round,
 Useless and cold as the ambitious hand
 That fashioned them, and the small rod,
 Familiar to his touch for threescore years,
 Lay on the alembic's⁷ rim, as if it still
 Might vex the elements at its master's will.
15. And thus had passed from its unequal frame
 A soul of fire, — a sun-bent eagle stricken
 From his high soaring down, — an instrument
 Broken with its own compass. O, how poor
 Seems the rich gift of genius, when it lies,
 Like the adventurous bird that hath outflown
 His strength upon the sea, ambition wrecked, —
 A thing the thrush might pity, as she sits
 Brooding in quiet on her lowly nest.

¹ CRÚ'CI-BLE. A melting-pot used by chemists and goldsmiths.

² HÖR'Q-LÖGE. Something which tells what hour it is ; a time-piece.

³ RE-CÖIL'. Motion backwards ; rebound ; a shrinking or faltering.

⁴ ÄG'Q-NIZE. Feel agony ; suffer extreme pain.

⁵ THRÖE. Extreme pain ; pang

⁶ MYS'TIC. Secret ; unrevealed.

⁷ A-LËM'BIC. A chemical vessel, used in distillation.

CL.—SPEECH ON THE REFORM BILL.

BROUGHAM.

[Henry Brougham, Lord Brougham, was born in Edinburgh in 1778, and died in 1868. He was eminent as a statesman, orator, lawyer, and man of letters. He was Lord Chancellor of England from 1830 to 1834. The following extract is from a speech delivered by him in favor of the reform bill, in the House of Lords, in October, 1831.]

1. MY LORDS: I do not disguise the intense solicitude which I feel for the event of this debate, because I know full well that the peace of the country is involved in the issue. I cannot look, without dismay, at the rejection of the measure.

2. But grievous as may be the consequences of a temporary defeat,—for temporary it can only be,—its ultimate and even speedy success is certain. Nothing can now stop it. Do not suffer yourselves to be persuaded, that even if the present ministers¹ were driven from the helm, any one could steer you through the troubles which surround you, without reform. But our successors would take up the task in circumstances far less auspicious². Under them you would be fain to grant a bill, compared with which, the one we now proffer you is moderate indeed.

3. Hear the parable of the Sibyl,* for it conveys a wise and wholesome moral. She now appears at your gate, and offers you mildly the volumes, the precious volumes, of wisdom and peace. The price she asks is reasonable—to restore the franchise³, which, without any bargain, you ought voluntarily to give. You refuse her terms, her moderate terms: she darkens the porch no longer.

* The Sibyls were prophetic women of Greece and Rome. The most celebrated one of them offered for sale to Tarquin, an early king of Rome, nine books of prophecies. When the king, on account of the high price, refused to buy them, the Sibyl threw three into the fire, and on a second refusal, three more, after which the king, alarmed, paid for the three remaining the price asked for the whole.

4. But soon—for you cannot do without her wares—you call her back. Again she comes, but with diminished treasures. The leaves of the book are in part torn away by lawless hands, in part defaced with characters of blood. But the prophetic maid has risen in her demands. It is parliaments by the year—it is vote by the ballot—it is suffrage⁴ by the million!

5. From this you turn away indignant, and for the second time she departs. Beware of her third coming: for the treasure you must have; and what price she may next demand, who shall tell? It may even be the mace⁵ which rests upon that woolsack⁶.

6. What may follow your course of obstinacy, if persisted in, I cannot take upon me to predict, nor do I wish to conjecture. But this I know full well, that, as sure as man is mortal, and to err is human, justice deferred enhances the price at which you must purchase safety and peace; nor can you expect to gather in another crop than they did who went before you, if you persevere in their utterly abominable husbandry, of sowing injustice and reaping rebellion.

7. But among the awful considerations that now bow down my mind, there is one which stands preëminent above the rest. You are the highest judicature⁷ in the realm; you sit here as judges, and decide all causes, civil and criminal, without appeal. It is a judge's first duty never to pronounce sentence, in the most trifling case, without hearing. Will you make this the exception?

8. Are you really prepared to determine, but not to hear, the mighty case upon which a nation's hopes and fears hang? You are. Then beware of your decision!

9. Rouse not, I beseech you, a peace-loving, but a resolute people; alienate⁸ not from your body the affections of a whole empire. As your friend, as the friend of my order, as the friend of my country, as the faithful servant

of my sovereign, I counsel you to assist, with your uttermost efforts, in preserving the peace, and upholding and perpetuating the constitution.

10. Therefore, I pray and I exhort you not to reject this measure. By all you hold most dear, by all the ties that bind every one of us to our common order and our common country, I solemnly adjure you, I warn you, I implore you, yea, on my bended knees, I supplicate you—reject not this bill.

¹ MIN'IS-TĒRŞ. Here, heads of the different departments of the government.

² ÂU-SPI'CIOUS. Favorable; prosperous; fortunate.

³ FRĀN'CHISE. A right reserved to the people by the constitution; as, "the elective franchise."

⁴ SŪF'FRĀGE. Vote; right of voting.

⁵ MĀCE. An ornamental staff carried

before magistrates as the ensign of authority.

⁶ WOOL'SĀCK (wâl'-). The seat of the lord chancellor of England in the House of Lords, being a large, square bag of wool, without back or arms, covered with red cloth.

⁷ JŪ'DI-ÇĀ-TŪRE. Court of justice; a tribunal.

⁸ ĀL'IĒN-ĀTE (-yĕn-). Estrange.

CII.—ODE TO THE SEA-SERPENT.

1. FROM what abysses of the unfathomed sea
Turnest thou up, Great Serpent, now and then,
If we may venture to believe in thee,
And affidavits¹ of seafaring men?
2. What whirlpool gulf to thee affords a home?
Anid the unknown depths, where dost thou dwell?
If—like the mermaid, with her glass and comb—
Thou art not what the vulgar call a "sell."
3. Art thou, indeed, a serpent, and no sham?
Or, if no serpent, a prodigious² eel, —
An entity³, though modified by flam⁴, —
A basking-shark, or monstrous kind of seal?

4. I'll think that thou a true ophidian⁵ art ;
I cannot say a reptile of the deep,
Because thou dost not play a reptile's part ;
Thou swimmest, it appears, and dost not creep.
5. Art thou a giant adder, or huge asp,
And hast thou got a rattle at thy tail ?
If of the boa species, couldst thou clasp
Within thy folds, and suffocate, a whale ?
6. How long art thou ? — Some sixty feet, they say,
And more ; but how much more they do not know ;
I fancy thou couldst reach across a bay,
From head to head, a dozen miles or so.
7. Scales hast thou got, of course ; — but what's the
weight ?
On either side 'tis said thou hast a fin,
A crest, too, on thy neck, deponents⁶ state,
A saw-shaped ridge of flabby, dabby skin.
8. If I could clutch thee in a giant's grip,
Could I retain thee in that grasp sublime ?
Wouldst thou not quickly through my fingers slip,
Being all over glazed with fishy slime ?
9. Hast thou a forkéd tongue, — and dost thou hiss
If ever thou art bored with Ocean's play ?
And is it the correct hypothesis ?
That thou by gills or lungs dost breathe thy way ?
10. What spines, or spikes, or claws, or nails, or fin,
Or paddle, ocean-serpent, dost thou bear ?
What kind of teeth show'st thou, when thou dost grin ?
A set that probably would make one stare.

11. What is thy diet? Canst thou gulp a shoal¹
Of herrings? Or hast thou the gorge² and room
To bolt fat porpoises and dolphins, whole,
By dozens, e'en as oysters we consume?
12. Art thou alone, thou serpent, on the brine,
The sole surviving member of thy race?
Is there no brother, sister, wife, of thine,
But thou alone afloat on Ocean's face?
13. If such a calculation may be made, —
Thine age at what a figure may we take?
When first the granite mountain-stones were laid,
Wast thou not present there and then, old snake?
14. What fossil saurians³ in thy time have been?
How many mammoths crumbled into mould?
What geologic periods hast thou seen,
Long as the *tail* thou doubtless canst *unfold*?
15. As a dead whale, but as a whale, though dead,
Thy floating bulk a British crew did strike;
And, so far, none will question what they said,
That thou unto a whale wast very like.
16. A flock of birds, a record, rather loose,
Describes as hovering o'er thy lengthy hull;
Among them, doubtless, there was many a *goose*,
And, also, several of the genus *gull*.

¹ ĀF-FĪ-DĀ'VIT. A declaration on oath,
generally in writing.

² PRQ-DĪQ'IOUS (-dij'us). Very great;
enormous; monstrous.

³ ĒN'TĪ-TŸ. Being; existence.

⁴ FLĀM. Fancy; whim.

⁵ Q-PHĪD'I-AN. Serpent.

⁶ DE-PŌ'NENT. One who gives testi-
mony under oath.

⁷ HŶ-PŌTH'E-SĪS. A supposition.

⁸ SHŌAL. A multitude; a crowd.

⁹ GÖRGE. Throat; gullet.

¹⁰ SĀU'RI-AN. A reptile having scales
and four legs, as the lizard.

CIII. — THE ABBOT AND ROBERT BRUCE.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

[Robert Bruce, the famous King of Scotland, being overtaken by a storm, seeks refuge in Artornish Castle, where a wedding feast is going on. He craves the hospitality of the castle, but conceals his name. Notwithstanding this, he is soon recognized, and is in imminent danger of being set upon and killed, as many of the guests are his bitter enemies. De Argentine, an English knight, claims Bruce as a rebel against the authority of the King of England. The Lord of Lorn is a kinsman of Comyn whom Bruce had killed in a church, and whose death he is eager to avenge. It is finally agreed to allow an abbot, who is present, to decide what shall be done.]

ABBOT.

1. UNHAPPY! what hast thou to plead,
Why I denounce not on thy deed
That awful doom which, canons' tell,
Shuts Paradise and opens Hell?
Anathema² of power so dread,
It blends the living with the dead,
Bids each good angel soar away,
And every ill one claim his prey;
Expels thee from the Church's care,
And deafens Heaven against thy prayer;
Arms every hand against thy life,
Bans³ all who aid thee in the strife,
Nay, each whose succor, cold and scant,
With meanest alms relieves thy want;
Haunts thee while living, and when dead,
Dwells on thy yet devoted⁴ head;
Rends honor's scutcheon⁵ from thy hearse,
Stills o'er thy bier the holy verse,
And spurns thy corpse from hallowed ground,
Flung like vile carrion to the hound!
Such is the dire and desperate doom
For sacrilege, decreed by Rome;

And such the well-deservéd meed⁶
Of thine unhallowed, ruthless deed.

BRUCE.

2. Abbot! thy grave and weighty charge
It boots⁷ not to dispute at large:
This much, howe'er, I bid thee know,
No selfish vengeance dealt the blow
For Comyn died his country's foe.
Nor blame I friends whose ill-timed speed
Fulfilled my soon repented deed;
Nor censure those from whose stern tongue
The dire anathema has rung.
I only blame mine own wild ire,
By Scotland's wrongs incensed to fire.
Heaven knows my purpose to atone,
Far as I may, the evil done,
And hears a penitent's appeal
From papal curse and prelate's zeal.
3. My first and dearest task achieved,
Fair Scotland from her thrall relieved,
Shall many a priest in cope⁸ and stole⁹
Say requiem¹⁰ for Red Comyn's soul,
While I the blesséd cross advance,
And expiate this unhappy chance,
In Palestine, with sword and lance.
But, while content the Church should know
My conscience owns the debt I owe,
Unto De Argentine and Lorn
The name of traitor I return,
Bid them defiance, stern and high,
And give them in their throats the lie!
These brief words spoke, I speak no more!
Do what thou wilt; my shrift¹¹ is o'er.

ABBOT.

4. De Bruce! I rose with purpose dread
To speak my curse upon thy head,
To give thee, as an outcast, o'er
To him who burns to shed thy gore;
But, like the Midianite* of old,
Who stood on Zophim, Heaven-controlled,
I feel within mine aged breast
A power that will not be repressed;
It prompts my voice, it swells my veins,
It burns, it maddens, it constrains!
De Bruce! thy sacrilegious blow
Hath at God's altar slain thy foe;
O'ermastered yet by high behest¹²,
I bless thee, and thou shalt be blessed!
5. Thrice vanquished on the battle-plain,
Thy followers slaughtered, fled, or ta'en,
A hunted wanderer on the wild,
On foreign shores a man exiled,
Disowned, deserted, and distressed,
I bless thee, and thou shalt be blessed;
Blessed in the hall and in the field,
Under the mantle as the shield.
Avenger of thy country's shame,
Restorer of her injured fame,
Blessed in thy sceptre and thy sword,
De Bruce, fair Scotland's rightful lord,
Blessed in thy deeds and in thy fame,
What lengthened honors wait thy name!
In distant ages, sire to son
Shall tell thy tale of Freedom won,
And teach his infants, in the use
Of earliest speech, to falter Bruce.

* Balaam. See Numbers, chap. xxiii.

6. Go, then, triumphant! sweep along
 Thy course, the theme of many a song!
 The Power, whose dictates swell my breast,
 Hath blessed thee, and thou shalt be blessed!

- | | |
|---|--|
| ¹ CĀN'QŊŞ. Laws of the church; also, the Holy Scriptures. | ⁶ MĒĒD. Reward; merit; desert. |
| ² A-NĀTH'E-MĀ. A curse pronounced by ecclesiastical authority; excommunication. | ⁷ BÔÔTS. Profits. |
| ³ BĀŊŞ. Curses; execrates. | ⁸ CÔPE. A kind of cloak worn by the clergy during church services. |
| ⁴ DĒ-VÔT'ĒD. Doomed; consigned to evil. | ⁹ STÔLE. A narrow band worn across the shoulders by bishops and priests. |
| ⁵ SCŪTCH'EON. A shield on which the coat of arms of a family is represented; escutcheon. | ¹⁰ RĒ'QUI-EM. A musical composition performed in honor of some deceased person. |
| | ¹¹ SHRĪFT. Confession made to a priest. |
| | ¹² BĒ-HĒST'. Command; injunction. |

CIV.—LINES ON A SKELETON.

1. BEHOLD this ruin! 'Tis a skull,
 Once of ethereal spirit full.
 This narrow cell was Life's retreat;
 This space was Thought's mysterious seat.
 What beauteous pictures filled this spot!
 What dreams of pleasure, long forgot!
 Nor grief, nor joy, nor hope, nor fear,
 Has left one trace or record here!
2. Beneath this mouldering canopy
 Once shone the bright and busy eye;
 Yet start not at that dismal void!
 If social love that eye employed,
 If with no lawless fire it gleamed,
 But with the dew of kindness beamed,
 That eye shall be forever bright
 When stars and suns have lost their light.

3. Here, in this silent cavern, hung
The ready, swift, and tuneful tongue.
If Falsehood's honey it disdained,
And where it could not praise, was chained ; —
If in bold Virtue's cause it spoke,
Yet gentle concord never broke ; —
That tuneful tongue shall plead for thee
When Death unveils eternity.
4. Say, did these fingers delve ¹ the mine?
Or, with its envied rubies shine ? —
To hew the rock, or wear the gem,
Can nothing now avail to them.
But if the page of Truth they sought,
And comfort to the mourners brought,
These hands a richer meed shall claim
Than all that waits on wealth or fame !
5. Avails it whether bare or shod
These feet the paths of Duty trod ?
If from the bowers of Joy they sped,
To soothe Affliction's humble bed, —
If Grandeur's guilty bribe they spurned,
And home to Virtue's lap returned, —
Those feet with angels' wings shall vie ²,
And tread the palace of the sky !

¹ DELVE. Dig ; use the spade. | ² VIE. Strive for supremacy ; contend.

CV. — THE DUTY OF AMERICAN CITIZENS.

EVERETT.

[The following extract is from the closing portion of an address before the Union Club, delivered at Boston, April 9, 1863.]

1. WAR is justly regarded as one of the greatest evils that can befall a nation, though it is not the greatest; and of this great evil, civil war is the most deplorable form. I want words to express the sorrow with which, from the first, I have contemplated¹, and unceasingly contemplate, the necessity laid upon us, to wage this war for the integrity of the nation.

2. Not without deep solicitude I saw the angry clouds gathering in the horizon, North and South; and I devoted the declining years of my life, with a kind of religious consecration², to the attempt to freshen the sacred memories that cluster around that dear and venerated name,* which I need not repeat,—memories which had survived the multiplying causes of alienation, and were so well calculated to strengthen the cords of the Union. To these humble efforts, and the time and labor expended upon them,—truly a labor of love,—I would, as Heaven is my witness, have cheerfully added the sacrifice of my life, if by so doing I could have averted the catastrophe. For that cause, I should have thought a few care-worn and weary years cheaply laid on the altar of my country. But it could not be.

3. A righteous Providence, in its wisdom, has laid upon us—even upon us—the performance of this great and solemn duty. It is now plain, to the dullest perception, that the hour of trial could not be much longer delayed. The leaders of the rebellion tell us themselves that they

* Referring to the author's Oration on Washington, delivered in aid of the Mount Vernon Association.

had plotted and planned it for an entire generation. It might have been postponed for four years, or for eight years, but it was sure, in no long time, to come; and if, by base compliance³, we could have turned the blow from ourselves, it would have fallen, with redoubled violence, on our children.

4. Let us, then, meet it like men. It must needs be that offences shall come, but woe unto that man by whom the offence cometh. Let us show ourselves equal to the duty imposed upon us, and faithful to the trust to which we are called. The cause in which we are engaged is the cause of the constitution and the law, of civilization and freedom, of man and of God. Let us engage in it with a steadiness and fortitude, a courage and a zeal, a patience and a resolution, a hope and a cheer, worthy of the fathers from whom we are descended, of the country we defend, and of the privileges⁴ we inherit.

5. There is a call and a duty, a work and a place, for all; —for man and for woman, for rich and for poor, for old and for young, for the stout-hearted and strong-handed, for all who enjoy, and all who deserve to enjoy, the priceless blessings at stake. Let the venerable forms of the Pilgrim fathers, the majestic images of our revolutionary sires, and of the sages⁵ that gave us this glorious Union; let the anxious expectation of the friends of liberty abroad; let the hardships and perils of our brethren in the field, and the fresh-made graves of the dear ones who have fallen; let every memory of past, and every hope of the future; every thought and every feeling, that can nerve the arm, or fire the heart, or elevate and purify the soul of a patriot, —rouse, and guide, and cheer, and inspire us to do, and, if need be, to die, for our country!

¹ CON-TĒM'PLĀT-ĒD. Attentively considered; thought upon.

² CŌN SE CRĀ'TIŌN. Dedication; a setting apart as sacred.

³ COM-PLĪ'ANCE. Yielding.

⁴ PRĪV'Ī-LĒŒŒ. Private or peculiar right, peculiar advantage.

⁵ SĀ'ŒŒ. Wise men.

CVI.—SUPPOSED SPEECH OF REGULUS TO THE
CARTHAGINIANS.

E. KELLOGG.

[Regulus was a Roman general, who, in the first Punic war, was taken prisoner by the Carthaginians, and after a captivity of several years, was sent by them to Rome, with an embassy to solicit peace, or, at least, an exchange of prisoners. But Regulus earnestly dissuaded his countrymen from both, and resisting all the persuasions of his friends to remain in Rome, he returned to Carthage, where he is said to have been put to death, with the most cruel tortures.]

1. THE beams of the rising sun had gilded the lofty domes of Carthage, and given, with its rich and mellow light, a tinge of beauty even to the frowning ramparts¹ of the outer harbor. Sheltered by the verdant shores, an hundred triremes² were riding proudly at their anchors, their brazen beaks³ glittering in the sun, their streamers dancing in the morning breeze, while many a shattered plank and timber gave evidence of desperate conflict with the fleets of Rome.

2. No murmur of business or of revelry arose from the city. The artisan⁴ had forsaken his shop, the judge his tribunal, the priest the sanctuary⁵, and even the stern stoic⁶ had come forth from his retirement to mingle with the crowd that, anxious and agitated, were rushing toward the senate-house, startled by the report that Regulus had returned to Carthage.

3. Onward, still onward, trampling each other under foot, they rushed, furious with anger and eager for revenge. Fathers were there, whose sons were groaning in fetters; maidens, whose lovers, weak and wounded, were dying in the dungeons of Rome, and gray-haired men and matrons, whom the Roman sword had left childless.

4. But when the stern features of Regulus were seen, and his colossal⁷ form towering above the ambassadors who had returned with him from Rome; when the news

passed from lip to lip that the dreaded warrior, so far from advising the Roman senate to consent to an exchange of prisoners, had urged them to pursue, with exterminating vengeance, Carthage and Carthaginians, — the multitude swayed to and fro like a forest beneath a tempest, and the rage and hate of that tumultuous throng vented itself in groans, and curses, and yells of vengeance. But calm, cold, and immovable as the marble walls around him, stood the Roman; and he stretched out his hand over that frenzied crowd, with gesture as proudly commanding as though he still stood at the head of the gleaming cohorts⁸ of Rome.

5. The tumult ceased; the curse, half muttered, died upon the lip; and so intense was the silence, that the clanking of the brazen manacles upon the wrists of the captive fell sharp and full upon every ear in that vast assembly, as he thus addressed them: —

6. “Ye doubtless thought — for ye judge of Roman virtue by your own — that I would break my plighted oath, rather than, returning, brook your vengeance. I might give reasons for this, in Punic⁹ comprehension, most foolish act of mine. I might speak of those eternal principles which make death for one’s country a pleasure, not a pain. But, by great Jupiter! methinks I should debase myself to talk of such high things to you; to you, expert in womanly inventions; to you, well-skilled to drive a treacherous trade with simple Africans for ivory and gold! If the bright blood that fills my veins, transmitted free from godlike ancestry, were like that slimy ooze which stagnates in your arteries, I had remained at home, and broke my plighted oath to save my life.

7. “I am a Roman citizen; therefore have I returned, that ye might work your will upon this mass of flesh and bones, that I esteem no higher than the rags that cover them. Here, in your capital, do I defy you. Have I not

conquered your armies, fired your towns, and dragged your generals at my chariot wheels, since first my youthful arms could wield a spear? And do you think to see me crouch and cower before a tamed and shattered senate? The tearing of flesh and rending of sinews is but pastime compared with the mental agony that heaves my frame.

8. The moon has scarce yet waned since the proudest of Rome's proud matrons, the mother upon whose breast I slept, and whose fair brow so oft had bent over me before the noise of battle had stirred my blood, or the fierce toil of war nerved my sinews, did with fondest memory of bygone hours entreat me to remain. I have seen her, who, when my country called me to the field, did buckle on my harness with trembling hands, while the tears fell thick and fast down the hard corselet scales, — I have seen her tear her gray locks and beat her aged breast, as on her knees she begged me not to return to Carthage; and all the assembled senate of Rome, grave and reverend men, proffered the same request. The puny torments which ye have in store to welcome me withal, shall be, to what I have endured, even as the murmur of a summer's brook to the fierce roar of angry surges on a rocky beach.

9. Last night, as I lay fettered in my dungeon, I heard a strange, ominous sound: it seemed like the distant march of some vast army, their harness clanging as they marched, when suddenly there stood by me Xanthippus, the Spartan general, by whose aid you conquered me, and, with a voice low as when the solemn wind moans through the leafless forest, he thus addressed me: "Roman, I come to bid thee curse, with thy dying breath, this fated city; know that in an evil moment, the Carthaginian generals, furious with rage that I had conquered thee, their conqueror, did basely murder me. And then they thought to stain my brightest honor. But, for this foul deed, the wrath of Jove shall rest upon them here and hereafter." And then he vanished.

10. And now, go bring your sharpest torments. The woes I see impending over this guilty realm shall be enough to sweeten death, though every nerve and artery were a shooting pang. I die! but my death shall prove a proud triumph; and, for every drop of blood ye from my veins do draw, your own shall flow in rivers. Woe to thee, Carthage! Woe to the proud city of the waters! I see thy nobles wailing at the feet of Roman senators! thy citizens in terror! thy ships in flames! I hear the victorious shouts of Rome! I see her eagles glittering on thy ramparts. Proud city, thou art doomed! The curse of God is on thee—a clinging, wasting curse. It shall not leave thy gates till hungry flames shall lick the fretted¹⁰ gold from off thy proud palaces, and every brook runs crimson to the sea.

¹ RĀM'PĀRTS. Elevations of earth round a place as a means of defence.

² TRĪ'RĒME. An ancient kind of vessel, with three ranks of oars on a side.

³ BĒAK. The upper part of the stem of a ship.

⁴ ĀR'TI-ŞAN. A mechanic.

⁵ SĀNCT'Ū-Ā-RŪ. The most retired and sacred part of a temple; a holy place; a church.

⁶ STŌ'ICS. A sect of ancient philosophers, who taught that a man

ought to be free from all passions, unmoved by joy or grief, and to regard all things governed by unavoidable necessity.

⁷ CŌ LŌS'SĀL. Gigantic; huge.

⁸ CŌ'HŌRT. A body of soldiers. The Roman cohort consisted of between five and six hundred foot soldiers.

⁹ PŪ'NĪC. Carthaginian; hence, unworthy of trust, as the Romans thought the Carthaginians were.

¹⁰ FRĒT'TĒD. Formed into raised work.

CVIL.—THE BATTLE OF NASEBY.

MACAULAY.

[The battle of Naseby was fought June 14, 1645, between Charles I. and the parliamentary army under Fairfax and Cromwell. The main body of the royal army was commanded by Lord Astley; Prince Rupert, the king's nephew and a German by birth, led the right wing, and Sir Marmaduke Langdale the left. Skippon was a general on the parliamentary side. The royal army,

though successful in the early part of the action, was totally defeated Alsatia was a disorderly quarter of London, and Whitehall was the royal palace. Temple Bar was a place in London where, formerly, the heads of traitors were exposed. This ballad is supposed to be written by an officer in the victorious army, and expresses the sentiments which such a man would naturally feel at the triumph of a cause which he believed to be right.]

1. O, WHEREFORE come ye forth, in triumph from the North,
With your hands, and your feet, and your raiment¹ all red ?
And wherefore doth your rout² send forth a joyous shout ?
And whence be the grapes of the wine-press which ye tread ?
2. O, evil was the root, and bitter was the fruit,
And crimson was the juice of the vintage that we trod ;
For we trampled on the throng of the haughty and the strong,
Who sat in the high places, and slew the saints of God.
3. It was about the noon of a glorious day of June,
That we saw their banners dance, and their cuirasses³ shine ;
And the Man of Blood was there, with his long essenced hair,
And Astley, and Sir Marmaduke, and Rupert of the Rhine.
4. Like a servant of the Lord, with his Bible and his sword,
The general rode along us, to form us to the fight,
When a murmuring sound broke out, and swelled into a shout,
Among the godless horsemen, upon the tyrant's right.
5. And, hark ! like the roar of the billows on the shore,
The cry of battle rises along their charging line !
For God ! for the Cause ! for the Church ! for the Laws !
For Charles, King of England, and Rupert of the Rhine !
6. The furious German comes, with his clarions and his drums,
His bravoes of Alsatia, and pages of Whitehall ;
They are bursting on our flanks. Grasp your pikes, close your
ranks,
For Rupert never comes but to conquer or to fall.
7. They are here ! They rush on ! We are broken ! We are gone !
Our left is borne before them like stubble on the blast.
O Lord, put forth thy might ! O Lord, defend the right !
Stand back to back, in God's name, and fight it to the last,

8. Stout Skippon hath a wound; the centre hath given ground:
Hark! hark! What means this trampling of horsemen in our
rear?
Whose banner do I see, boys? 'Tis he, thank God, 'tis he, boys.
Bear up another minute: brave Oliver is here.
9. Their heads all stooping low, their points all in a row,
Like a whirlwind on the trees, like a deluge on the dykes⁴,
Our cuirassiers have burst on the ranks of the Accurst,
And at a shock have scattered the forest of his pikes.
10. Fast, fast, the gallants ride, in some safe nook to hide
Their coward heads, predestined⁵ to rot on Temple Bar;
And he — he turns, he flies: — shame on those cruel eyes
That bore to look on torture, and dare not look on war.

¹ RAI'MENT. Apparel; dress.

² RÖÛT. A noisy crowd; rabble.

³ CUI'RASS (kwë'rās). A piece of defensive armor for the upper part of the body.

⁴ DÛKE. A channel to receive water; a ditch; *also*, a mound to hinder inundation.

⁵ PRÉ-DÉS'TINED. Decreed; foreordained; preordained.

CVIII. — APPEAL FOR IRELAND.

HENRY CLAY.

[Henry Clay, an eminent American statesman and orator, was born in the county of Hanover, Virginia, April 12, 1777, and died June 29, 1852. In his twenty-first year he removed to Kentucky, and commenced the practice of law. In 1806 he was chosen to the Senate of the United States, to fill a vacancy, and from this time to that of his death he was almost always in the service of his country, as member of the House of Representatives or of the Senate. During the presidency of John Quincy Adams, he was Secretary of State. He was a man of commanding eloquence, powerful understanding, energetic will, and peculiarly fascinating manners. The following piece is from a speech delivered by him at New Orleans, February 4, 1847.]

1. MR. PRESIDENT: If we were to hear that large numbers of the inhabitants of Asia, or Africa, or Australia, or the remotest part of the globe, were daily dying with hunger and famine, — no matter what their color, what their religion, or what their civilization, — we should

deeply lament their condition, and be irresistibly prompted to mitigate¹, if possible, their sufferings.

2. But it is not the distresses of any such distant regions that have summoned us together on this occasion. The appalling and heart-rending distresses of Ireland and Irishmen form the object of our present consultation. That Ireland, which has been, in all the vicissitudes² of our national existence, our friend, and has ever extended to us her warmest sympathy—those Irishmen, who, in every war in which we have been engaged, on every battle-field, from Quebec to Monterey, have stood by us, shoulder to shoulder, and shared in all the perils and fortunes of the conflict.

3. The imploring appeal comes to us from the Irish nation, which is so identified with our own as to be almost part and parcel of ours, bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh. Nor is it any ordinary case of human misery, or a few isolated³ cases of death by starvation, that we are called upon to consider. Famine is stalking⁴ abroad throughout Ireland; whole towns, counties—countless human beings of every age, and of both sexes—at this very moment are starving, or in danger of starving, to death.

4. Behold the wretched Irish mother,—with haggard looks and streaming eyes,—her famished children clinging to her tattered garments, and gazing piteously in her face, begging for food! And see the distracted husband and father, with pallid cheeks, standing by, horror and despair depicted in his countenance—tortured with the reflection⁵ that he can afford no succor or relief to the dearest objects of his heart, about to be snatched forever from him by the most cruel of all deaths!

5. This is no fancy picture; but, if we are to credit the terrible accounts which reach us from that theatre of misery and wretchedness, is one of daily occurrence.

Indeed, no imagination can conceive, no tongue express, no pencil paint the horrors of the scenes which are there daily exhibited.

6. Shall starving Ireland plead in vain?—shall the young and the old—dying women and children—stretch out their hands to us for bread, and find no relief? Will not this great city, the world's storehouse of an exhaustless supply of all kinds of food, borne to its overflowing warehouses by the Father of Waters,* act, on this occasion, in a manner worthy of its high destiny, and obey the noble impulses of the generous hearts of its blessed inhabitants?

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1 MĪT I-GĀTE. Render less severe ; soften ; alleviate. | 4 STĀLK ING. Walking proudly, as on stilts. |
| 2 VĪ-CĪS'SĪ-TŪDEŠ. Changes | 5 RE-FLĒC'TION. Thought thrown back upon the past : meditation. |
| 3 IŠ'Q-LĀT-ĒD. Detached ; separate. | |

CIX. — A GOOD DAUGHTER.

PALFREY.

[John Gorham Palfrey is a native of Boston. He was for many years a settled clergyman in his native city, and afterwards a professor in the Divinity School of Harvard College. Retiring from the pulpit, he was, for three years, Secretary of State in Massachusetts, and was chosen to Congress in 1847. He is the author of a History of New England, of "Lectures on the Jewish Scriptures and Antiquities," and various other works.]

1. A GOOD daughter!—there are other ministries of love, more conspicuous than hers, but none in which a gentler, lovelier spirit dwells, and none to which the heart's warm requitals² more joyfully respond. There is no such thing as a comparative estimate of a parent's affection for one or another child. There is little which he needs to covet, to whom the treasure of a good child has been given.

* A name sometimes given to the Mississippi River.

2. But a son's occupations and pleasures carry him more abroad; and he lives more among temptations, which hardly permit the affection that is following him, perhaps over half the globe, to be wholly unmingled with anxiety, till the time when he comes to relinquish the shelter of his father's roof for one of his own; while a good daughter is the steady light of her parent's house.

3. Her idea is indissolubly³ connected with that of his happy fireside. She is his morning sunlight, and his evening-star. The grace, and vivacity, and tenderness of her sex, have their place in the mighty sway which she holds over his spirit. The lessons of recorded wisdom, which he reads with her eyes, come to his mind with a new charm, as they blend with the beloved melody of her voice. He scarcely knows weariness which her song does not make him forget, or gloom which is proof against the young brightness of her smile. She is the pride and ornament of his hospitality⁴, and the gentle nurse of his sickness, and the constant agent in those nameless, numberless acts of kindness, which one chiefly cares to have rendered, because they are unpretending but all-expressive proofs of love.

4. And then what a cheerful sharer is she, and what an able lightener, of a mother's cares! What an ever-present delight and triumph to a mother's affection! O, how little do those daughters know of the power which God has committed to them, and the happiness God would have them enjoy, who do not, every time that a parent's eye rests on them, bring rapture⁵ to a parent's heart!

5. A true love will, almost certainly, always greet their approaching steps. That they will hardly alienate. But their ambition should be, not to have it a love merely which feelings implanted by nature excite, but one made intense and overflowing by approbation of worthy conduct; and she is strangely blind to her own happiness,

as well as undutiful to them to whom she owes the most, in whom the perpetual appeals of parental disinterestedness do not call forth the prompt and full echo of filial devotion.

- | | | | |
|---------------------|---------------------|--------------------|---|
| 1 MYN'IS-TRIEŞ. | Acts; services; | 4 HŌS-PI-TĀL'Ī-TŸ. | Attention or kindness to strangers; generous entertainment of guests. |
| 2 RE-QUĪ'TAL. | Reward; recompense. | | |
| 3 ĪN-DĪS'SO-LŪ-BL'. | Inseparably. | 5 RĀPT'ŪRE. | Excessive joy. |

CX. — ARMY HYMN.

O. W. HOLMES.

1. O LORD of Hosts! Almighty King!
Behold the sacrifice we bring!
To every arm thy strength impart,
Thy Spirit shed through every heart.
2. Wake in our breasts the living fires,
The holy faith, that warmed our sires;
Thy hand hath made our nation free;
To die for her is serving thee.
3. Be thou a pillared flame to show
The midnight snare, the silent foe;
And when the battle thunders loud,
Still guide us in its moving cloud.
4. God of all Nations! Sovereign Lord!
In thy dread name we draw the sword;
We lift the starry flag on high,
That fills with light our stormy sky.
5. From treason's rent, from murder's stain,
Guard thou its folds till Peace shall reign;
Till fort and field, till shore and sea,
Join our loud anthem, — Praise to Thee!

CXI.—THE MINSTREL BOY.

THOMAS MOORE.

1. THE minstrel boy to the war is gone ;
In the ranks of Death you'll find him.
His father's sword he has girded on,
And his wild harp slung behind him.
"Land of song," said the warrior-bard,
"Though all the world betrays thee,
One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,
One faithful harp shall praise thee."
 2. The minstrel fell : but the foeman's chain
Could not bring his proud soul under.
The harp he loved ne'er spoke again,
For he tore its chords asunder,
And said, "No chains shall sully thee,
Thou soul of love and bravery ;
Thy songs were made for the pure and the free ;
They never shall sound in slavery,"
-

CXII.—THE GREEKS AT THERMOPYLÆ.

BYRON.

[George Gordon Noel Byron, Lord Byron, was born in London in 1788, and died in Greece in 1824. Lord Byron has written much poetry of singular power and fascination, and much which is unworthy of his great genius.]

THEY fell devoted, but undying ;
The very gale their names seemed sighing ;
The waters murmured of their name ;
The woods were peopled with their fame ;
The silent pillar, lone and gray,
Claimed kindred with their sacred clay :

Their spirits wrapped the dusky mountain;
Their memory sparkled o'er the fountain;
The meanest rill, the mightiest river,
Rolled mingling with their fame forever.
Despite of every yoke she bears,
The land is glory's still and theirs.
'Tis still a watchword to the earth:
When man would do a deed of worth,
He points to Greece, and turns to tread,
So sanctioned, on the tyrant's head;
He looks to her, and rushes on
Where life is lost, or freedom won.

CXIII. — LABOR AND GENIUS.

SYDNEY SMITH.

[Sydney Smith, a clergyman of the Church of England, was born in 1771, and died in 1845. His miscellaneous writings, comprising essays, reviews, and occasional pieces, are characterized by a happy combination of strong sense and brilliant wit. He also wrote two volumes of sermons, and, since his death, a volume of "Lectures on Moral Philosophy" has been published by his family.]

1. THE prevailing idea with young people has been, the incompatibility¹ of labor and genius; and, therefore, from the fear of being thought dull, they have thought it necessary to remain ignorant. I have seen, at school and at college, a great many young men completely destroyed by having been so unfortunate as to produce an excellent copy of verses. Their genius being now established, all that remained for them to do, was to act up to the dignity of the character; and as this dignity consisted in reading nothing new, in forgetting what they had already read, and in pretending to be acquainted with all subjects by a sort of off-hand exertion of talents, they soon collapsed² into the most frivolous and insignificant of men.

2. It would be an extremely profitable thing to draw up a short and well-authenticated account of the habits of study of the most celebrated writers with whose style of literary industry we happen to be most acquainted. It would go very far to destroy the absurd and pernicious³ association of genius and idleness, by showing that the greatest poets, orators, statesmen, and historians — men of the most brilliant and imposing talents — have actually labored as hard as the makers of dictionaries and the arrangers of indexes; and that the most obvious reason why they have been superior to other men is, that they have taken more pains than other men.

3. Gibbon was in his study every morning, winter and summer, at six o'clock: Burke was the most laborious and indefatigable⁴ of human beings: Leibnitz* was never out of his library: Pascal killed himself by study: Cicero narrowly escaped death from the same cause: Milton was at his books with as much regularity as a merchant or an attorney; he had mastered all the knowledge of his time: so had Homer. Raphael lived but thirty-seven years; and in that short space carried the art of painting so far beyond what it had before reached, that he appears to stand alone as a model to his successors.

4. There are instances to the contrary; but, generally speaking, the life of all truly great men has been a life of intense and incessant⁵ labor. They have commonly passed the first half of life in the gross darkness of indigent humility — overlooked, mistaken, condemned by weaker men, — thinking while others slept, reading while others rioted, feeling something within them that told them they should not always be kept down among the dregs of the world; and then, when their time has come, and some little accident has given them their first occasion, they have burst out into the light and glory of public life, rich

* *Pronounced* Lib'nitz.

with the spoils of time, and mighty in all the labors and struggles of the mind.

5. Then do the multitude cry out, "A miracle of genius!" Yes, he is a miracle of genius, because he is a miracle of labor; because, instead of trusting to the resources of his own single mind, he has ransacked a thousand minds; because he makes use of the accumulated wisdom of ages, and takes, as his point of departure, the very last line and boundary to which science has advanced; because it has ever been the object of his life to assist every intellectual gift of nature, however munificent⁶, and however splendid, with every resource that art could suggest, and every attention diligence could bestow.

6. But, while I am descanting⁷ upon the conduct of the understanding, and the best mode of acquiring knowledge, some men may be disposed to ask, "Why conduct my understanding with such endless care? and what is the use of so much knowledge?" What is the use of so much knowledge? What is the use of so much life? What are we to do with the seventy years of existence allotted to us? and how are we to live them out to the last?

7. I solemnly declare that, but for the love of knowledge, I should consider the life of the meanest hedger and ditcher as preferable to that of the greatest and richest man in existence; for the fire of our minds is like the fire which the Persians burn on the mountains: it flames night and day, and is immortal, and not to be quenched! Upon something it must act and feed — upon the pure spirit of knowledge, or upon the foul dregs of polluting passions.

8. Therefore, when I say, in conducting your understanding, love knowledge with a great love, with a vehement love, with a love coeval⁸ with life, what do I say but love innocence, love virtue, love purity of conduct, love that which, if you are rich and great, will vindicate the blind fortune which has made you so, and make men call

it justice; love that which, if you are poor, will render your poverty respectable, and make the proudest feel it unjust to laugh at the meanness of your fortunes; love that which will comfort you, adorn you, and never quit you, — which will open to you the kingdom of thought, and all the boundless regions of conception, as an asylum against the cruelty, the injustice, and the pain that may be your lot in the outer world, — that which will make your motives habitually great and honorable, and light up in an instant a thousand noble disdains at the very thought of meanness and of fraud.

9. Therefore, if any young man have embarked his life in pursuit of knowledge, let him go on without doubting or fearing the event; let him not be intimidated by the cheerless beginnings of knowledge, by the darkness from which she springs, by the difficulties which hover around her, by the wretched habitations in which she dwells, by the want and sorrow which sometimes journey in her train; but let him ever follow her as the Angel that guards him, and as the Genius of his life. She will bring him out at last into the light of day, and exhibit him to the world comprehensive in acquirements, fertile in resources, rich in imagination, strong in reasoning, prudent and powerful above his fellows in all the relations and in all the offices of life.

¹ ĪN-COM-PĀT-I-BĪL'I-TY. State or quality of a thing which prevents it from harmonizing with something else; inconsistency; disagreement.

² CQL-LĀPSED'. Fell together, as the sides of a hollow vessel; shrunk up; dwindled.

³ PĒR-NĪ'CIOUS. Mischievous, hurtful, or evil, in a high degree.

⁴ ĪN-DE-FĀT'I-ĠA-BLE. Incapable of being exhausted or wearied; persevering.

⁵ ĪN-CĒS'SANT. Unceasing; continual.

⁶ MŪ-NĪF'I-CENT. Bountiful; liberal; generous.

⁷ DEŚ-CĀNT'ING. Discoursing; making remarks; commenting.

⁸ CŌ-Ē'VAL. Of the same age; contemporary.

CXIV.—BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

WHITTIER.

[On the 6th day of September, 1862, the city of Frederick, in Maryland, was taken possession of by a detachment of the rebel army under the command of General Thomas Jonathan Jackson, more generally known as "Stonewall Jackson." The incident of the waving of the flag by Barbara Frietchie, a lady of very advanced age, took place precisely as the poet has narrated it. It was one of those noble deeds of courage which supply at once theme and inspiration.]

- 1 Up from the meadows rich with corn,
Clear in the cool September morn,
The clustered spires of Frederick stand
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.
Round about them orchards sweep,
Apple and peach-tree fruited deep,
Fair as a garden of the Lord
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde,
On that pleasant morn of the early fall
When Lee marched over the mountain-wall, —
Over the mountains winding down,
Horse and foot, into Frederick town.
- 2 Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars,
Flapped in the morning wind : the sun
Of noon looked down, and saw not one.
Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten ;
Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag the men hauled down ;
In her attic window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet.
Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.
- 3 Under his slouched hat left and right
He glanced : the old flag met his sight.

“Halt!” — the dust-brown ranks stood fast
“Fire!” — out blazed the rifle-blast.
It shivered the window, pane and sash;
It rent the banner with seam and gash.
Quick, as it fell, from the broken staff
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf;
She leaned far out on the window-sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.
“Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,
But spare your country’s flag,” she said.

- 4 A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came;
The nobler nature within him stirred
To life at that woman’s deed and word:
“Who touches a hair of yon gray head
Dies like a dog! March on!” he said.
All day long through Frederick street
Sounded the tread of marching feet:
All day long that free flag tossed
Over the heads of the rebel host.
Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds that loved it well;
And through the hill-gaps sunset light
Shone over it with a warm good night.
- 5 Barbara Frietchie’s work is o’er,
And the rebel rides on his raids no more.
Honor to her! and let a tear
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall’s bier.
Over Barbara Frietchie’s grave
Flag of Freedom and Union, wave!
Peace, and order, and beauty, draw
Round thy symbol of light and law;
And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below in Frederick town!

CXV.—THE RELIGIOUS CHARACTER OF
PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

REV. P. D. GURLEY, D. D.

[The following is an extract from the discourse pronounced at the funeral of President Lincoln, at Washington, on Wednesday, April 19, 1865, by the Rev. P. D. Gurley, D. D., pastor of the Presbyterian Church where the deceased was in the habit of attending public worship.]

1. PROBABLY no man since the days of Washington was ever so deeply enshrined in the hearts of the American people as Abraham Lincoln. Nor was it a mistaken confidence and love. He deserved it all. He deserved it by his character, by the whole tenor, tone, and spirit of his life. He was simple, sincere, plain, honest, truthful, just, benevolent, and kind. His perceptions were quick and clear, his judgments calm and accurate, and his purposes good and pure beyond all question. Always and everywhere he aimed both to be right and to do right. His integrity was all pervading, all controlling, and incorruptible. As the chief magistrate of a great and imperilled people, he rose to the dignity and momentousness of the occasion. He saw his duty, and he determined to do his whole duty, seeking the guidance and leaning upon the arm of Him of whom it is written, "He giveth power to the faint, and to them that have no might he increaseth strength."

2. I speak what I know when I affirm that His guidance was the prop on which he humbly and habitually leaned. It was the best hope he had for himself and his country. When he was leaving his home in Illinois, and coming to this city to take his seat in the executive chair of a disturbed and troubled nation, he said to the old and tried friends who gathered tearfully around him and bade him farewell, "I leave you with this request, — pray for me." They did pray for him, and millions of others prayed for him. Nor did they pray in vain. Their prayers were

heard. The answer shines forth with a heavenly radiance¹ in the whole course and tenor of his administration², from its commencement to its close.

3. God raised him up for a great and glorious mission³. He furnished him for his work and aided him in its accomplishment. He gave him strength of mind, honesty of heart, and purity and pertinacity⁴ of purpose. In addition to these He gave him also a calm and abiding confidence in an overruling Providence, and in the ultimate⁵ triumph of truth and righteousness through the power and blessing of God. This confidence strengthened him in his hours of anxiety and toil, and inspired him with a calm and cheerful hope when others were despondent.

4. Never shall I forget the emphasis and the deep emotion, with which, in this very room, he said to a company of clergymen, who had called to pay him their respects, in the darkest hour of our civil conflict, "Gentlemen, my hope of success in this great and terrible struggle rests on that immutable⁶ foundation, the justice and goodness of God. Even now, when the events seem most threatening, and the prospects dark, I still hope that in some way which man cannot see, all will be well in the end, and that as our cause is just, God is on our side."

5. Such was his sublime and holy faith. It was an anchor to his soul both sure and steadfast. It made him firm and strong. It emboldened him in the rugged and perilous pathway of duty. It made him valiant for the right, for the cause of God and humanity. It held him in steady, patient, and unswerving adherence to a policy which he thought, and which we all now think, both God and humanity required him to adopt.

6. We admired his child-like simplicity, his freedom from guile and deceit, his stanch and sterling⁷ integrity, his kind and forgiving temper, and his persistent, self-sacrificing devotion to all the duties of his eminent position. We

admired his readiness to hear and consider the cause of the poor, the humble, the suffering, and the oppressed, and his readiness to spend and be spent for the attainment of that great triumph, the blessed fruits of which shall be as wide spreading as the earth, and as enduring as the sun.

7. All these things commanded the admiration of the world, and stamped upon his life and character the unmistakable impress of true greatness. More sublime than all these, more holy and beautiful, was his abiding confidence in God, and in the final triumph of truth and righteousness through him and for his sake. The friends of liberty and the Union will repair to his consecrated^s grave, through ages yet to come, to pronounce the memory of its occupant blessed, and to gather from his ashes and the rehearsal of his virtues fresh incentives to patriotism, and there renew their vows of fidelity to their country and their God.

¹ RĀ'DI-ANCE. Sparkling lustre.

² ĀD-MĪN-IS-TRĀ'TIŌN. Government of public affairs.

³ MĪS'SIŌN. Duty on which one is sent; also, persons sent to perform any service.

⁴ PĒR-TĪ-NĀÇ'I-TV. Constancy; steadiness.

⁵ ŪL'TĪ-MĀTE. Final; last.

⁶ ĪM-MŪ'TA-BLE. Unchangeable.

⁷ STĒR'LĪNG. Genuine; true.

⁸ CŌN'SĒ-CRĀT-ĒD. Made sacred.

CXVI.—CLARIBEL'S PRAYER.

LYNDE PALMER.

1. THE day, with cold, gray feet, clung shivering to the hills,
While o'er the valley still night's rain-fringed curtains fell;
But waking Blue Eyes smiled, "'Tis ever as God wills;
He knoweth best; and be it rain or shine, 'tis well.
Praise God!" cried always little Claribel.
2. Then sank she on her knees, with eager, lifted hands;
Her rosy lips made haste some dear request to tell:
"O Father, smile, and save this fairest of all lands,
And make her *free*, whatever hearts rebel.
Amen! Praise God!" cried little Claribel.

3. "And, Father," — still arose another pleading prayer, —
 "O, save my brother, in the rain of shot and shell.
Let not the death-bolt, with its horrid, streaming hair,
 Dash light from those sweet eyes I love so well.
- "But, Father, grant that when the glorious fight is done,
 And up the crimson sky the shouts of Freedom swell,
Grant that there be no nobler victor 'neath the sun
 Than he whose golden hair I love so well.
Amen! Praise God!" cried little Claribel.
4. When gray and dreary day shook hands with gray night,
 The heavy air was thrilled with clangor of a bell.
"O, shout!" the herald cried, his worn eyes brimmed with light!
 "'Tis victory! O, what glorious news to tell!"
 "Praise God! He heard my prayer," cried Claribel.
5. "But, pray you, soldier, was my brother in the fight?
 And in the fiery rain? O, fought he brave and well?"
"Dear child," the herald cried, "there was no braver sight
 Than his young form, so grand 'mid shot and shell."
 "Praise God!" cried trembling little Claribel.
6. "And rides he now with victor's plumes of red,
 While trumpets' golden throats his coming steps foretell?"
The herald dropped a tear. "Dear child," he softly said,
 "Thy brother *evermore* with *conquerors* shall dwell."
 "Praise God! He heard my prayer," cried Claribel.
7. "With victors wearing *crowns*, and bearing *palms*," he said.
 A snow of sudden fear upon the rose lips fell.
"O, sweetest herald, say my brother *lives*," she plead.
 "Dear child, he walks with angels, who in strength excel.
Praise God, who gave this glory, Claribel."
8. The cold, gray day died sobbing on the weary hills,
 While bitter mourning on the night wind rose and fell.
"O, child," — the herald wept, — "'tis as the dear Lord wills:
 He knoweth best, and, be it life or death, 'tis *well*."
 "Amen! Praise God!" sobbed little Claribel.

CXVII.—OBEDIENCE TO LAW THE DUTY
OF GOOD MEN.

J. HOLT.

[Joseph Holt was born in Breckenridge county, Kentucky, in 1807. He began the practice of the law in 1828. Upon the accession of Mr. Buchanan to the presidency, he was appointed commissioner of patents, and in 1859 became postmaster-general. In December, 1860, he was made secretary of war, and held the office until the ensuing March. Returning to his native state of Kentucky, he devoted himself with great energy and ardor to the cause of the Union. In September, 1862, he was appointed judge-advocate general of the army, which office he has held ever since. The following is an extract from a speech delivered at Louisville, Kentucky, July 13, 1861.]

1. WITH the curled lip of scorn we are told by the disunionists, that, in thus supporting a republican administration in its endeavors to uphold the constitution and the laws, we are "submissionists;" and when they have pronounced this word, they suppose they have imputed to us the sum of all human abasement. Well, let it be confessed, we are "submissionists," and, weak and spiritless as it may be deemed by some, we glory in the position we occupy.

2. The law says, "Thou shalt not swear falsely:" we submit to this law; and while in the civil or military service of the country, with an oath to support the constitution of the United States resting upon our consciences, we would not, for any earthly consideration, engage in the formation or execution of a conspiracy to subvert that very constitution, and with it the government to which it has given birth. Write us down, therefore, "submissionists."

3. Nor are we at all disturbed by the flippant¹ taunt, that, in thus submitting to the authority of our government, we are necessarily cowards. We know whence this taunt comes, and we estimate it at its true value. We hold that there is a higher courage in the performance of duty than in the commission of crime. The tiger of the

jungle² and the cannibal of the South Sea Islands have that courage in which the revolutionists of the day make their especial boast; the angels of God and the spirits of just men made perfect have had, and have, that courage which submits to the law.

4. Lucifer was a non-submissionist, and the first secessionist of whom history has given us any account; and the chains which he wears fitly express the fate due to all who openly defy the laws of their Creator and of their country. He rebelled because the Almighty would not yield to him the throne of heaven. The principle of the southern rebellion is the same. Indeed, in this submission to the laws is found the chief distinction between good men and devils. A good man obeys the laws of truth, of honesty, of morality, and all those laws which have been enacted by competent authority for the government and protection of the country in which he lives; a devil obeys only his own ferocious and profligate passions.

5. The principle on which this rebellion proceeds—that laws have in themselves no sanctions, no binding force upon the conscience, and that every man, under the promptings of interest, or passion, or caprice, may at will, and honorably, too, strike at the government that shelters him—is one of utter demoralization³, and should be trodden out as you would tread out a spark that has fallen on the roof of your dwelling. Its unchecked prevalence would resolve society into chaos, and leave you without the slightest guarantee⁴ for life, liberty, or property.

6. It is time, that, in their majesty⁵, the people of the United States should make known to the world that this government, in its dignity and power, is something more than a moot-court⁶, and that the citizen who makes war upon it is a traitor, not only in theory, but in fact, and should have meted out to him a traitor's doom. The

country wants no bloody sacrifice, but it must and will have peace, cost what it may.

¹ FLĪP'PANT. Pert; inconsiderate.

² JŪN'GLE. A thicket of shrubs, reeds, or high grass.

³ DE-MŎR-ĀL-I-ZĀ'TIŌN. Deprivation of morals.

⁴ GUĀR-AN TĒĒ'. Security.

⁵ MĀJ'ĒS-TŲ. Sovereign greatness; power.

⁶ MŎŎT'-CŎURT. A court held to argue imaginary cases.

CXVIII.—OUR HEROES.

JOHN A. ANDREW.

[John Albion Andrew was born in Windham, Maine, May 31, 1818, and died October 30, 1867. He was graduated at Bowdoin College in 1837, and immediately afterwards began the study of the law in Boston, where, in 1840, he was admitted to the bar. He was governor of Massachusetts from 1861 to 1865, inclusive. He was a man of generous philanthropy, fervid patriotic feeling, high moral courage, enlightened views, warmly beloved by his friends, and honored by all.

The following is an extract from his inaugural discourse in January, 1864.]

1. THE heart swells with unwonted¹ emotion when we remember our sons and brothers whose constant valor has sustained, on the field, the cause of our country, of civilization, and liberty. On the ocean, on the rivers, on the land, on the heights where they thundered down from the clouds of Lookout Mountain the defiance of the skies, they have graven with their swords a record imperishable.

2. The Muse herself demands the lapse of silent years to soften, by the influences of Time, her too keen and poignant² realization of the scenes of War—the pathos, the heroism, the fierce joy, the grief, of battle. But, during the ages to come, she will brood over their memory. Into the hearts of her consecrated priests she will breathe the inspirations of lofty and undying Beauty, Sublimity, and Truth, in all the glowing forms of speech, of literature, and plastic³ art. By the homely traditions⁴ of the fireside,—by the head-stones in the churchyard consecrated to those whose forms repose far off in rude graves by the Rappahannock, or sleep beneath the sea,—embalmed in

the memories of succeeding generations of parents and children, the heroic dead will live on in immortal youth. By their names, their character, their service, their fate, their glory, they cannot fail: —

“ They never fail who die
In a great cause; the block may soak their gore;
Their heads may sodden⁵ in the sun, their limbs
Be strung to city gates and castle walls;
But still their spirit walks abroad. Though years
Elapse, and others share as dark a doom,
They but augment the deep and sweeping thoughts
Which overpower all others, and conduct
The world at last to FREEDOM.”

3. The edict of Nantes,* maintaining the religious liberty of the Huguenots, gave lustre to the fame of Henry the Great, whose name will gild the pages of history after mankind may have forgotten the martial prowess⁶ and the white plume of Navarre. THE GREAT PROCLAMATION OF LIBERTY will lift the ruler who uttered it, our nation and our age, above all vulgar destiny.

4. The bell † which rang out the Declaration of Independence, has found at last a voice articulate, to “proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof.” It has been heard across oceans, and has modified the sentiments of cabinets and kings. The people of the Old World have heard it, and their hearts stop to catch the last whisper of its echoes. The poor slave has heard it, and with bounding joy, tempered by the mystery of religion, he worships and adores. The waiting continent has heard it, and already foresees the fulfilled prophecy, when she will sit “redeemed, regenerated’

* Henry, King of Navarre, was also heir to the French crown. His claim was resisted, but after a bloody struggle he was successful, and crowned as Henry IV. of France. By an edict dated at Nantes in 1598, he secured to the Huguenots, or French Protestants, their civil rights and religious liberty.

† The bell on the old State House in Philadelphia, the first to peal forth the glad tidings of the Declaration of Independence, had upon it this inscription: “Proclaim Liberty throughout all the Land unto all the Inhabitants thereof.”

and disinthralled⁸ by the irresistible Genius of Universal Emancipation.

¹ ŪN-WŌNT'ĒD. Unusual; rare.

² PŌIGN'ANT. Intense; sharp.

³ PLĀS'TIC ART. Sculpture.

⁴ TRĀ DĪ'TIŌN. Oral record transmitted from father to son.

⁵ SŌD'DEN. To seethe [obsolete].

⁶ PRŌW'ĒSS. Valor; bravery.

⁷ RE-ĜĒN'ĒR-ĀT-ĒD. Created anew; reproduced.

⁸ DĪS-IN-THRĀLLED'. Set free.

CXIX.—THE RESPONSIBILITY OF AMERICAN CITIZENS.

STORY.

[The following is an extract from a discourse in commemoration of the first settlement of Salem, Massachusetts, delivered Sept. 18, 1828.]

1. WE stand the latest, and, if we fail, probably the last, experiment of self-government by the people. We have begun it under circumstances of the most auspicious nature. We are in the vigor of youth. Our growth has never been checked by the oppressions of tyranny. Our constitutions have never been enfeebled by the vices or luxuries of the old world. Such as we are, we have been from the beginning—simple, hardy, intelligent, accustomed to self-government and self-respect. The Atlantic rolls between us and any formidable foe.

2. Within our territory, stretching through many degrees of latitude and longitude, we have the choice of many products, and many means of independence. The government is mild. The press is free. Religion is free. Knowledge reaches, or may reach, every home. What fairer prospect of success could be presented? What means more adequate to accomplish the sublime end? What more is necessary, than for the people to preserve what they themselves have created?

3. Can it be that America, under such circumstances, can betray herself? that she is to be added to the catalogue of republics the inscription upon whose ruins is, "They were, but they are not"? Forbid it, my countrymen! forbid it, Heaven!

4. I call upon you, fathers, by the shades of your ancestors, by the dear ashes which repose in this precious soil, by all you are and all you hope to be,—resist every project of disunion, resist every encroachment upon your liberties, resist every attempt to fetter your consciences, or smother your public schools, or extinguish your system of public instruction.

5. I call upon you, mothers, by that which never fails in woman—the love of your offspring; teach them, as they climb your knees, or lean on your bosoms, the blessings of liberty. Swear them at the altar, as with their baptismal vows, to be true to their country, and never to forget or forsake her.

6. I call upon you, young men, to remember whose sons you are, whose inheritance you possess. Life can never be too short, which brings nothing but disgrace and oppression. Death never comes too soon, if necessary in defence of the liberties of your country.

7. I call upon you, old men, for your counsels, and your prayers, and your benedictions. May not your gray hairs go down in sorrow to the grave with the recollection that you have lived in vain! May not your last sun sink in the west upon a nation of slaves!

8. The time of our departure is at hand, to make way for our children upon the theatre of life. May God speed them and theirs! May he who, at the distance of another century, shall stand here, to celebrate this day, still look round upon a free, happy, and virtuous people! May he have reason to exult as we do! May he, with all the enthusiasm of truth, as well as of poetry, exclaim that here is still his country.

“Zealous, yet modest; innocent, though free;
Patient of toil; serene amidst alarms;
Inflexible in faith; invincible in arms.”



PE 1117 H64 1878

HILLARD GEORGE STILLMAN
1808-1879

THE FIFTH READER

39313286 CURR HIST



000005080692

PE 1117 H64 1878

Hillard, George Stillman, 1808-
1879.

The fifth reader:

HISTORICAL

0218035P CURR

COLLECTION

